

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,

AND

NATIONAL INTERESTS.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER—1870.—No. XXXIV.

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY OF TO-DAY.

SHAKESPEARE has been, in all probability he will continue to be, the battle-cry of modern criticism, under which or against which are arrayed the warring swarms of classicists and romanticists. In many respects the father of German literature, he has been degraded into the dry-nurse of a host of angry, chattering dwarfs. We have a German Shakespeare Society, that publishes annually a stout volume of exceeding dry fodder; we have monographs, critical essays, critical editions, school editions, translations, and commentaries without end, until we feel swept away in a tide of ink and paper. Written chiefly by bookish men for bookish men, what wonder that so many smell musty and have a flabby texture! On the other hand, such men as Rudolph Gottschall, the witty editor of the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*, and his corps of contributors, or the reviewers for the *Literarisches Centralblatt*, give unmistakable signs of impatience. "Incense," "apotheosis," "anointment," "Shakespeareomania," "Shakespeare high-churchism," are some of the epithets used upon the followers of the great Shakespeare cult. Disregarding these feeblar tones, however, we can distinguish two leading and well-sustained protests that are worthy of careful con-

sideration, although, by reason of the limits imposed upon an article like the present, I can do no more than give the outlines of one. The other, entitled *Molière, Shakespeare, and German Criticism*, by C. Humbert, is an octavo of five hundred pages, in which Gervinus, Ulrici, Schlegel, Kreyssig, and others, are unmercifully flagellated in turn, Shakespeare dethroned from his seat as king of comedy, the nature of the comic element carefully examined, and Molière pronounced unrivalled in the true character-comedy, as opposed to the fantastic comedy. Whatever view we may take of the author's position, we must admit that his work, although too long by half, at times confused, and altogether too fragmentary, contains many striking passages. It is written in a spirit of earnest and independent investigation, and can be decried much more easily than it can be answered.

The work to which I would call especial attention is entitled *Shakespeare Studies of a Realist*, by Gustav Rümelin. Published more than four years ago, the excitement that it produced has not yet subsided. The waves of angry denunciation still surge through the *Annual of the Shakespeare Society*. No wonder. Unpretending as the little volume is—a book of two

hundred and fifty easily-read pages—it really flings down the gauntlet in the face of a whole library of tomes, and endeavors to show, in bold, unsparing strokes, what Shakespeare was, what he was not and could not have been, for whom he wrote, how he wrote, the grave defects of his composition, his individuality, his social position, his literary position as compared with Goethe. We may disagree with this or that view taken by the author, we may not admit certain points in his theories upon art and character; but we cannot, I think, deny him the credit of having produced a masterpiece of criticism. In simplicity of style, in clearness of conception and directness of purpose, it is not surpassed, scarcely even approached, by any other essay in any language. Mr. Lowell's recent essay is throughout fascinating, the work of one gifted with poetic sympathy. But, apart from the fact that it too is written in the wonted style of panegyric, and never suggests, even faintly, the suspicion that Shakespeare could go astray, I doubt whether it will give us a tangible conception of the man Shakespeare as he must have been. At the risk of beginning where I should end, I will give a few of Rümelin's concluding, half-apologetic remarks. "We have endeavored to sketch, within the nimbus that encircles the image of Shakespeare so that most of us can no longer recognize it, the light outlines of a human form; in the place of a Titan myth, we have endeavored to set a historically circumscribed and conceivable personage. In so doing we were of course obliged to point out dark spots and limitations. Perhaps we have even discussed these defects more thoroughly and dwelt upon them more sharply than would have been necessary for the mere purpose of taking a correct estimate of Shakespeare in himself and in his relations to his contemporaries. But, at the same time, it was a matter of rebuking a disposition to glorification at the expense of our own men of genius, a disposition for which the British poet himself is in no wise to blame. . . . In endeavoring to substitute unprejudiced

impressions and definite opinions for indefinite phrases, we thought that the true friends of the beautiful, to whom distinct lines must ever be more acceptable than indistinct ones, would be pleased rather than angry with us therefor. May they correct what is amiss, supply what is wanting! We trust, however, that we have not disturbed or spoiled any one's pleasure in the poet himself. His richness is so extraordinary that, even after our abatement of unqualified predicates, an abundance of beauties still remains. If we examine a planet with the aid of a glass, its lustre and radiance, it is true, will be diminished; but as we recognize a structure similar to our earth, the vision becomes fuller of significance and expectancy."

In the first chapter, Rümelin gives a sketch of the position occupied by the English stage in Shakespeare's time, disposing briefly but effectually of the theory, held by so many, that the stage of that century was a national one, like the Greek, the Spanish, or the French. A national theatre is one that elicits the attention and sympathy of all classes of the people, and in which the entire nation finds expression for its peculiar views, the mirror of its past and present. That the stage of England could not be such an one, is evident from the fact that a great and growing part of the nation was cordially averse to it. The magistrates of London did not persecute the theatres in the latter half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries in spite of the people of London, but because of the people, who, rapidly become puritanized, looked with more and more anger upon these plague-spots. The queen and her councillors rather protected than persecuted the theatres. After the destruction of the Spanish Armada had placed the triumph of Protestantism in England beyond all doubt, the deferred conflict between Puritans and Churchmen gradually assumed shape and intensity, and, as the Puritans grew in number, they made their displeasure felt in every way, first banishing all theatres outside the limits of the city proper, and never

resting until they had finally secured the suppression of the stage throughout the kingdom. In Shakespeare's time the patrons of the theatre were to be divided into two sharply defined classes: the lower people, who went to be amused with spectacle and declamation, and the young nobility, the *jeunesse dorée*, as Rümelin calls them, the wealthy and unoccupied young bachelors about town, who went partly because such an atmosphere and such surroundings suited their temperament, partly because it was the fashion. Reputable women scarcely ever went. In fact, there was no suitable place for them. The parts of the female characters being acted by boys, and the audience being made up chiefly of men, with some women of not very reputable morals, we need not wonder, then, at the freedom from the restraints of decency that disfigures so many of Shakespeare's plays. To us, Shakespeare is the great poet and revealer of the secrets of the heart. In his own day and generation, Shakespeare was nothing but a playwright, an actor, a theatre-manager; and, however rich he might become, the stain of such a vocation was not to be wiped out. The doors of good society were closed upon him; outside of the walls of the theatre—we cannot shut our eyes to the fact—he was more or less ostracised. Small wonder, then, that his sonnets are pitched in the minor key.

The defects of the German school of criticism are dealt with summarily. Having so little positive information upon Shakespeare's life and character, these critics, disregarding the limitations that necessarily hem in the life of any man, no matter how gifted, have depicted Shakespeare as a sort of gigantic spirit, looming up between the Middle Ages and modern times, scarcely touching his own age and generation with the soles of his feet, but striding on over peoples and centuries. Only when it becomes necessary to explain some obvious defect, are these critics willing to take any note of the character of the times. Gervinus in particular, who has been so cold and fastidious toward every thing German,

pushes his panegyric of Shakespeare so far that we must suspect him of having before his eyes, not the genuine William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, but the poet that he wishes and seeks for the German people; as Tacitus describes the Germans, not so much as they really were, but as he would have the Romans.

For whom did Shakespeare compose his plays? Upon the answer that we give to this question will depend, far more than is generally believed, a correct appreciation of them. In the first place, they were written for a living, sympathizing audience—not for a community of scrutinizing readers. Shakespeare knew that scenic effect was every thing in the drama, and, as might be shown, he did not hesitate to sacrifice the perfect finish of the plot to the movement of the single scene. The uncritical spectator must be aroused and fascinated at the moment, and is not apt to remember clearly what has gone before, or speculate too closely upon what is to come. Again, as the play was not published—in order to retain the right of property in it—the author, if himself the proprietor, was always more or less tempted to insert or amend, whether to prevent literary theft, or to keep afresh the interest of the audience. Rümelin claims that these two causes, writing for scenic effect and careless alteration or omission after the first act of composition, will explain many of the incongruities and inconsistencies in Shakespeare's dramas. The single scene is always vigorous; the plot, as a whole, may be imperfectly motivated. An example of inconsistency that is not mentioned by Rümelin may be found in the Merchant of Venice. In Act I, Scene 3, Shylock replies to an invitation to dinner: "I will buy with you, sell with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." But in Act II, Scene 5, he says:

"I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go, in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian."

And he does go. Such inconsistency would be scarcely possible had Shake-

speare worked, as Gervinus maintains, from one central idea outwards.

The next point—what special kind of audience it was that Shakespeare wrote for—is discussed by Rümelin in a novel manner. He maintains that Shakespeare had two, and only two, principal classes of hearers in view: a set of aristocratic young men, his patrons, and the pit, who were uncritical to the last degree, lovers of empty sight and sound and blunt wit. As is well known, the nobility of that day had their seats upon the stage, or behind the scenes. They were the inspirers and the judges of the play. Naturally, then, the heroes are only princes and cavaliers. Like the audience itself, in which we find only the aristocracy and the lower classes, we find the middle classes either not depicted at all in the play, or depicted only in a ludicrous light. The bourgeois or middle-class tragedy and comedy are wanting on the Shakespearean stage. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, one of the weakest of Shakespeare's compositions, is an exception that only proves the rule. Throughout these wonderful dramas we find the strong pulsations of a vigorous, high-strung young oligarchy. Setting Hamlet aside—and Hamlet is the prince of aristocrats—the prevailing tone of speech and action is that of fresh, unhesitating, emotional manhood. The young heroes act almost as hot-headedly as those of the Nibelungenlied. In will, thought, and utterance, the heroines are, as a class, decidedly inferior. Isabella, Mariana, Hermia, both Helenas, Katharine in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Hero, Viola, Olivia, Ophelia, Juliet, Katherine of France, Anne in *Richard III.*, Desdemona, are examples of women, lovely and high-minded they may be, but women carried away by this somewhat brute force of full-blooded manhood. If any one is disposed to think this overstated, he has only to read rapidly, and with an unprejudiced mind, *Henry IV* and the *Merchant of Venice*. The plays are saturated with the spirit of aristocracy—a gay, dissolute, money-hunting aristocracy. On the

other hand, the pit demanded its share of entertainment. Hence the clowns, witty servants, rude mechanicals, louts, and the like. This mixture of the serious or the elevated with the low comical is a concession made by Shakespeare the poet to Shakespeare the theatre-owner; and accordingly we find that the poet, when, in his later years, he has become better assured of his position, gradually diminishes and, in *Othello*, even abolishes the intrusion.

In chapter five Rümelin treats of Shakespeare's peculiarities in the characterization of his personages and the assignment of motives for the dramatic action. He admits, of course, that Shakespeare is unrivalled in his power of presenting to us an array of life-like, almost living forms, and forcing us, by the might of his inspired word, to an assimilation of his visions. Rümelin also admits that Shakespeare is unrivalled in his insight into the characters and intents of men. But he cannot accord to him that perfect understanding of the world and its indissoluble chaining of cause and effect that is the property, for instance, of Goethe. In Shakespeare the personages act and speak more freely than we can conceive of their doing amid the actual surroundings of the world. We have here perhaps the keynote of Rümelin's essay. Shakespeare is not enough of a realist. His characters step out too far from the social background of time and space. They act as men would act but for certain restraints, not as men really act; and the intellect, instead of moderating the passions, often serves only to fan them. Shakespeare takes the jealous husband, the frantic lover, the bitter misanthropist, and places him upon an isolating stool, as it were, to show more evidently the wonderful effects of the electrical current of passion. But where it becomes necessary to display the electrical current, not acting alone, but in conjunction with the thousand other forces that enter into any one concrete resultant, Goethe, the clear-headed realist, begins, we might say, where Shakespeare leaves off. Shakespeare, says Rümelin, did not

live in the world as Goethe did. His occupation was an absorbing one, his social world limited, his friends mostly of one class. Goethe, on the other hand, had travelled extensively, was the prime-minister of a German duchy, petty, it is true, but the intellectual centre of the nation; he had nobility, artists, literati, savants, men and women of every grade of society and culture, for his life-long friends and companions. We cannot follow the life of a single celebrated personage of that era without stumbling, sooner or later, upon some point of contact with the inevitable, the omnipresent Goethe. What can we offer in Shakespeare's life as an offset? We know that Shakespeare lived and died comparatively unknown outside the narrow limits of the theatre-world. Law, politics, art, knew him not. He had not the means, then, of judging men and events with that sweep of vision which we admire so much in the great German poet. Goethe's characters, when contrasted with Shakespeare's, appear at first sight cold and somewhat dull; their lines are fainter; they do not carry us away. The more we study them, however, the more our eyes open to the fact that they are wrought most faithfully, not a line too many or too few; nothing strained, unnatural, improbable. They act and express themselves in accordance with every rule not merely of sentiment, but of society. In Goethe, the causal nexus between character and action is always evident; in Shakespeare it is often wanting. The action is powerful, the words are inimitable; but we may have to ask ourselves in vain, why the personage acts and speaks as he does.

For instance, the opening scene in *King Lear* is simply absurd. As Rümelin says, "a father may gather his children around him and promise the best piece of cake to the one that loves him the most." But that an aged monarch should assemble his grown-up daughters, and divide his kingdom among them upon the same principle, is inconceivable. Again, why does Gloucester all at once, upon the flimsiest of suspicions,

chase away his legitimate son and take to his arms the bastard to whom he had always turned the cold shoulder? He does it, and we are made to feel most intensely that he does it, else Shakespeare would not be Shakespeare; but the why remains unanswered. Similarly, in *Cymbeline*, Posthumus' credibility surpasses the ordinary limits of good sense. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the plan proposed by Father Lorenzo to prevent Juliet's marriage with the County Paris exceeds the power of imagination to understand it. Why does not Juliet confess her previous marriage and brave the consequences? Or why does she not flee directly, without first locking herself up in a coffin? In *Les Misérables*, Jean Valjean has a most excellent reason for escaping from the monastery in a coffin. But we cannot say as much of Juliet, who, on every other occasion, seems to have enjoyed perfect freedom of movement.

In his analysis of *Hamlet*, Rümelin advances the opinion that Shakespeare, in writing the play, had one purpose steadily in view, namely, to ventilate his own reflections upon life in general, and upon the stage. It is thus the most subjective, we may say the only subjective, Shakespearean drama. Hence the delay, the dragging of the entire piece. Had *Hamlet* acted as Shakespeare's other heroes act, on the spur of the moment, the play would have speedily come to an end, and no room would have been left for such utterance. Whereas, in the old *Hamlet*-saga, the delay is perfectly motivated. Again, in altering the denouement, Shakespeare has again spoiled the consistency of the saga. The *Hamlet* of the play impresses us as a sensitive, uncertain nature; yet he succeeds in killing two or three innocent persons, *en passant*, as it were, without seeming to be very deeply affected thereat. How comes it that the same *Hamlet* who refrains from killing the king at his devotions, in order that the soul of the latter may not ascend into heaven—who has himself seen and conversed with a spirit from the nether world—how can he deliver himself of the celebrated

monologue, "To be, or not to be?" These and many other points that puzzle us and make the play, as a whole, a mystery or a riddle, are to be explained, upon Rümelin's theory, by this double nature that Shakespeare has given to the principal character. He is at once the dramatization of the Hamlet-saga and the mouthpiece whereby the poet proclaims to us his own choicest reflections. Our Hamlet ends tragically, because, like Werther, Clavigo, Eduard, he is the form into which the poet has poured the outflowings of his own diseased soul. He dies as an expiatory offering for the poet himself.

Great stress has been laid by critics upon the so-called historical sense, as one of the prominent desiderata in the dramatic poet. By historic sense they understand the ability to conceive and embody in concrete forms the characteristic features of some one epoch of national life—to carry back the spectator bodily, as it were, into some half-forgotten golden age. This historic sense has been, almost unanimously, ascribed to Shakespeare in the highest degree. His historical plays have been regarded as the panorama upon which rolls on before our vision all that is great and glorious, horrible, fascinating; all that constitutes the pride of England from the days of King John to Queen Elizabeth. Within the compass of a few brief plays, what wealth of character and incident, what pomp and pathos, what virtue and infamy! And yet, quietly observes our critic, let us not be carried away by their feverish action and magnificent diction beyond the reach of sober judgment. Does Shakespeare reveal to us the real sources and growth of that national character which distinguishes England? France and Germany can point to equally great and valiant kings and barons, equally fair women, like scenes of blood and pageantry. What word, what thought has Shakespeare for the fusion of the Norman stock with the Saxon, that slow tempering which was to render the English metal so weighty and yet so keen-edged? Does Shakespeare lead us to suspect for a moment the ex-

istence of that hard hand-to-hand struggle whereby the English people gained, inch by inch, its social and political freedom? Where is any allusion made to the weakening of the military power of the feudal nobility by the introduction of hired and trained foot-soldiers from the folk?

All this, says Rümelin, lies wholly outside the ken of our poet. The characters of the plays are kings and noblemen, with their dependents taken from the lowest classes. Wherever a character from the middle classes appears, a judge, or a teacher, or a clergyman, he is made the object of ridicule. The plays are, it is true, national in their tendency: they exalt England, its rulers, its achievements. But the England that is presented to us is not the England of the Magna Charta, but the England of the Plantagenet and Lancasterian dynasties. If we bear in mind for whom the plays were composed, for the young noblemen of the times of Queen Bess and King James, we shall readily understand why they should be conceived in such a spirit. The Puritan element, which we now know to have underlain all that is truly great in English civilization, was altogether foreign to, in many respects hostile to, Shakespeare and his surroundings. There is not, in all the English dramas summed together, any warrant for supposing that Shakespeare was capable of seizing the characteristic spirit of our age and transferring it to the boards of the theatre. We have no good reason to believe that he was gifted with the means or the patience to sift carefully the false from the true, to weigh coolly the respective merits of parties and opinions amid the shock of armies. Shakespeare was, by his nature, a cavalier. He wrote for cavaliers, he depicted the cavaliers of English history. But the life of the English middle classes, those fathers whose sons were to fight and conquer under Cromwell, was, for aught we know, wholly a stranger to him. Moreover, the Englishmen of King John's age are essentially the same as those of Henry VIII. There is no

trace of any change in character or circumstance. This fact alone should make us hesitate before putting too much faith in those who exalt Shakespeare as a delineator of national life.

This consideration, however, as Rümelin himself observes, need not diminish at all our admiration of Shakespeare's dramatic genius. Granting that the poet does not depict English history as we would look to find it in the work of a professed historian, granting that he was deficient in historic sense, even granting that there is more of that historic sense in Goethe's single play of Egmont than in all the English historical dramas together—we can merely change our admiration without abating it. Indeed, we may claim that Shakespeare, had he been more historically correct, might have run the risk of becoming less universal. Under the mask of this or that court, he has presented to us certain of the eternally recurring forms of human life. Titles and dynasties are with him but trappings; the man is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. As we all know, Shakespeare was not of an age, but for all time.

The last three chapters are entitled respectively, "Shakespeare's Individuality and the Process of his Development;" "Shakespeare's Views of Life;" and "The German Shakespeare Cult and a Comparison of Shakespeare with Schiller and Goethe." They constitute one half of the entire volume. Instead of attempting to take them up separately, I shall give, as briefly as possible, their salient features, without strictly following the author's order.

Rümelin endeavors to ascertain what Shakespeare was, by first determining what he was not and could not have been; what his beliefs and views were, by what he has not expressed. Shakespeare has not depicted any characters that strive after culture, knowledge, or truth, none who are actuated by zeal for the public good, or even the good of others. He has, furthermore, no *gemüthliche* characters in real life, no comfortable, harmless natures. His idyllic personages are all located in

fairy-land. Again, while giving, on the one hand, no self-satisfying, healthily introspective characters, he gives, on the other hand, none whose efforts are directed toward a practical vocation in life. There are no characters taken from the producing classes, but only from the ruling and consuming classes. Moreover, he depicts only the conflict of passion with passion, or passion with duty; the bitter struggle between duty and duty is sometimes touched upon, but never elaborated or made the main theme. His characters think clearly and act energetically, but within a circumscribed range of idea and emotion. Shakespeare never alludes to the power of poetry to console and soothe the soul; scarcely even in his sonnets does he speak of the inward happiness conferred by the poetic faculty. In the few instances where he has put a professional poet upon the stage, it has been only to make him a butt. Finally, Shakespeare represents the love of solitude as something morbid, gives no expression to the pleasure attendant upon search after knowledge, and seldom, if ever, moves the purely touching, sentimental chords of the heart.

As an actor and a dramatist by profession, gifted by nature with the rarest powers of utterance and the sharpest insight into the souls of men, writing for a lively, clamorously applauding audience of gay youth, no wonder that Shakespeare's plays are full of life. They tingle with emotion. The dramatist finds the models for his heroes among his aristocratic young patrons and his fellow-actors and theatre-folk. No mean field of character, we may be assured. For those gay men are the flower of the court at a time when life ran high. And the theatre is, and ever will be, a microcosm of passion and intrigue, youthful hope and decayed ambition. On the other hand, the disadvantages of such a position are not small. In our days, when society is undergoing a levelling process, the actor and the dramatist may obtain much wider views of life than were possible in the times of Shakespeare. To prevent any misconception,

I shall quote Rümelin's own words on this point: "Shakespeare stood, as we have seen, outside the pale of society, the parish, the church, the state; he had not access to respectable and cultivated families; he was denied intercourse with noble women; he became acquainted with only certain classes of the people. It is conceivable that, in all the course of his life, he never once became clearly conscious of what was at bottom separating him from the kernel of the nation, what ideas were really agitating his contemporaries most profoundly, what the then men of the future, those Puritans whom he knew only to ridicule as hypocrites, what they really wished. The true world of society, in its manifold ramification and concatenation, always stood afar off from him. He knew men most thoroughly as they are, but not as they act; to speak more accurately, he knew how they would like to act and would act, were it not for a thousand opposing influences; but he did not know the form that their real action would take upon the solid footing of society. Hence the want of motive and the uncertainty whenever an action is located within social and historical limits, and, on the contrary, his brilliant success when his Pegasus, with eyes turned heavenward, bears us into the world of pure fancy. From the theatre it is possible, at least it was possible at that time, to gain a knowledge of men, indeed, but not the experience of the world."

Here, I apprehend, the reader will think that the critic has gone altogether too far. It certainly would grate upon the feelings of even the most dispassionate admirer, to hear the great dramatist spoken of as without access to respectable society or intercourse with noble women. I suspect, however, that Rümelin does not wish his words construed too literally. It is against all probability to suppose that a man of such prodigious gifts should not find somewhere a sweet nook of refuge from the turmoil of the world, some noble and cheering friends, men and women. Rümelin's object undoubtedly has been to destroy

the halo with which we have surrounded the man. Were Shakespeare to appear bodily among us, every heart would beat in welcome, every door would be thrown open. Was such the case, however, three centuries ago? In our day, the social position of theatre-managers and actors has been greatly advanced, and still, even now, there are many prejudices yet to overcome. Of Shakespeare we must say, in candor, that the doors of what we call first-class society were not open to him; or, if open, scarcely more than ajar. If we wish to realize the disadvantages under which he labored,—and this, again, may serve to heighten our wonder at his genius—we have only to compare him for a moment with Goethe, or, to make the antithesis still more striking, with that prodigy of our century, Lord Byron, before his downfall.

The general character of Shakespeare's composition may be set down as intense, if not feverish. If we except the editor of the daily newspaper, what literary character could we find whose life compares, for worry and excitement, with that of the dramatist-manager? His brain, that should be relaxed after the labor of composition, is stretched to new energy by the thousand minutiae of theatre-life. Scarcely an hour of the day or the night can he call his own. With rehearsals and performances, settling the jealous quarrels of the most irritable class of mortals in the world, and pleasing the public, he leads what we may forcibly call a dog's life. Let us then imagine our myriad-minded Shakespeare, with his delicately strung fibres of sympathy ready to be played upon by every passing breeze, his piercing vision from which no secret thought or facial expression could escape—let us imagine him living year in and year out in this superheated, wearing atmosphere. Can we wonder that he died comparatively young, apparently from sheer exhaustion? Must we not be always on the lookout for traces of feverish agitation in his plays? Wonderful as they are for their objectivity, that is, their freedom from any thing like an obtrusion of the poet's own views and

emotions, we may safely say that Shakespeare might have written them better had he been somewhat less driven or more favored in his surroundings.

In dealing with a character such as Shakespeare's, it is peculiarly difficult to ascertain the real thoughts of the man hid so carefully behind the dramatist. Next to Homer, Shakespeare possesses the happy faculty of sinking himself in his creations. Consequently he has been pronounced, by turns, a Protestant, a Catholic, a Spinozist. Like every world-genius, he is substantially as his reader chooses to find him; and it seems well-nigh impossible, in our utter want of biographical materials, to read the riddle of our English sphinx. What were Shakespeare's views upon so-called poetic justice, human sin and its influence upon character, the philosophy of life? As to the first point, Rümelin shows that Gervinus is mistaken in asserting Shakespeare's practical assent to the claims of this poetic justice. His entire method of treatment shows that he possessed an unprejudiced insight into the ways of the world rather than a deep-seated conviction of a moral order of things. Rümelin also finds much to criticize in the sudden and unmotivated conversion of so many of Shakespeare's characters. Not to speak of such glaring instances as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, the wonderful change in the character of Prince Hal will scarcely bear close inspection. It is too sudden, the steps of transition too imperfectly marked out. Rümelin is disposed to suspect in the play an effort to hold up to the young nobility of the theatre a model for their guidance, an ideal of what they might and should become, if they only would. The character of the Prince is such as to induce us to look for some hidden motive, some *in usum Delphini* tendency, as Rümelin phrases it, lurking behind the mask.

Every student of German literature knows that it started under the inspiration of Shakespeare's genius. The subsequent career of this influence, however, is not so well known. Rümelin

divides it into three stages. In the first stage, the latter part of the last century, Shakespeare was the hammer with which were broken the fetters that the pseudo-classicism of France had so long imposed upon Germany. To form an approximate estimate of that influence, we need only glance through Lessing's *Dramaturgy*, or read Goethe's famous harangue quoted in Lewes' biography. All the literary men of the day read and enjoyed Shakespeare without stopping to criticize too closely or attempting to convert his defects into virtues. Goethe and Schiller profited by him without suffering themselves to be crushed by comparison. Then came the age of the Romantic School. The understanding of Shakespeare was sharpened; the poet was studied more carefully in relation to his contemporaries and predecessors. The standard by which he was judged, however, was shifted. Instead of esteeming him for what really made him a classic poet, the school exalted beyond all bounds his disregard of rule, the fantastic element in his compositions, his mingling of the tragic and the comic elements, his strained play of wit. This second stage has passed into the present. Partly in consequence of the Hegelian philosophy, which wishes to rule out as much as possible the expression of individual feeling and opinion, and consequently to make all poetry dramatic, partly owing to the political condition of the country, Shakespeare's position has been strangely exalted. Both tendencies, the philosophical and the political, have combined to make Shakespeare the ideal and the idol of German criticism. He is the dramatist *par excellence*, the grand patriot-bard of his own land. Schiller has not his strength or his versatility, Goethe has not his patriotism. So Shakespeare is set above them both as the poet for all times, all peoples, and we listen to Gervinus, otherwise a cold-blooded critic, proclaiming without hesitation that Shakespeare united all the excellencies of Goethe and Schiller without any of their defects. As I have endeavored to indicate, the symp-

toms of reaction are numerous and unmistakable, and Rümelin's book is the most conspicuous one. That he and Humbert are not wholly without influential sympathizers, is evident from the following passage taken from *Unsere Zeit*, the semi-monthly supplement to *Brockhaus' Conversationslexikon*: "We should think now that every one, even with regard to Shakespeare, has the right to go to heaven in his own way. The manner in which, in the recent (German) Shakespeare Annual, Rümelin is set down and set right, just like a meddling intruder who has not properly taken his degree as Shakespeare Doctor by some happy text-emendation, shows unmistakably that, besides the Shakespeare gospel, there has been set up an entire body of Highchurch Shakespeare dogmatics, that no one may venture to oppose under penalty of anathema." Such language, in one of the most conspicuous and influential periodicals of Germany, is significant of the feelings with which the true corps of literary critics (I take Rudolph Gottschall to be author of the passage) regard the spirit of such men as Ulrici, Elze, and Gervinus.

We, to whom the language and thought of Shakespeare are native, cannot look with indifference upon the position that Shakespeare occupies in Germany. International relations are so unrestrained that not even a literary bubble of importance can burst in one quarter without spreading its circles of

influence far and wide. If the leading minds of Germany should one day come to consider Shakespeare as a sort of Merovingian king, who had outlived his times, and dethrone him among themselves, we should soon find like symptoms of revolt among ourselves.

Rümelin's Shakespeare Studies may be regarded, then, as marking a new era in German criticism. Indeed, I know of no work in our own language that is so characterized by an earnest, keen desire to get at the marrow of the matter. Rümelin has most rightfully called himself a realist. If we take up any ordinary biography of Shakespeare, any essay upon his genius, we find this one idea constituting the atmosphere of the picture: that Shakespeare is an incomprehensible genius, a child of mystery, who lived, it is true, in England, on the border-line of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but who really existed independent of time and space and all the other surroundings that hamper ordinary men. As Rümelin says, we conceive of him as a Titanic genius striding over the centuries and the countries. The realist coolly pauses and asks himself, "Can this be so? Was not Shakespeare a mortal, and therefore limited by the circumstances in which he lived, guided and misguided, stimulated and fettered, by his associates? Let us not bow down and worship him, then, as a myth; let us rather seek him out as a man, and understand him as a man."

MORE OF THE DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

I NEVER thought to have resumed this story, for I supposed the Van Hattan episode had closed the "story part" of my life. People are apt to feel so, I believe, when existence has fallen back to its usual round after some great experience, and as the years flow on they are surprised to find themselves leading lives just as eager and interested as in those days when the sky fell.

I remember Ellen Zerrahn once said to me, that the worst thing about marriage was that, thoroughly settled at housekeeping, there would not seem to be much more of any thing; there would be no more splendid possibilities in the life of a girl once seated opposite Mr. Jones at the diurnal coffee and soft-boiled eggs. And now? Never did life open out so illimitably to Ellen Zerrahn in her most romantic years as it does to-day, as she sits with the little flannel bundle on her lap!

How difficult it is to believe that the people who are living most are sometimes those whose lives seem to us like "weeds on Lethé's wharf." So to some very young Fanny, who has just read another of Edward's impassioned notes, seems the old maid who sits patient in her faded sweetness, with all these things forever gone by her. But what of the sage's little sentence, "It is only in renunciation true life may be said to begin?"

We had entered very easily and naturally upon the bequest. It was not a vast sum, certainly, but with the skill learned in our hard school we were enabled to produce quite wonderful results. The always fair young sisters now blossomed out so brightly that they were speedily gathered by honorable hands. In less than four years three of the Misses Hayne were wives, and the home-circle narrowed, and seemed to settle itself with great permanence in the persons of Mr., Mrs., and the eldest Miss

Hayne. Yes, as my twenty-seventh year drew on, the map of my life to come began to roll out before me. To cherish these two, so venerable and dear, while they should remain, and then to begin the lone pilgrimage of "Auntie" among the others—that was the programme.

They did not need me much so far. The three brides were so eager to display their domestic prowess to their appreciative parents that these were for a while kept *en route* continually. I too had been the rounds, and formed the unneeded third in those duets of bliss familiar to all who have enjoyed the society of the newly-married.

At this juncture came a call for one more repetition of the *rôle*. It was from Ellen Zerrahn, now Mrs. Browne—a name not far behind that of the imagined Jones. But this was a college-bred, prosperous—nay, an aristocratic Browne. His mother was a Lanphier, and the superb Misses Lanphier, his cousins, had accepted an invitation for the three months I was to be there; and then, too, we should have Stephen, first from Saturday till Monday every week, then for the four weeks' vacation.

Of this desirable Stephen, considered sufficient to bear subdivision among three young ladies, I had heard much. Projected as a "smart boy" into college at fifteen, and finished at nineteen, he, at twenty-five a young lawyer of promise, had made the unique discovery that he had not enough education, and was taking a two years' turn at Harvard.

All these visitors for the winter Ellen secured in the spring, just as they had taken a house and begun to furnish it.

I found the result of their labors charming beyond what I had imagined or Ellen described, on the bright October evening which began my visit. The little house was beautiful, indeed, with the skill and taste which had dispensed

the "siller and to spare" upon its furnishings, and in the soft, radiant light of the parlor I found a fitting group. The eyes of the sweet bride shone with welcome. The Mr. Browne, now that I saw him, I did not wonder Ellen thought a prince of men. He had a face so true, and lovely, and manly, you were just glad he was alive and an American citizen.

I never saw more elegant girls than Lucretia and Juliet Lanphier. They were not of the regulation-type—just one friz and flounce—though there was amply enough concession to fashion in their rich dresses to show their recognition of its high claims. I dimly remembered having seen them at a Van Hattan dinner-party. They were of that order of beings, though they made the literary and intellectual rather more an end and aim than the others had done.

After half an hour Ellen wanted to show me the house, and I paused for a moment outside the open parlor-door, while she gave a message in the hall, and fully saw Stephen Zerrahn.

I saw how his face was the very seat of thought, and as his exceedingly dark blue eyes looked from under their black lashes with such earnest attention upon Juliet Lanphier as she spoke, I thought they might have warmed any woman to the beauty and inspiration she certainly showed.

"I found all perfect up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber, and felt confident there was not a skeleton in one of those trim closets—no serpent in this Eden, unless—my experience would suggest the notion—it might possibly be the prismatic creature I had seen gliding from the area, with ten flounces to her trail.

When we went back to the parlor, Mr. Browne was employed in reading the newspaper and the others were discussing something very deep indeed. Unable to get any clue, we had an easy-talk with Mr. Browne, from which Ellen presently slipped away. Shortly after, some one called to see him, and I went into the little library off the parlor and looked over the books. After a while

my household ear began to listen, to find in what part of her domain Ellen might be. A faint grating sound from the kitchen enabled me to guess, and I went down. I found her not "superintending," as our manuals on the duty of wives propose as the limit of reasonable request, but tugging away with her own hands at a freezer of water-ice.

"Mary understood perfectly," said she, ruefully, "that she was to freeze it after I made it, but she has gone out for all that. Oh, dear." It was a long sigh, and came, I well knew, not only from present weariness, but many a trouble past. I turned over a little tub to secure a low seat, and in spite of her protest lend a hand, and as we worked she poured out the familiar story. "I have had nine different girls since I kept house," said she. "We concluded after a while that one was not enough, but now we have two, things don't seem to go on a bit better. The cook is a careless old Irish thing, and the housemaid one of the sort who paint their cheeks and are out all night at balls. Her idea of putting in order is to poke things under and shove them out of sight. Neither of them half mind me."

I told her it was the "common lot"—romanced about the future coöperative kitchens and the Chinese; and by the time the ice was stiff she cheered up, and admitted her Browne-hood was happier, with all its cares, than the easiest of her young-lady days had been. At this juncture Miss Kitty returned, and we were allowed to go back to the parlor, while she tied on a white apron and tiptoed in with the ice and a meritorious air, which led Miss Lucretia to remark upon Mrs. Browne's "nice little Gany-mede." She also placidly mentioned the impossibility of people of real intelligence suffering to any extent from poor servants, as their acquired knowledge of character must always enable them to avoid making bad selections.

With this consoling axiom our first evening together closed. Tired with my journey I slept late, and finally awake, set my senses at work to find if my tardiness would be likely to inconvenience

the others. People conversant with housekeeping can tell the rate of progress below-stairs before they have risen. If there comes up a woody odor, it shows the fire just made or mended and breakfast a long way off; and as the meal progresses, its various stages of preparation declare themselves. This morning the odors of coffee and ham crept up so long before the bell announced them on the table, I knew we should find both "done to death."

It is, unhappily, no rare sight to see an elegant group of breakfasters sipping overboiled, sickish coffee out of fine china and picking at chippy ham; but it troubled the Brownes exceedingly that these things should be in the house they meant should be so perfect.

The cousins Lanphier, fresh in white cashmere wrappers, left things for the most part untasted, and lunched upon crackers in a pointedly cheerful and unconcerned way meant to convey their ability to rise above the most adverse of material circumstances.

Afterwards they assumed their velvet "togas," as Ellen called them, and went to a morning lecture at the Athenæum with Stephen, while we stayed at home and made the dessert and "saw to things" generally, visiting famously all the while.

In the after-dinner leisure we all met and talked at a great rate, and under the stimulus of appreciation, and perhaps a little friction, some very creditable mental sparkles were thrown off.

After a while I found we were all talking chiefly for Stephen Zerrahn, and should have been provoked had I not also perceived the reason. Only he listened to the remarks of each person with that close, thoughtful interest which is at once so rare and so flattering. People so listened to are apt to imagine that they are saying things very well worth while.

He certainly drew us out wonderfully on all the usual topics, including the woman-question. Perhaps I cannot give you a better idea of the respective styles of the Lanphiers than by repeating their views.

First, Lucretia the stately, with a little bend of her black brows, demanded for women the All—the seat in Congress, the equal hand and voice in the tribune and in the mart. Take the conventional cramping hand from woman, and she expanded at once intellectually and physically into the absolute equal of man.

Then up spoke Juliet softly fair, speaking as the most of men love to hear women speak. She just reproduced the old chivalric ideas—women were made for men, and set as high or as low as their lords so pleased. And she seemed to take it for granted that men had been and would still be pleased to make them queens; and what more could be asked? She seemed to take no count of all those modern queens for whom wait no men with crowns or even bread and butter. Of herself, Juliet cared to be nothing; she, however, was the woman who,

"— If Love were guide,
Would climb to power or in obscure content
Sit down, accepting fate with changeless pride."

Miss Hayne, upon being examined, deposed that she was afraid of the New Testament. Interpreted as it read, without any effort after "interior meanings," it was hard to escape the conclusion that the power on woman's head, because of the angels, was not the kind of power to send her to Congress and make her a civil ruler over men. And yet woman ought to vote—not to hold office, but to choose her rulers. And if she would only be content to "throw away the worse part of it," this strife for hard domination, and feel herself truly as she is, "not less but different," then her greatest pride might seem this same "heavenly difference" which gains for her the award that man shall love her even as Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it.

Thus we all spoke, and did not observe at the time that none of us had found out what Mr. Zerrahn thought. Very fine and airy altogether ran the speculations of us care-free young folks, though I soon began to discover that life was not going quite so lightly with our hostess as with her guests. She had en-

tered the hard experiment of carrying out a very high ideal of housekeeping before an observant husband, and valued and possibly critical friends.

Needless to say the materials did not prove adequate to the work. She herself had little more than the idea of what should be done. Had she possessed both skill and experience to the full, it would not have altered the need for hard work on her part. The difference would have been that she would have tired herself to death to some approach to the Juggernaut "ideal," while now she worked all the time only to feel the result a failure.

Ellen and her husband both possessed a self-sacrificing courtesy not very usual, I am bound to say, among young householders, and anxious that my visit should be only delightful, Ellen tried to conceal the worst of her perplexities from me, and often drove me out to take holiday with the other ladies when I felt I ought to be at home with her.

As the visit went on, I observed that the Mecca to which the thoughts of the Misses Lanphier progressed all the week was the Saturday which brought the student in from Harvard. Lucretia's classic coiffure took on an additional burnish and elaboration, and her toilet, from being perfect, became, so to speak, "past human." Juliet's crimps flowed in deeper waves, and for this occasion only the old flower-woman was patronized for the bouquet which from the lovely girl's slender zone sent up its incense to the dark-eyed youth.

They talked with him a great deal about domestic life, for it appeared Lucretia included a home in her stately programme. And, verily, it was to be a wonderful place. Those mythical public laundries and coöperative kitchens were all presupposed, and the labors of the wife, so far as we could gather, would be all discharged when the "aesthetic tea," brought hot to the door in the hermetical teapot, should be by her graciously poured out.

We did not get a perfectly clear idea of the working-model of Juliet's home, but it was, as a modest whole, to closely

resemble Mr. Tennyson's "Summer isle of Eden in dark purple spheres of sea."

And the young man listened in his earnest way, and, thinking the long thoughts of youth, doubtless Juliet and her plan seemed fully reasonable. He could hardly be expected to know how the thing was actually working at the Brownes'.

As the weeks went, I saw that the circumstances which had made a winter's visit from three young ladies desirable, ceased to exist. Dear little Ellen began to sit apart "printing her thoughts in lawn," or, fagging at dinner and dessert, did her ineffectual best to have that meal good and in season. But the domestic machinery ran down more and more. The Misses Lanphier's bell formed no slight part of the service. Miss Ganymede, Ellen was satisfied to find, answered it tolerably. Running up with the morning paper, or to rake the fire, was easier than the Browne part of the work, besides admitting her to a sight of Juliet doing her hair, and other processes profitable to observe for use at second hand.

It would have been puzzling to imagine how the two servants disposed of much of the time, had the housemaid been seen in the garden less frequently, interviewing the girl next door, while the ironing mildewed in the basket. Then, too, the odor of a dudheen in business hours would steal up from the kitchen, showing that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was entertaining a cousin. Finally, I descended upon these quietly one day, and found upon the table a loaded pillow-case of fine linen, which proved to contain a tasteful little "cold collection," consisting of half a plum-cake, roast fowls, ham, canned fruit, and other *entremets*, with a—perhaps accidental—fork and spoon of the Browne silver in the midst. The cousin, starting up in confusion, dropped and broke his pipe upon the hot range, and disappeared in the cloud. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy lingered but to pack up her pair or two of footless stockings and the other dress, and to attempt a judicious selection from our

closets, and then the "place" knew her no more.

I had felt, after having stayed a month, that it might greatly lighten my friends' cares should I postpone the rest of the visit to a more convenient season, and delicately influence Mr. Browne's cousins to do the same. This was not a delightful thing to do, and the Brownes, with their sensitive hospitality, never would have permitted it; but I did not ask their leave, when, in mentioning my departure to my fellow-visitors, I gave reasons also eminently applicable to themselves. Lucretia drew herself up as if there were essential impropriety in the bare suggestion of what I mentioned. Juliet paid not the smallest heed. I saw I might have spared my pains—remembering, too, that Mr. Stephen's vacation was but a week off.

There was no certainty of the O'Shaughnessy's place being soon, or, if eventually, fitly supplied. The young husband grew decidedly sober. The blue veins began to show pathetically plain on the temples of the little wife, and, try as she might to hide it, heart and strength were plainly beginning to fail.

I saw coming over that beautiful little home the cloud of sure disaster. Ellen was wasting, in this conscientious but useless strife, the strength and spirit which in a day to come might turn the balance between health and years of weakness—nay, between life and death.

Should I leave her in this strait? Here was the New Testament again: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Facilis descensus

—into the kitchen. It ended in that. Though it took all the tact I had, yet imperceptibly I glided into the position of houseworker-in-chief, without the fact becoming too painfully apparent to the parties concerned.

Mr. Browne labored indefatigably to find competent help, but this seemed the appointed time for that severe discipline few families fully escape. A procession of incapables filed through the kitchen,

just far enough apart to enable me to clear up after each one before a successor arrived. Finally, even these ceased, to my positive relief, and the perfect muffins and steaks the Ganymede served up were always and altogether from Miss Hayne's hands, and the dinners, from soup to dessert, substantially hers, for Ellen's little fussy assistance was more for her own satisfaction than any real help.

I found it the hardest work I ever did in my life—the doing all these things without seeming to do them. For it was certainly no concern of the Misses Lanphier or Mr. Zerrahn how Ellen and I arranged our private affairs. So to be cook, and yet in full toilet, with leisure, was a feat requiring real ingenuity to compass. That it could not be done perfectly I became, I confess not pleasantly, aware. When I sauntered in through the garden door, it was from no musing ramble, but direct from the kitchen-range, and my heated face and reddened hands contrasted unfavorably with Juliet's lovely white repose.

Then, too, I would be tired, too honestly tired, to show to intellectual advantage in the parlor when delightful hours of the student's vacation were passing. I saw him go in and out with Juliet Lanphier, who, like the beauties in Lalla Rookh, "grew lovelier every hour," I thought, under his eyes.

Somehow the Van Hattan service seemed light to this one! Partly, perhaps, because there in a manner I spent my days, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Only cook there, but here both cook and Miss Hayne, the dignified guest, with her own state to maintain. And how far I succeeded in keeping it became a matter of question. The impression grew that Mr. Zerrahn was coming to regard me as an ordinary sort of young person—nice in my way, which was still a long way from reaching up to the higher possibilities of womanhood. Evidently it was not at all too bright or good to prepare human nature's daily food, as he must perceive, to some extent, I had a habit of doing. He often strolled in the

garden, well-kept and pretty even in winter, and so passed the kitchen windows, where I might be seen at very plebeian work; but what he saw or did not see I could not tell—not even that day when his eyes, glancing in, met mine full as I scrubbed the kitchen table, Ganymede's feint of doing so having been a failure. But a few minutes afterwards, when Juliet's enchanting voice appealed to him in some "song of love and longing," it seemed to echo up and down in me as if the space were wide and empty in my heart for it.

And that day, at the table, Lucretia philosophized; and the conclusion of the matter was thus. The tendency of human beings was, of course, to gravitate into their appropriate spheres. There was a great deal of talk now-a-days about women knowing how to do all sorts of work and doing it. But there was in reality an essential coarseness about most of the labors of the house, which made it evident nature never intended them for a certain class of minds. And observation would prove that the accidents were rare where thoroughly refined and delicate spirits failed to fit into their true places without contact with common labor.

All of which was received in silence.

But these should be light things, I told myself, compared to the joy of being such a necessity and happiness to any human being as I had become to Ellen. Her "Douglas, tender and true," was of necessity absent most of the day. As to the brother, wherever he was the Misses Lanphier came also. In fact, Ellen had formally made them over to him in private for the vacation—anxious Mr. Browne's friends should be fitly entertained, and feeling herself less and less able to do it.

All parties seemed well pleased. Ellen and I sat chiefly in the little library off the parlor, not too distant to seem unsocial, though the current of talk in the two rooms seldom mingled.

One night the Misses Lanphier went to one of the æsthetic teas, and the parlor lights burned low. Coming into the little library, I saw through the open

door, in the dusky parlor, the tall brother, with his arm around Ellen, and her head on his shoulder. Then it was a real brother's heart he had, though he showed it to none but her. I had not been sure of that before. And certainly, if he agreed with Lucretia, she must seem to him by this time a prosy little body, fussing about her house and talking a good deal about servants—that in itself being, as is well known, a mark of limited culture.

She came out to me presently, and Stephen went in another direction. She asked me to read aloud, and I took up "Selden's Table-Talk," which I had seen Stephen reading shortly before. I turned over the rather cynical paragraphs without much content, when a paper of rhymes fell out. Whence copied did not appear. Glancing at a line or two, I saw that whatever woman had written or inspired them, they were also for Ellen; and I read.

Of all the ways of waiting in the world,
Waiting with chafe and strain or patience dumb,
What expectation of it all compares

With hers who blindly waits a life to come?
The others waiting, know for what they wait;
Beneath her heart stir mystery and fear.
She knows not if her dream of life and light,
Or form of piteous shape her child shall wear.
She may not choose; no yearning wish of hers
Shall image take—"Children are from the Lord."
No vision warns her if the hidden life

Shall be her woe, or gracious, rich reward.
Slow her sure hour of darkness draweth on:
Up to the Lord upon His glorious height
She tries to lift her heart from this low place,
Ready to change earth's joy for heaven's delight.
She thinks of Agnes on her convent tower,
Yearning her soul up through the gates within,
Whose shining ward "the Heavenly Bridegroom
waits,

To shrive her free and make her pure of sin."
The Heavenly Bridegroom! of his perfect grace
Agnes, who knew no earthly one, might muse.
But she—O Lord! forgive her, if between
Thee and her love below she fail to choose.
Forgive her if her heart can not conceive
The joy of rest in Thee from tears and sighs,
Of peace, of music, splendor or delight,

What shuts her from the sight of his clear eyes.
Break soon! thou cloud, let in the morning light,
That shows a wife with honor in the land—
An heir of endless life within her arms,
Who in Thine image at Thy feet shall stand.

"There is not a 'made-up' line in that," said Ellen, with a great bright tear rolling over her cheek. "It is all true. I wonder where it came from. Why, it is Stephen's handwriting," said she, seiz-

ing it, "and here is his initial. Why, the dear old brother! he has written it, and the thought was for me!"

"Is it possible?" said I, involuntarily. Ellen smiled. "You have not found out yet what a mother-heart he has. I wonder if any young lady in the world will ever know Stephen."

Would Juliet? I asked myself, but not Ellen. I felt for some reason stirred that evening, and paced back and forth as we talked. Partly for Ellen's comfort, and because it was uppermost in my heart, I told her how blessed among women she was, with her dear lovers, the brother and husband. No care, suspense, or pain her joys might bring with them, were harder to bear than the lone refrain the most cheerful and useful single woman at times hears and smothers back in her heart. Would she hear the echo? It was, "Desolate, desolate, desolate!"

Finally, passing the parlor-door in my walk, I saw reclining there another listener. I had opened my "heart and hope of a woman" to Stephen Zerrahn. And I had taken such pains to be just the "walking lady" in the play to him all winter! I wanted no third place in his interest; I should greatly have preferred he had not heard this talk, little as it might matter to him.

Yes, and little as it might have mattered to him had he known it, I may as well say it here first as last. After this evening I knew that I loved Stephen Zerrahn. Now, at length, when my heart had gone out it had departed unsought.

Well, the cloud lifted, and the morning joy was very bright. "All pain is gain," some say; and surely there was great reward here, even had the pain brought no other token than to prove the completeness of the affection of husband and brother and friend. We ran up and down, and fetched and carried, forgetting fatigue in joy that all was well. The Misses Lanphier secluded themselves in their room as if there had been contagion in the house, and kept Ganymede faithful to their needs by a "testimonial."

And here happened a piece of great good fortune. Mrs. Gamp did not come with her bundle and umbrella, but instead Mrs. Patience Dix, as true a philanthropist in her way as the great lady whose name she shares. She might have stepped out of one of Mrs. Stowe's New England romances. I confess I regarded her with surprise. Like the Dodo, I had imagined her type mythical or extinct.

She pervaded the house. There was no work in it to which her hands were not addressed. She did not stop to analyze this or that matter to see whether it belonged to her duty as nurse and must be done.

The delightful consciousness that from basement to attic every thing was being "seen to" pervaded the sick-room like an air of healing. In that apartment niceness rose to a fine art. Mrs. Dix made it almost a luxury to be sick. Under her influence even the servants seemed to enter into a happy secret of at least mediocrity. Mrs. Patience Dix was a greater than I, and with her advent my mission ended.

I thought my reward was with me when Ellen clung to my neck with tears, and called me her precious old woman.

The young husband's words were few, but his eyes not to be forgotten. So I left them to their happiness; and they were just as wonderfully glad as if there had never been a baby before—as if the very greatest blessings were not the commonest.

There was one thing more. In the shaded parlor for a minute there came Stephen Zerrahn, and he took my hands in his, and said: "Blessings and thanks, my friend." Then he did know that I had wrought not ill: so for me were blessings and thanks, but love for Juliet Lanphier—dear love.

THE SKY FALLS.

It was not a very festive winter first and last; for I spent the rest of it helping nurse my father through the rheumatism, and when the long gray spring days began to come, I seemed tired, and they very long. At last, when the young year stood "with all its green com-

pleted," there came a letter from Ellen, so urgent, that one would have thought the glories of Commencement would not be glorious if Miss Hayne were not at Cambridge to see them, and behold the success of Stephen in the Valedictory.

It was, of course, foolishness for me to go, but I could not deny myself. I had a romantic fancy that to see Stephen before his great audience, and hear him pronounce his *Valé*, would nerve my heart up to such a pitch of heroism that it would utter mine for him, and thenceforth let Juliet have her lover without another regret.

So I took my journey and went with Ellen to Cambridge. I could not help thinking how many painful heart-throbs would be spared the hopeful yet apprehensive kindred of promising sprigs about to seek public honors, could they have possessed more of the superb confidence of Ellen in her brother. "I *know* he will succeed," said she, with quiet certainty.

And he did succeed. How well, one had only to look from the attentive faces of mature men, to those of the erudite spectacled ladies, young and old, to perceive. He was past the age of greenness and gush, and demonstrated that a young American of twenty-seven may reach a very goodly measure of manhood and sound thought.

Certainly Ellen's brother was the man of the hour; we felt it, especially at the elegant entertainment given in the evening. The Brownes and I marked with satisfaction the stir attending his entrance into the room after we arrived.

I saw Juliet Lanphier's quickened breath, and the little foot's eager unconscious advance from the trailing splendor of her dress. The happiest girl in all the wide world's round stands there, I thought.

Mr. Zerrahn made courteous but steady progress among his friends towards where we stood, and having reached us, silently offered me his arm. That was like his perfect breeding—I was his sister's guest. There were leafy walks about the grounds, and the people went in and out enjoying the clear night. We

walked here a good while in silence almost, till I, fearing he might wish to be with Juliet, spoke of going in.

"No, please, not yet," said he, and we went on. Another silence—and to break it I said, "I have not yet congratulated you upon your gratifying success."

"Do not," he returned, "for I have not yet succeeded, I fear. I fear, my friend, I have still to say, like that other scholar—

—I have striven and failed,
I set mine eyes upon a certain height,
Yet could not hail with them its deep-set light."

There was a wishful meaning in his voice and air, never before seen.

My heart sprung up in one unreasoning tumult.

"Mr. Zerrahn!"

He perceived my profound surprise. "Then you did know I loved you, Miss Hayne?"

"I did not even dream; but now I know—and dream."

His eyes shone with delight at my reply, and he went on,

"Yet I have loved you well, and I began that very evening Ellen brought you in, and I saw your dear, calm, helpful face. But I confess I was cynic enough to watch carefully to see if the face were really the right index to the woman behind it. As the weeks went on, and I saw on what eagles' wings you were bearing up my precious little sister, while the rest of us talked bosh in the parlor, I felt too worthless to address you, and have been waiting for to-day, hoping for some praise of men to back me in my suit."

"And in any one of those past days I might have replied to you, Mr. Zerrahn, as the friend did to your 'scholar,'

I love you for the sake of what you are,
And not for what you do."

Now, in a minute all was made clear, and "the face of all the world was changed to me." We went back to the rooms on air, I suppose, for I did not feel the ground. The Brownes' experienced eyes found us out in an instant.

"You foolish old woman," said Ellen, with a beaming face, "where were your intuitions and things? You know you

thought Stephen would marry one of the velvet togas, and that I would let him."

"Well, I suppose the toga thought so too," said Mr. Browne, whimsically, making my apology.

"My story!" I have told it to you as

no secret, for it seemed to me, as I woke on the wonderful "morning of the first day," after it was made clear, that every bird in leafy Cambridge sung it, that every bell rung it, now that the long years had brought it *just* as I wished it to be!

THE FOX.

THE fox furnishes, perhaps, the only instance that can be cited of a fur-bearing animal that not only holds its own, but that actually increases in the face of the means that are used for its extermination. The beaver, for instance, was gone before the earliest settlers could get a sight of him; and even the mink and the martin are now only rarely seen, or not seen at all, in places where they were once abundant.

But the fox has survived civilization, and in some localities is no doubt more abundant now than in the time of the Revolution. For half a century at least he has been almost the only prize, in the way of fur, that was to be found on our mountains, and he has been hunted and trapped and waylaid, sought for as game and pursued in enmity, taken by fair means and by foul, and yet there is not the slightest danger of the species becoming extinct.

One would think that a single hound in a neighborhood, filling the mountains with his bayings, and leaving no nook or by-way of them unexplored, was enough to drive and scare every fox from the country. But not so. Indeed, I am almost tempted to say, the more hounds, the more foxes.

I recently spent a summer-month in a mountainous district in the State of New York, where, from its earliest settlement, the Red fox has been the standing prize for skill in the use of the trap and gun. At the house where I was stopping were two fox-hounds, and a neighbor, half a mile distant, had a third. There were many others in the township, and in season they were well employed, too; but the three spoken of, attended by their owners, held high carnival on the

mountains in the immediate vicinity. And many were the foxes that, winter after winter, fell before them, twenty-five having been shot the season before my visit, on one small range alone. And yet the foxes were apparently never more abundant than they were that summer, and never more bold, coming at night within a few rods of the house, and of the unchained alert hounds, and making havoc among the poultry.

One morning a large fat goose was found minus her head and otherwise mangled. Both hounds had disappeared, and as they did not come back till near night, it was inferred that they had cut short Reynard's repast, and given him a good chase into the bargain. But next night he was back again, and this time got safely off with the goose. A couple of nights after he must have come with recruits, for next morning three large goslings were reported missing. The silly geese now got it through their noddles that there was danger about, and every night after came close up to the house to roost.

A brood of turkeys, the old one tied to a tree a few rods to the rear of the house, were the next objects of attack. The predaceous rascal came, as usual, in the latter half of the night. I happened to be awake, and heard the helpless turkey cry "quit, quit," with great emphasis. Another sleeper, on the floor above me, who, it seems, had been sleeping with one ear awake for several nights in apprehension for the safety of his turkeys, heard the sound also, and instantly divined its cause. I heard the window open and a voice summon the dogs. A loud bellow was the response, which caused Reynard to take himself off in a

hurry. But a moment more, and the mother-turkey would have shared the fate of the geese. There she lay at the end of the string, with extended wings, bitten and rumped. The young roosted in a row on the fence near by, and had taken flight on the first alarm.

Turkeys, retaining many of their wild instincts, are less easily captured by the fox than any other of our domestic fowls. On the slightest show of danger they take to wing, and it is not unusual, in the locality of which I speak, to find them in the morning perched in the most unwonted places, as on the peak of the barn or hay-shed, or on the tops of the apple-trees, their tails spread and their manners showing much excitement. Perchance one turkey is minus her tail, the fox having succeeded in getting only a mouthful of quills.

As the brood grows and their wings develop, they wander far from the house in quest of grasshoppers. At such times they are all watchfulness and suspicion. Crossing the fields one day, attended by a dog that much resembled a fox, we came suddenly (or rather the dog did) upon a brood about one third grown, which were feeding in a pasture just beyond a wood. Instantly, and with the celerity of wild game, they launched into the air, and, while the old one perched upon a tree-top as if to keep an eye on the supposed enemy, the young went sailing over the trees toward home.

The two hounds above referred to, accompanied by a cur-dog, whose business it was to mind the farm, but who took as much delight in running away from prosy duty as if he had been a schoolboy, would frequently steal off and have a good hunt all by themselves, just for the fun of the thing, I suppose. I more than half suspect that it was as a kind of taunt or retaliation, that Reynard came and took the geese from under their very noses. One morning they went off and stayed till the afternoon of the next day; they ran the fox all day and all night, the hounds baying at every jump, the cur-dog silent and tenacious. When they returned

they came dragging themselves along, stiff, foot-sore, gaunt, and hungry. For a day or two afterward they lay about the kennels, seeming to dread nothing so much as the having to move. The stolen hunt was their "spree," their "bender," and of course they must take time to get over it.

Some old hunters think the fox enjoys the chase as much as the hounds, especially when the latter runs slow, as the best hounds do. The fox will wait for the hound, will sit down and listen, or play about, crossing and recrossing and doubling upon his track, as if enjoying a mischievous consciousness of the perplexity he would presently cause his pursuer. It is evident, however, that the fox does not always have his share of the fun: before a swift dog, or in a deep snow, or on a wet day when his tail gets bedraggled, he must put his best foot forward. As a last resort he "holes up." Sometimes he resorts to numerous devices to mislead and escape the dog altogether. He will walk in the bed of a small creek, or on a rail-fence. I heard of an instance of a fox, hard and long pressed, that took to a rail-fence, and after walking some distance, made a leap to one side to a hollow stump, in the cavity of which he snugly stowed himself. The ruse succeeded, and the dogs lost the trail; but the hunter coming up, passed by chance near the stump, when out bounded the fox, his cunning availing him less than he deserved. On another occasion the fox took to the public road, and stepped with great care and precision into a sleigh-track. The hard, polished snow took no imprint of the light foot, and the scent was no doubt less than it would have been on a rougher surface. May-be, also, the rogue had considered the chances of another sleigh coming along, before the hound, and obliterating the trail entirely.

Audubon relates of a certain fox, which when started by the hounds always managed to elude them at a certain point. Finally the hunter concealed himself in the locality, to discover, if possible, the trick. Presently along

came the fox, and making a leap to one side, ran up the trunk of a fallen tree which had lodged some feet from the ground, and concealed himself in the top. In a few minutes the hounds came up, and in their eagerness passed some distance beyond the point, and then went still farther, looking for the lost trail. Then the fox hastened down, and, taking his back-track, fooled the dogs completely.

I was told of a Silver-gray fox in northern New York, which, when pursued by the hounds, would run till it had hunted up another fox, or the fresh trail of one, when it would so manœuvre that the hound would invariably be switched off on the second track.

In cold, dry weather the fox will sometimes elude the hound, at least delay him much, by taking to a bare, plowed field. The hard, dry earth seems not to retain a particle of the scent, and the hound gives a loud, long, peculiar bark, to signify he has trouble. It is now his turn to show his wit, which he often does by passing completely around the field, and resuming the trail again where it crosses the fence or a strip of snow.

The fact that any dry, hard surface is unfavorable to the hound, suggests, in a measure, the explanation of the wonderful faculty that all dogs in a degree possess to track an animal by the scent of the foot alone. Did you ever think why a dog's nose is always wet? Examine the nose of a fox-hound, for instance; how very moist and sensitive! Cause this moisture to dry up, and the dog would be as powerless to track an animal as you are! The nose of the cat, you may observe, is but a little moist, and, as you know, her sense of smell is far inferior to that of the dog. Moisten your own nostrils and lips, and this sense is plainly sharpened. The sweat of a dog's nose, therefore, is no doubt a vital element in its power, and, without taking a very long logical stride, we may infer how a damp, rough surface aids him in tracking game.

A fox-hunt in this country is, of course, quite a different thing from what it is in England, where all the squires

and noblemen of a borough, superbly mounted, go riding over the country, guided by the yelling hounds, till the fox is literally run down and murdered. Here the hunter prefers a rough, mountainous country, and, as probably most persons know, takes advantage of the disposition of the fox, when pursued by the hound, to play or circle around a ridge or bold point, and, taking his stand near the run-way, shoots him down.

A still-hunt rarely brings you in sight of a fox, as his ears are much sharper than yours, and his tread much lighter. But if one is mousing in the fields, and you discover him before he does you, you may, the wind favoring, call him within a few paces of you. Secrete yourself behind the fence, or some other object, and sneak as nearly like a mouse as possible. Reynard will hear the sound at an incredible distance. He pricks up his ears, gets the direction, and comes trotting along as unsuspectingly as can be. I have never had an opportunity to try the experiment, but I know perfectly reliable persons who have done it. One man, in the pasture getting his cows, called a fox which was too busy mousing to get the first sight, till it jumped upon the wall just over where he sat secreted. Giving a loud whoop and jumping up at the same time, the fox came as near being frightened out of his skin as I suspect a fox ever was.

In trapping for the fox, you get perhaps about as much "fun" and as little fur, as in any trapping amusement you can engage in. The one feeling that ever seems present to the mind of Reynard, is suspicion. He does not need experience to teach him, but seems to know from the jump that there is such a thing as a trap, and that a trap has a way of grasping a fox's paw that is more frank than friendly. Cornered in a hole or den, a trap can be set so that the poor creature has the desperate alternative of being caught or starve. He is generally caught, though not till he has braved hunger for a good many days.

But to know all his cunning and shrewdness, bait him in the field, or set

your trap by some carcass where he is wont to come. In some cases he will examine the trap, and leave the marks of his contempt for it in a way you cannot mistake, or else he will not approach within a rod of it. Sometimes, however, he finds in a trapper more than his match, and is fairly caught. In such cases the trap, which must be of the finest make, is never touched with the bare hand, but, after being thoroughly smoked and greased, is set in a bed of dry ashes, or chaff, in a remote field where the fox has been emboldened to dig for several successive nights for morsels of toasted cheese.

A light fall of snow aids the trapper's art and conspires to Reynard's ruin. But how lightly he is caught, when caught at all! barely the end of his toes, or at most a spike through the middle of his foot. I once saw a large painting of a fox struggling with a trap which held him by the hind leg, above the gambrel-joint! A painting alongside of it represented a peasant driving an ox-team from the off-side! A fox would be as likely to be caught above the gambrel-joint as a farmer would to drive his team from the off-side. I knew one that was caught by the tip of the lower jaw. He came nightly, and took the morsel of cheese from the pan of the trap without springing it. A piece was then secured to the pan by a thread, with the result as above stated.

I have never been able to see clearly why the mother-fox generally selects a burrow or hole in the open field in which to have her young, except it be, as some hunters maintain, for better security. The young foxes are wont to come out on a warm day, and play like puppies in front of the den. By having the view unobstructed on all sides by trees or bushes, in the cover of which danger might approach, they are less liable to surprise and capture. On the slightest sound they disappear in the hole in the twinkling of an eye. Those who have watched the gambols of the young foxes, speak of them as very amusing, even more arch and playful than those of kittens, while a spirit profoundly wise and

cunning seems to look out of their young eyes. The parent-fox can never be caught in the den with them, but is hovering near in the woods, which are always at hand, and by her warning cry or bark telling them when to be on their guard. She usually has at least three dens, at no great distance apart, and moves stealthily in the night with her charge from one to the other, so as to mislead her enemies. Many a party of boys, and of men, too, discovering the whereabouts of a litter, have gone with shovels and picks, and, after digging away vigorously for several hours, have found only an empty hole for their pains. The old fox, finding her secret had been found out, had waited for darkness in the cover of which to transfer her household to new quarters, or else some old fox-hunter, jealous of the preservation of his game, and getting word of the intended destruction of the litter, had gone at dusk the night before, and made some disturbance about the den, perhaps flashed some powder in its mouth—a hint which the shrewd animal interpreted rightly.

The more scientific aspects of the question may not be without interest to some of my readers. The fox belongs to the great order of flesh-eating animals called *Carnivora*, and to the family called *Canida*, or dogs. The wolf is a kind of wild dog, and the fox is a kind of wolf. Foxes, unlike wolves, however, never go in packs or companies, but hunt singly. The fox has a kind of bark, which suggests the dog, as have all the members of this family. The kinship is further shown by the fact that during certain periods, for the most part in the summer, the dog cannot be made to attack or even pursue the female fox, but will run from her in the most shamefaced manner, which he will not do in the case of any other animal except a wolf. Many of the ways and manners of the fox, when tamed, are also like the dog's. I once saw a young Red fox exposed for sale in the market in Washington. A colored man had him, and said he had caught him out in Virginia. He led him by a small chain, as he would a puppy, and the innocent young rascal would lay

on his side and bask and sleep in the sunshine, amid all the noise and chaffering around him, precisely like a dog. He was about the size of a full-grown cat, and there was a bewitching beauty about him that I could hardly resist. On another occasion I saw a Gray fox about two thirds grown, playing with a dog, about the same size, and by nothing in the manners of either could you tell which was the dog and which was the fox.

Some naturalists think there are but two permanent species of the fox in the United States, viz., the Gray fox and the Red fox, though there are five or six varieties. The Gray fox, which is much smaller and less valuable than the Red, is the southern species, and is said to be rarely found north of Maryland, though in certain rocky localities along the Hudson they are common.

In the southern States this fox is often hunted in the English fashion, namely, on horseback, the riders tearing through the country in pursuit till the animal is run down and caught. This is the only fox that will tree. When too closely pressed, instead of taking to a den or hole, it climbs beyond the reach of the dogs in some small tree.

The Red fox is the northern species, and is rarely found further south than the mountainous districts of Virginia. In the Arctic regions he gives place to the Arctic fox, which most of the season is white.

The Prairie fox, the Cross fox, and the Black or Silver-gray fox, seem only varieties of the Red fox, as the black squirrel breeds with the gray, and the black woodchuck is found with the brown. There is little to distinguish them from the Red, except the color, though the Prairie fox is said to be the larger of the two.

The Cross fox is dark-brown on its muzzle and extremities, with a cross of red and black on its shoulders and breast, which peculiarity of coloring, and not any trait in its character, gives it its name. They are very rare, and

few hunters have ever seen one. The American Fur Company used to obtain annually from fifty to one hundred skins. The skins formerly sold for twenty-five dollars, though I believe they now bring only about five dollars.

The Black or Silver-gray fox is the rarest of all, and its skin the most valuable. The Indians used to estimate it equal to forty beaver-skins. The great Fur Companies seldom collect in a single season more than four or five skins at any one post. Most of those of the American Fur Company come from the head-waters of the Mississippi. One of the younger Audubons shot one in northern New York. The fox had been seen and fired at many times by the hunters of the neighborhood, and had come to have the reputation of leading a charmed life, and of being invulnerable to any thing but a silver bullet. But Audubon brought her down (for it was a female) on the second trial. She had a litter of young in the vicinity, which he also dug out, and found the nest to hold three black and four red ones, which fact settled the question with him that black and red often have the same parentage, and are, in truth, the same species.

The color of this fox, in a point-blank view, is black, but viewed at an angle it is a dark silver-gray, whence has arisen the notion that the black and the silver-gray are distinct varieties. The tip of the tail is always white.

In almost every neighborhood there are traditions of this fox, and it is the dream of young sportsmen; but I have yet to meet the person who has seen one. I should go well to the north, into the British Possessions, if I was bent on obtaining a specimen.

One more item from the books. From the fact that in the bone-caves in this country skulls of the Gray fox are found, but none of the Red, it is inferred by some naturalists that the Red fox is a descendant from the European species, which it resembles in form but surpasses in beauty, and its appearance on this continent comparatively of recent date.

PICTURES IN THE PRIVATE GALLERIES OF NEW YORK.

No. III.

GALLERY OF MARSHALL O. ROBERTS.

AN urbane author of a time that is past, who had the pleasing consciousness of addressing the "gentle reader," was fortunate in the temper he felt and touched. Accustomed to polite society, scrupulous about the amenities of life, he knew that he must be agreeable; and he was agreeable. To-day the "gentle reader" seems a fiction of our fathers' time, and the style of the writer who addresses him is suggestive of the ancient, and faded, and conventional. Yet if it were possible to revive his pleasing presence he should be here; and if, by chance, we could discover his local habitation, we would solicit the pleasure of his company in the private gallery of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts. We would not shock him with strange and late developments, but we would place him among some of the familiar pictures of his palmiest days; we would place him before Huntington of twenty years ago; and, instead of speaking, we should wish to listen to him. But the gentle reader, shade that he is, is likewise voiceless. However sure of his tenderness towards the famous pictures that were novelties in the art of his time, we should get no verbal sign from him. But we will even suppose him to be present; for no spirit less gentle than his should preside over us in a gallery crowded with pictures that were famous ten years ago, but which must suffer from the present fashion of understanding art. Our genial companion, whose face is peaceful and gladdening, and without a suggestion of the influence of railroads and newspapers, is suffused with pleasure before Huntington's picture of "Mercy's Dream." The pure intention of the artist and the sacredness of the familiar story, are united in a form of art conse-

crated by the reverence of ages—and it is enough for the gentle reader. This is a picture which is almost as popular, while it appeals to much the same feelings, as illustrations of the lives of Catholic Saints for devout Roman Catholics. It is a myth of the Puritan mind which in beauty and vividness does not decline before the historic splendor of the more prolific plastic imagination of the Catholic of the south of Europe. An ideal of Protestantism is here realized. How much the Evangelical public has been gratified by this picture! We will not breathe a word of criticism before this figure consecrated by the affection and veneration of a thousand homes. Away, profane and skeptical critic, nourished on modern novels, modern science, modern French art, and American journalism! You are before an ideal of a religious mind, albeit the ideal is in a conventional form. Mr. Huntington's art can be brought in question elsewhere, and when criticism is less likely to wound pious prejudices. And, after all, rob the angel in his picture of lustre, and "Mercy" of grace, lower the art of the painter, dispute his understanding of form, obey the instincts of a detractor, and be insensible to the unction of Mr. Huntington's picture, and your task would not be productive of good to any one. You might whisper that it is most appropriate to a Sunday-school banner, but your very suggestion would be a vindication of the popular significance and spotless purpose of the painter's work.

Opposite to Huntington's picture of "Mercy's Dream" is a large picture representing the "Good Samaritan." By its size and subject it belongs to great art as understood in academies of

painting, and as it was understood among ancient Italian painters. It does credit to Mr. Huntington's study of some of the old masters, and is remotely suggestive of Titian and Vandyke; in fact, it shows great dependence upon the examples of the two masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A certain degree of nobility in the types, more or less conventional, an impression of repose and size, and the dignity of the Samaritan, render this a respectable example of a style of art that belongs to the past.

My gentle reader's face has darkened. Let me hasten to add that American art has no better specimen of this kind of painting save in the works of Allston. The color is rich, the tone deep; the expression and character of the young woman's face sympathetic and pure; that of the mother fussy and incredulous and surprised; that of the Samaritan commanding, perhaps a little exaggerated, and therefore overbearing. This is an example of religious art not much appreciated outside of the pulpit's immediate influence; it is not equal to Flaudrin's art, nor could it well be so, for Flaudrin was a pious, and convinced, and submissive mind—pious and submissive to a degree hardly possible in an American Protestant with a sense of beauty and of art comparable to the devout French Catholic religious painter.

There are other examples of Mr. Huntington's talent in Mr. Roberts' gallery—several landscapes that show a natural sense of color, but a sense that seems to me not sufficiently cultivated, or rather, seems hurt by too much studio-work, and not stimulated enough by close and frequent reference to nature. But Mr. Huntington appears in all his serious and gracious qualities of an agreeable and cultivated painter in Mr. Roberts' gallery. His aim as an artist is now shared by few, perhaps by no American painter of equal ability. It is an aim that made him scrupulous to repeat something of the glories of the great Italian masters in a form which they have illustrated according to the suggestions of their own spirits. So far

as the art of painting is concerned,—qualities of color, harmony, tone, depth, handling,—Mr. Huntington may be said to have attained much. But the sweetness and grace of his nature, instead of making a wholly personal expression, have been too easily contented with conventional forms, and this fact detracts from the merit of his work as an artist. But enough.

We are before a charming head of a young girl, sweet and pearly in color, of a delicious simplicity in expression, refined in form and tint,—refined like the lip of a sea-shell, soft as a petal,—a face that is individual enough to be a portrait, and which is yet representative enough for a type. Well, it is only a little girl, a half-length by Mr. Henry Peters Gray, and, without exception, it is, to us, the most refined and wholly charming example of his talent that we know of—a picture to covet and remember, it is so fine, so delicate, so delightful in suggestion, so artless. This little maiden with her little ring upon her little finger; a little bud of a girl dressed in the simplest fashion, without a single detail, owing its whole charm to the positive painting of the face, to the unobtrusive painting of the figure and background, is really a work of art, precious in fact, and better than larger and more pretentious pictures. This picture represents a rare attainment in art—a personal and lovely sentiment of a particular form of life. The mechanic, the mere picture-maker, had little to do here; the artist, pervaded with a sense of his subject, has done every thing; and yet the man who painted this picture is often in complete subjection to the very ideas which, inherited with his time, have cheapened the work of Mr. Huntington. We mean ideas of imitating—or, if not so frankly avowed, ideas of repeating—the historic and religious art created by the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This aim is, and these ideas are, it is but just to say, the common object and property of every school of academic art: dominating the life of an artist, he is lifted above the vulgar and trivial by them; yet as often

they take him away from reality, and then he but feebly touches our feelings, while to a Wilkie, a Frere, a Millet, a Rousseau, belongs the honor of creating an individual if not a national form of art, destined to outlive the more exclusive, the less robust, the less natural, often the feebler, forms of art, consecrated by the reverence of schools and repeated only for the profit of the unthinking in such matters. We cannot help regretting that both Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gray do not oftener content themselves with the simple fact of nature; that they do not care more for actual men and women and children, and less for story and symbol or allegory, which make illustrative puppets of human beings. But to do this they must resist the taste of picture-buyers who covet a fancy picture, a composition, a story illustrated by conventional types, and are stupid or insensible before the finest example of art in the unpretentious form of a study of a head, of a figure, not knowing that the greatest achievement in the art of painting is a simple man, woman, or child, at the best or most pathetic moment of their existence. And yet this is a conclusion which must seem ill-advised in the gallery of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, before so imposing an example of historical art as the late Mr. Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware"—a picture more widely known than any other American picture—a picture which commands respect in Paris, is admired in Germany, and doubtless is highly thought of by the artists of the English Royal Academy; for, viewed from the standpoint of a school, its art is on a level with its subject—it is heroic and effective. Most of us recollect the depreciation to which injudicious and envenomed critics subjected the painter of this picture but a few years ago: the reaction against his art was violent and inconsiderate of personal feelings; but after all is said, we must admit that Leutze the painter was on the same plane as Bancroft the historian, and that this historical composition is a clever and vigorous piece of work, expressive as an oration, and if not profound, if not

precious, certainly intelligent, a pictorial witness of good sense; as a composition, notwithstanding the *tableau vivant* look of the figures, comparable to Vernet, and, in point of drawing and action, but little short of the merit of the best examples of retrospective historical painting, which necessarily fall short of the quality of contemporary historical art.

It is natural enough to be brusque and positive before the works of living painters that are outside of our sympathies; but before what remains vivid and tangible, with sign of weakness or of strength, of a hand now stilled forever, we must think and speak gently: and so we think of poor Leutze, so strong in his day of being, grasping by his intellect the barbaric and violent of history, and rejoicing in the active and collective life of past times. To him art was not an end in itself; it was merely a means of rendering his conception of men in dramatic situations and at picturesque epochs. The *artist*, pure and simple, has a different aim; his aim is beauty, and beauty and its means of expression are to him inseparable.

The interest of Mr. Roberts' Gallery would be strong were it only furnished with the three popular pictures, just mentioned, by Huntington and Leutze; but these, chief though they be in American art of yesterday, are but a portion of a large collection, which includes works by most American painters, and not a few by the leading contemporary French painters. One Meissonier, one Gérôme, three Freres, specimens of Willems, Jules Noel, Plassan, Vantier; several pictures from the Düsseldorf school of painting; three large landscapes by Church, two pictures by S. R. Gifford—a charming sketch of a wood-road and a masterly picture of sea and shore a little after mid-day; two landscapes by James Hart, one by William Hart and one Kensett; here, too, you can see one of George Hall's best-known pictures, his "April Shower;" an historical picture by Irving; Robert M. Weir's "Embarkation of the Pilgrims;" Lang's Beatrice Cenci in her last sleep; Hay's Herd of Buffaloes; a landscape

study by Hicks; a Venice by Cranch, also a bit of the russet woods by the same artist, and one of the best specimens of his talent; an interesting, and, in some respects, a fine picture of Corph Castle by Cropsey: these pictures, of varied rank, some of no rank at all, in art, are instructive to the lover of American art, and show what effort has been made by some of our older men years ago to give grace and beauty to our home-life. George A. Baker is represented by a lovely head of a young woman, and a cabinet picture of a group of girls, pleasant in color, but too general in style to do credit to the painter's study of nature. A charming portrait of a child by William O. Stone, sketchy in execution and broad and delicate in effect, is worthy of attention. Two heads by Merle, a Venice by Tilton, a large landscape by Gignoux—Indian Summer in Virginia—a rocky coast by Alexander Wüst, four pictures by Eastman Johnson, a sketch by Homer, several pictures by Gray and one by Mount, a Marie Antoinette by Muller, a little picture by G. Lamblin, an elaborate study of the details of vegetation in the autumn woods by W. T. Richards, a remarkable and invaluable picture by Woodville, and several foreign pictures, in addition to those we have mentioned, constitute the body and force of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts' private gallery.

Now that we know what we have to look at, mindful of our "gentle reader," and yet without stopping to consider Leutze's "Expulsion of the Moors," one of his latest works, singularly like a piece of tapestry in effect, we will look at Woodville's "News from the Mexican War." This picture is to Mr. Roberts' collection what Homer's "Prisoners from the Front" is to Mr. J. T. Johnston's gallery. It is expressive of an epoch; it is a bit of local history of vast significance, painted with adequate knowledge and the right purpose. It is more elaborate art than Homer's picture; the direct and simple talent of the painter is less, his study and experience greater, than Homer's. This picture is a gift to all of us, and it should have a

place of honor in Mr. Roberts' gallery, for he has no American *genre* picture comparable to it. Many of our older readers, doubtless, are well acquainted with this picture, for we believe it dates from the old Art-Union days in New York. The artist has painted a group of men on the stoop of a country Hotel and Post-Office, listening to the host, who stands in an anxious and eager attitude, devouring with his eyes the exciting news from the seat of war, which he reads to a curious and varied group of old and young. Character, expression, action, grouping, are alike good—I will say more, remarkable—in this thoughtful and well-designed picture, which has more good sense, more brains, in it, than any Meissonier we have ever seen; and certainly it is more appropriately placed on the walls of an American gallery than most examples of foreign art. Luxury and ostentation, with indiscriminating pride, will covet and boast of foreign pictures, but real love of art will be as responsive to the extraordinary merit of our best native talent as it is hospitable to the famous or admirable painters of modern France. It is for this reason that I congratulate Mr. Roberts upon being the owner of Woodville's "War-News from Mexico."

There seems to have been a generous impartiality presiding over the formation of Mr. Roberts' collection of paintings. Native and foreign art are represented without any thing like exclusiveness, although Church, Huntington, and Leutze do cover the greatest amount of space on the walls of the gallery. But size is not a measure of interest, of merit, or of cost, in matters of art, and therefore we suppose the little Meissonier, the well-proportioned Gérôme, and the historical picture by Muller, represent as much art and as much wealth, if less of patriotism, than the enormous examples of native talent just mentioned.

Mr. Roberts' Gérôme, in point of color, is the finest that we know of in New York. Prisoners and slaves, guarded by Arabs, are seen moving towards the spectator on the sands of the East. The

hot and dusty look, the strange and positive types, Nubians and Abyssinians, and a brawny negro from the Niger, coupled with wooden shackles, heads wrapped in the sheltering folds of white *kaiks*, while arms and legs and feet are bare to the sun and sand, are rendered with the hand of an unsparing, indefatigable, and masterly observer. What a group of surly and repugnant animals, subjected by treachery, or force, to the will of covetous and unscrupulous masters! It is in a picture like this that Gérôme's accuracy and thoroughness do us a great service. Here the painter who travels is as much as—he is even more than—the photographer. Here is a representative picture, which shows us the actual conditions of life in the intercourse between the races and tribes bordering the great desert. This picture is wholly interesting—interesting as art, interesting as a glimpse of the populous and barbaric East, where, under burning skies, and by the shores of sluggish rivers, or across desert-sands, the animal, the brute in human form, obeys those natural rulers of men—Cunning and Force. This must make us pause and think of destiny and fate, which hold so many races in the ruts of time, and bestow no glimmer upon them of that light by which we live and hope and love—the light of an ideal civilization.

The absolute Gérôme, whose talent is sufficiently understood by people interested in the subject of my article, was, as the French say, never better inspired than when he painted this picture. It is one of his masterpieces, being more solidly painted, more vivid in color, more mellow and harmonious in effect, than most of his paintings.

The "gentle reader," somewhat neglected for the reason that he is somewhat indifferent to Gérôme's work, has not been forgotten. We have observed him poring fondly over some of the *pre-artistic* examples of American art in Mr. Roberts' gallery—poring fondly over little futile bits, feeble sketches, and before great canvases that were painted when *he* was young! He is a tender

shade among the pathetic remains of the pride of yesterday—pictures that we cannot boast of before a New York journalist, much less in face of an instructed and exacting lover of art; but they are pictures which fill one with sadness, and suggest the sere and yellow leaf of artistic fame, and remind us how difficult it is for us who last but a little while to make a work that shall last. A great subject is not enough; the matter is often of so little importance in art, that the *manner* alone seems to be the part that floats a work and keeps a name fresh in the memory. But, shall a Meissonier, with his marvellous execution, touch, and tone, and drawing, and expression, employed on mean or poor or common subjects, last, while hosts of painters of sacred subjects, and pictorial and retrospective historians, have none to show them reverence? Shall patience and dexterity of hand and exact observation do more for a man's name than his power to sympathize with the noble, the good, the beautiful?

In the immortality of this world the *shaping power*, the power to give form and body, is the only pledge of the duration of a man's work and name. His sympathies, his intentions, all that makes him a delightful and attaching social being, counts for very little in art for, in art it is not the matter, but the manner, that constitutes the particular glory of the artist. If the subject, if variety and fulness of meaning, were more than the style, Oertell's "Father Time and his Family" in Mr. Roberts' gallery would have made him more famous than Meissonier was made by his "Chess-Players." And yet, it must be said that the greatest art must be the greatest subject expressed in the grandest manner. We are disposed to ignore this, for no American figure-painter has ever given us so much. Allston alone, were he now living, might do it. He had the mind, the culture, the heart for it; but he lived when painters were bound by tradition, and seemed exclusively retrospective, and were, assuredly, conventional.

We are now before Mr. Roberts' Meissonier. It represents the costume of a

soldier of the seventeenth century, and the face of a very modern fellow. It is a beautiful piece of painting, clear, bright, exact. On this little pannel the art of the painter is expressive of traits of character which must always command respect and sometimes admiration. But if at any time in the study and admiration of art, save when before a Vernet, a man may be excused for thanking God he is not like this man, it should be before a Meissonier. We all understand that he is unrivalled in his *genre*, that he is a positive fact in art as in life, that he is no trifler, no loose and careless and listless worker; we all know his power of application, his love of clothes, weapons, furniture, and the material life of men; we all call him master, and salute him. But would it not be well, out of respect to the grandeur and loveliness that may be in art because it is in man, to ask, now and then, what is the world to Meissonier, what does he introduce us to, and is not his work most appropriately placed in the galleries of unthinking and heartless men? elsewhere it can have place only as an object of curiosity and fashion. Thank God, there are but few Meissoniers among painters—that is, men who limit our sympathies and never appeal to the ideal, never seek for the beauty that is in all the fresh and natural and spontaneous and uncorrupted objects that bless us in life.

The insensibility of Ingres to contemporary life is better than Meissonier's, because he was infatuated with old Greek and Italian types of beauty. Meissonier's art is illustrative of soldiers, drinkers, gamblers, duellists, chess-playing gallants, sometimes in tragic situations, never in tender or humanizing ones; yet he makes all these costumed creatures wonderfully attractive by his

picturesque and vivid realism. But will you not gladly turn from Meissonier's guardsman smoking, to contemplate a picture which, by its *subject*, at once raises you to a higher level, and makes you think of the grace and majesty and tenderness and gentle firmness that may be compounded with human clay, to make a martyr-woman, the wan and worn Marie Antoinette, seem to you one of the most awful and lovely and pathetic figures that human eyes have ever contemplated? You are before Muller's Marie Antoinette replying to the nameless accusation of "scandalous Hebert." And how well the artist has rendered the mother in the dignity, firmness, and proud scorn of her outraged nature! Art is of double service to us here—it serves our historical sense and celebrates an awful and heroic moment in the life of a woman. To us, the Christian martyr, virgin or mother, under the cruel eyes of a persecuting populace, waiting, breathless, dumb, or exalted by religious hope, for the devouring beasts of the Roman Amphitheatre, is not a more awful spectacle, not a more illustrious witness of the dignity and heroism of human nature, than Marie Antoinette before the human beasts of the Revolution. Something of the noble and firm bearing of that high-bred and lovely woman, grief-struck and appalled, yet, as mother, wife, and woman, an object sacred and immortal in history, the artist has caught for the eye to appreciate upon his canvas; and with this noble picture, the thoughts it quickens, the feelings it touches, we will leave you in Mr. Marshall O. Roberts' gallery, where the historical department of art is largely and impressively filled, and upon which Mr. Roberts seems to have bestowed much intelligent and generous appreciation.

A NEW STORY OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

THE eventful career of the sturdy, lion-hearted Israel Putnam has ever been the especial theme of historical interest to the American schoolboy; and the romantic and unusual incidents that color it are not likely to pass from his memory after attaining the years and sentiments of manhood. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the whole record of American history, colonial, revolutionary, and federal, can produce a character, who, in the quality of rugged, indomitable courage, is entitled to be named with "Old Put." With him this quality appears to have been an instinct, even to the point of recklessness; and the audacious affairs of the wolf's den, the powder-magazine, and the ride at Horseneck, seem to have occurred merely from the ordinary exercise of this amazing quality by the man who, as his tombstone truly declares, "dared to lead where any dared to follow." In other words, his lofty heroism was no exceptional or erratic display; it pervaded his whole nature, and stood forth at once upon any adequate call of duty.

He was born, as is well known, in Massachusetts, but removed to Connecticut early in life, in which latter State much of his military service and several of his most conspicuous acts of daring were performed.

Western New York was settled, during the early part of the present century, in great part by emigration from Connecticut. Many of the pioneers of the Genesee and Niagara are still to be seen among us, white-haired and feeble in body, but enjoying with solid satisfaction the substantial fruits of their early industry and hardships. Going back only one generation from them, we find ourselves in the goodly company of the continentals and revolutionary patriots, with Putnam, Stark, Warren, and the rest; and very many are the reminiscences of this initial period in our na-

tional history which might be gathered from the lips of these aged men as they received them from their fathers, of which written history has no knowledge.

I lately met one of these pioneers, a venerable and intelligent farmer of nearly fourscore years, who was brought by his father from Connecticut to his new home in the "Holland Purchase," so called, in his childhood. The father was a soldier of the Revolution, and had served under General Putnam in his own State. The incidents and general recollections of his campaigns, as he had related them to his son, in the spirit of the veteran who delights to

"Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won,"

were deeply interesting; and none more so than those relating to Putnam and his exploits.

"My father knew him well," said my informant, "and always spoke of him as the bravest man in the war. He never could mention his name without his eyes kindling and his cheek flushing with excitement; and he loved to talk about Putnam and his exploits above every thing else."

Believing that our own late struggle for our nationality has more closely endeared to us the memories of the men of '76, who struggled for it before us, I propose to submit to the reader, in brief, the most interesting of the anecdotes of Putnam that I received from the source referred to. It is so perfectly characteristic of the man, as history paints him, and the way in which it comes to me is so perfectly satisfactory, that I have no hesitation in expressing my entire confidence in its truth. It will be observed that the Indian adventure which forms the groundwork of the story bears considerable resemblance to one of Putnam's adventures which is minutely de-

tailed in the histories, and which in one place* I find succinctly stated as follows:

"The same year (1758), when returning to Fort Edward from an expedition to watch the enemy in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga, his corps was surprised by a party of French and Indians, and he himself captured and bound to a tree. While in this situation a battle between his own party and the enemy raged around him for an hour. The tree against which he was placed was part of the time in the hottest fire. A French officer, passing by, struck him in the jaw with the butt of his gun. An Indian amused himself for some time hurling his tomahawk into the trunk of the tree to satisfy himself how near he could come to the prisoner's body, and yet miss it. At length the party of French and Indians were forced to retreat, but carried with them their captive, whom the savages determined to roast alive. He was tied to a tree, and the fire was already blazing furiously, when his life was saved by the intervention of the French commander, Molang."

My informant was positive, however, that the adventure with the Indians which his father related to him was an entirely different one; and as its termination appears to have been so unlike this, and the early experience of Putnam in command of a company of rangers in the old French War was unquestionably filled with hazards and escapes not noticed by history, it appears to me that he is correct, and that the whole story may be taken as a new one. For greater convenience, I will allow the father to speak in the first person.†

There was in my company, in the Connecticut regiment that I served in during the Revolution, a soldier by the name of Patterson. He was a young man, and his father and grandfather before him had served in Putnam's Rangers against the French and Indians.

His grandfather was of course too old to take the field in the Revolution, and his father was laid up with rheumatism, or something of that kind; so Rufus, my comrade, had to sustain the honor of the family in this war—and well he did it.

Three or four times during our campaigns, when we happened to see General Putnam riding by the camp, or on the march, Rufus would say to me,

"Stephen, the first good chance I get, I'm going to speak to the General, and ask him if he remembers my father and grandfather in the old war twenty years ago."

I knew what he particularly had in his mind; it was an adventure that the General, then Captain Putnam, had with the Indians, in company with these men, father and son. I had often heard Rufus tell it, as they told it to him. It seems that Putnam was out scouting in the woods with only half a dozen men, these two with the others, when they were ambushed by a much larger party of Indians. The first volley disabled three of the men; the Pattersons escaped by flight; but Putnam, for some reason, was taken prisoner with the wounded men. The savages immediately proceeded to their horrible work of torture. Lying on the ground, unarmed, bound, and helpless, Putnam saw his unfortunate comrades taken one by one from his side, stripped, bound to a tree, and slowly tortured with a devilish ingenuity, the details of which are too shocking to repeat. When death had mercifully relieved the last of them from his torments, Putnam was himself tied to the tree, and the Indians began their caperings about him, brandishing their knives and tomahawks in his face, and shouting their exultation. The captive was fortifying his soul for the horrors of the fate that seemed to have overtaken him, and had abandoned all hope of earthly salvation, when it reached him in a most unexpected manner. The reports of two rifles were heard close to the ring of dancing Indians, and two of them fell dead. Two others were wounded by the same balls; and the savages, panic-struck at the suddenness

* New American Cyclopedia, vol. xiii. p. 673.

† As the facts stated in this article possess a historical importance, the writer holds himself ready to furnish the address of his informant upon proper inquiry.

of the attack, and probably thinking that a large rescuing party was at hand, took to flight and disappeared.

The rescuers, however, were only the two Pattersons, who, finding that they had effected their own escape by their fleetness, concluded that they could not leave their captain and comrades in the hands of the Indians without some attempt to deliver them. With a daring characteristic of the scout, they made their way in the darkness to a shelter within a few feet of the tree selected for the sacrifice, reaching the place just as Putnam was dragged up. The boldness and desperation of their attack insured its success. A few strokes of the knife released the captive, and the three hastened with all speed from the scene of their peril. After proceeding a few miles through the forest, Putnam halted, and told his companions that he had been without sleep for thirty hours, and that, as a long and difficult flight lay before them to the nearest place of safety, he proposed to take just five minutes' rest.

"Only five minutes, mind!" he said, giving to the elder Patterson his silver-cased watch. "We can spare that much time, and the sleep will do me wonderful good."

He lay down on the ground and instantly fell into a sound slumber, while his humble companions watched over him. So sound and refreshing was his sleep that they hesitated to wake him as he had enjoined; and full fifteen minutes had passed before they aroused him. He sprang up and looked at the timepiece; and discovering what time had passed, he flew into a rage, and reprimanded the men who had just saved his life in the severest terms, and not without a few round oaths, for venturing to disobey his orders. They received it, on their part, without anger, as they perfectly knew the man, and understood that he was a generous friend as well as a zealous disciplinarian. From this point the escape of the trio to the nearest settlement was prosecuted without further remarkable peril.

Rufus Patterson frequently told me that since the disbandment of the colo-

nial forces at the close of the French War, his father and grandfather had never met Putnam. I inferred, indeed, from all that he said—and he naturally liked to talk of the subject—that after this adventure they were detailed upon such service that neither of them was brought particularly to the notice of the Captain again. They heard, in common with their neighbors, that Congress had made him a major-general, and they learned with eager interest, as the war went on, of the valiant service which their former Captain was giving his country in his high position; but being very poor as well as very humble, and, since the infirmities of the one and the lameness of the other, never travelling beyond their little garden, no opportunity had offered since the beginning of the war for a meeting with the General. My comrade, in telling me this, always concluded by declaring that before a great while he should seek out General Putnam and ask him if he remembered the Pattersons.

"Of course, I wouldn't ask nor take any reward," he would add; "but the General is a great man now, and I should be proud to tell him that I am the son of one of the men that saved him from torture and death by the Indians, and the grandson of the other."

His opportunity came in the Spring of 1779, I think; certainly, just before the British under Tryon invaded the State. It so happened that a brigade of Continentals was stationed within half a mile of the Pattersons' house; and a change in the divisions brought our regiment into that brigade, much to the delight of my comrade. The morning we reached this place, and before Rufus had obtained leave to visit his home, we received an order to be ready for muster and inspection at two o'clock, when General Putnam would review the brigade.

"Now is your time, Rufus," I remarked, as we were burnishing our accoutrements. But Rufus was a shy, bashful fellow, although a good soldier; and I anticipated that he would never summon the courage to address the General on

this or any other subject. As it happened, he was saved the effort.

The General rode on the ground very early, the orderly's call had been sounded, and the companies were forming for roll-call. It was twenty minutes, at least, before the time for forming brigade-line, and the General spent the interval in riding about through the camps, looking at the men and the quarters. He passed around among our tents accompanied by the colonel and two or three other officers, all mounted. I perfectly remember how he appeared as he rode along in front of our company and looked sharply at us. He was middle-sized, neither tall nor short, strongly built, with a full, round face, florid complexion, and eyes as keen as a hawk's. He wore his full uniform of a major-general, and altogether made an imposing figure. I noticed also the horse that he rode. It was the same that afterward carried him safely on his wonderful ride down the declivity at Horseneck; a powerful, strong-limbed animal, black and handsome, and with a mettlesome eye and action.

Just as this horse and his rider reached the front of our company, the orderly-sergeant came to the name of Patterson on his roll, and called it aloud. The attention of the General was instantly attracted. He reined in his horse.

"Patterson—Patterson!" he exclaimed. "Is there a man of that name in this company?"

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant.

"Let him step out here."

Rufus took three paces to the front, and the General's eager, animated face changed its expression to something like disappointment.

"Humph—a young man," said he. "Did you have any relatives in the French War?"

"Yes, General," answered Rufus, speaking fast, between excitement and anxiety. "My father and grandfather were both in your company of rangers in Colonel Lyman's regiment; they have told me often about saving you from the Indians when—"

"Are they alive? Where do they

live? How can I find them?" Putnam asked in a breath, interrupting the story which none knew better than himself.

"They are both alive, General, and live in that little house which you see yonder, with the roof rising above the top of the hill."

Both spurs went together into the sides of the black horse, and with a snort and a bound the animal was off at a mad gallop. The distance from the camp to the home of the Pattersons was, as I have said, about half a mile. The land ascended gradually towards the house, terminating in a hill, on the further side of which the dwelling stood. It was mostly fresh-ploughed soil, and three or more high stone fences crossed it at right angles with a line drawn straight from the camp to the house. The distance by the road was but a trifle further; but the General never stopped to inquire about that. He reached the first fence with his aids ten rods behind him. We heard him shout to the noble animal that carried him, and over he went at a flying leap, which drew a cheer from every man that saw it. The aids pulled up and went around by the road. We watched the fearless horse and rider, and saw them rapidly clear the heavy ground, taking the intervening fences in the same style, and presently disappear from sight over the brow of the hill.

The interview of General Putnam with the Pattersons was afterward related to me by their housekeeper, who witnessed it. She heard a quick rap on the door, and opening it, saw Putnam, who was unknown to her, sitting on his horse.

"Are the Pattersons here?" he asked. "Tell them both to come out here."

"Here's an officer at the door wants to see you," the woman called to the elder of the two, who was sitting in the back room.

"Let him come in here, then," gruffly replied the old man, who rightly regarded his years, his infirmities, and his good service to his country, as entitled to consideration. "If he wants to see

me worse than I do him, he can come where I am."

The General plainly heard the reply. "The devil take your impudence!" he roared.

"And you too," sturdily returned the other.

"Do you know who I am?" the General asked, emphasizing the inquiry with an oath.

"No—and I don't care," responded old Patterson, with an expletive equally profane.

"Did you ever hear of Israel Putnam, you old rascal?" the General thundered, fast getting into a rage. The old man had been sitting where he could not see the other; but at the mention of the name he rose from his chair, and hobbled on his crutches out to the door.

"Putnam—Captain Putnam—General Putnam!" he eagerly exclaimed. "Good Lord, is *he* the man I've been treating in this shabby way, at my own door?"

While he was coming slowly forward, trying to see the face of his visitor with his imperfect vision, Putnam recognized him; and dismounting with a jump, he threw his reins to one of the aids who just then rode up, and running into the house, caught the old soldier in his arms, crutches and all, and embraced him, while the old man wept tears of pride and pleasure. The younger Patterson soon came limping in, and he was the recipient of a like hearty recognition by the bluff General.

The next hour was passed by these three in pleasant, familiar intercourse, during which the rescue of Putnam from the savages was thoroughly discussed, the Pattersons readily forgetting, for the while, that their visitor had any other title or dignity than that of their old Captain. He spoke in terms of the warmest gratitude of the inestimable service they had done him, and of his repeated and fruitless efforts to find them since that memorable escape; and, as Rufus afterwards told me, they both felt, when he had gone, that his visit was worth ten years of good, wholesome enjoyment to them.

"I suppose you haven't forgotten,

General," said old Patterson, rather grumblingly, "what a savage scolding you gave me for letting you sleep ten minutes too long while we were escaping?"

Putnam roared with laughter. "Did I do that?" he asked. "Well, that was pretty hard; but you know my ways, of course. Obey orders, first, last, and always; that is my motto, you know. But did you feel as though you would be likely to let the redskins do their worst with me the next time?"

"No, sir," replied the old soldier; "I never thought any such thing. I wasn't angry a bit. I never had a commander like Captain Putnam; I liked his anger better than other men's praise."

General Putnam probably made due allowance for the old man's extravagance of speech, and gave him credit for all he felt.

"You are poor, I should judge," he said, looking at the scanty furniture and bare floors.

"Yes, General," replied the son, "we have pretty hard work to live. It was hard before the war, when my boy was at home to help; but he's in the army, of course, fighting for the country, as his father and grandfather did before him, and as I would be doing now, but for this rheumatiz."

"I am far from rich myself," remarked Putnam; "but I've enough for myself and my family, and something to spare; and nobody has so good a claim on the surplus as you two. Get me a piece of paper." A scrap torn from the fly-leaf of a book was brought to him, on which he wrote some words. "I will renew it every year while you and I live," he said, as he handed it to the son.

One of the aids of the brigadier-general now came to report that the troops were in line, ready for review; and with a hearty shake of the hand and a "God bless you!" General Putnam returned to the camp.

The paper that he left was an order on the commissary of the brigade for a barrel of flour, a barrel of meal, a barrel each of pork, beef, and sugar, at the expense of General Putnam; commodi-

ties which, if not exactly worth their weight in gold, were, in these quantities, precious to the Pattersons beyond almost any thing they could have received. The promise to make the gift

an annuity was faithfully kept, and the two soldiers went to their graves blessing their old commander, and esteeming the balance of the debt of gratitude to be against them.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

IN the museum of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin there is an old parchment volume, richly bound in solid silver, to which, from its singular history, the name *Cathac*, or *Fighter*, has been given. According to tradition and the opinion of the best antiquarians, this manuscript is the identical copy which Saint Columba surreptitiously made, in the sixth century, of a Latin Psalter belonging to his old instructor, the abbot Finnian.

The legend, which describes with the usual miraculous embellishments the transaction, says: "When the fraud was discovered the abbot was very indignant, and maintained that a copy thus made without permission justly belonged to the owner of the original work." Columba had no such notion of justice, and resolutely refused to relinquish his prize. The question of copyright was therefore submitted to King Diarmid, the supreme monarch of Ireland, for decision. After listening attentively to both parties, the King is said to have given this rustic judgment, which has since passed into an Irish proverb: "To every cow her calf," and delivered the copy as the offspring of the original Psalter into Finnian's hands. Columba, in whom not yet were developed those saintly qualities which afterwards distinguished him, was greatly incensed, and vowed he would not submit to such injustice. Gathering around himself the disaffected clans of neighboring provinces, he raised soon after a great army, and succeeded in regaining by force the manuscript of which he considered himself so unjustly deprived. That manuscript ever after was regarded with peculiar veneration. Enshrined in a kind of portable altar, it was carried into bat-

tle for more than a thousand years by the O'Donnell clan, to whom its presence was the surest token of victory. Within a few years, a descendant of that famous family has placed the old parchment in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, where, after its war-like career during so many centuries, it now quietly reposes, one of the most curious relics of the past.

The singular title *Cathac*, or *Fighter*, which this ancient volume has thus acquired, might appropriately be given to nearly every Celtic manuscript, and the judgment of the old King, with equal propriety, be uttered in many later controversies concerning Celtic works. Never has a literature been obliged to fight so long and so unsuccessfully for recognition. Its history in modern times has been one of continued controversy. On one side, enthusiastic Celts have maintained the existence of a national literature rivalling the classic in antiquity and wisdom; on the other, doubting Saxons have denied them any writings older than the Middle Ages, and have ridiculed these as clumsy plagiarisms of foreign productions.

Generally the Celts have been on the unsuccessful side. Only a few learned antiquarians could read the disputed manuscripts; and they have so often read to confirm some favorite theory, that their contradictory statements have only increased the popular suspicion.

Since Macpherson's Ossianic forgeries there has been an increasing tendency among our intelligent men to pooh-pooh the whole subject of Celtic literature. Reading the side—if he read either—which best harmonized with his popular prejudices, the Anglo-Saxon has settled back all the more complacently into the conviction, that all those Britons whom

his ancestors subdued were illiterate barbarians, and their descendants are under lasting obligations for the superior civilization which the Saxon conquest bestowed.

Still, the Celts, with characteristic "British pluck," have continued to maintain the controversy. Whatever might be the question in dispute—whether the Druids were skilled in all the wisdom of the ancients, or possessed writings older than Homer or Virgil—Celtic editors, more imaginative than critical, have borne some cherished manuscript into the oft-repeated "Battle of the Books" with the firm assurance of victory. So great has been their faith in the value of their ancient literature, that they have willingly devoted life and fortune to preserve it from oblivion. Owen Jones toils forty years as a furrier in London simply to acquire sufficient means to publish the old Welsh manuscripts; O'Curry spends the best portion of his life in deciphering and arranging the chaotic and almost illegible mass of Irish manuscripts; while Lady Charlotte Guest turns aside from the pursuits ordinarily most attractive to persons of her wealth and station to publish those admirable translations of Welsh romances, in the three superb volumes of the *Mabinogion*.

Scarcely less remarkable are the labors of O'Connor, O'Donovan, Villemarqué, Renan, Skene, and other eminent scholars, who have at last given us the means of forming for ourselves an intelligent opinion concerning this literature, without spending a lifetime in deciphering it. These men, aided by various literary societies, during the past few years have published the most important Celtic manuscripts with accurate translations; designing by their publications not so much to aid any partisan controversy as to facilitate scientific investigation. This they have done. We are in a better position than ever before to carry out the spirit of the old King's decision, and determine the merits and rightful ownership of Celtic writings.

Were the question merely concerning their general literary merits and authen-

ticity, it might be of comparatively little interest. But, as has been shown in a previous article,* modern science has indicated so clearly our indebtedness to Celtic blood in the formation of the English people, that these writings have an especial interest to all descendants of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race. They may give us the clue to the origin of some of our popular characteristics.

Manifestly their value in this respect must depend in a great measure upon their antiquity. If they have arisen subsequently to neighboring literatures, or through their inspiration, they are of comparatively little worth in interpreting those old Britons who contributed so essentially to our composition as a people. That there is an extensive collection of Celtic manuscripts, some of which were written as early as the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, no one at all acquainted with the subject will venture to deny. The simple questions in dispute which now concern us are, whether there is evidence of Celtic literature earlier than the date of the oldest existing manuscripts; and if so, whether any of it has been preserved.

We think both these questions should be answered affirmatively, and propose to give in this article a few reasons for such an opinion.

Some references in classic writers certainly indicate the Celts had a literature before the coming of the Saxons.

That Druidical law which Cæsar mentions, that none of their mysteries should be committed to writing, lest the common people should learn their secrets, implies a written language, and a reading public. He speaks also of the Druids as using certain written characters (the word *Græcis* has been interpolated, but without authority; it is more probable they used oghams) in those public and private affairs which had no reference to religion.

Then there is that apostrophe of Lucan to the Celtic bards in his *Pharsalia*—a little bombastic, it is true, but still of value in confirming our opinion

* Magazine, May, 1870.

concerning their literary culture: "You also, ye bards, who by your praises perpetuate the memory of the fallen brave, ye may without hindrance pour forth your numerous songs."

Tacitus, also, in the same century, speaks of the Gauls as teaching rhetoric to the Britains.

The most curious reference, however, to this subject, is in Lucian's description of the Celtic Hercules. He says: "In Gaul Hercules is represented as a little old man, called in Celtic Ogmius, leading an infinite number of persons by extremely fine and almost invisible chains, one end of which was fastened to their ears, and the other to the tip of his tongue."

Lucian may not be very trustworthy in matters of history, but he is said to have lived most of his life in Gaul; and, had that people been in a savage or illiterate condition, he would never have given such a representation of their highest symbol of strength.

So Strabo, Appian, Posidonius, Marcellinus, Fortunatus, all make allusions to Celtic poetry and bardic literature; and, although they may be charged with merely paraphrasing Cæsar's errors—if errors they were—they show at least that his statements on this point were unquestioned by succeeding writers.

We have thus an almost unbroken chain of testimony by no less than eight classic authors from the time of Cæsar to Gildas, our first British historian in the sixth century.

Gildas speaks of the books of the ancient Britons as having been destroyed—doubtless many of them were—and ridicules the proneness of the people to listen to the fables of secular men. Bede, better authority, writing in the eighth century, speaks of Irish poets, and of a letter, sent by the Saxon abbot Ceolfrid to Naiton, King of the Picts, a tribe of Northern Gaels, as having been translated by the learned men of the court into the British language.

Nennius, another Saxon historian, whose identity has been often questioned, but who appears clearly enough to have written in the ninth century, says:

"I have presumed to deliver these things in the Latin tongue, not trusting to my own learning, which is little or none, but partly from writings and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Britain." And again: "I have learned another account of this Brutus from the ancient books of our ancestors."

The laws of Howel Dda in the tenth century show still more conclusively that there existed then—and, if then, also previously—an established order of literary men whose occupation was the composition of poetry, history, and romance.

How shall we account for these continuous and explicit statements, if the Celts during this period were so illiterate as they are usually represented?

Between the fifth and eighth centuries, Ireland was distinguished for learning. Her schools were the most renowned in Europe.

Aldhelm, at the close of the seventh century, speaking of Ireland, says: "Fleets bore thither legions of British students."

Bede, in the eighth century, also relates how the Saxon clergy and nobles went to Ireland, where they were hospitably received, and supplied gratuitously with food, books, and instruction.

Alfred could not satisfy his ambition to become a learned man, without passing some time in these Irish schools.

The earliest characters in Saxon manuscripts are in the Celtic form, as if most of our early writers had received their instruction from the Celts.

Secured by her position from those barbarian invasions which desolated other countries, Ireland was able to give her sons an education which made them the chosen teachers all over Europe. Pepin invited them to his court, and Charlemagne made them the directors in the schools which he so liberally established. Heiric of Auxerre, on his return from Charlemagne's school of the palace, says: "Shall I speak of Ireland, which, despising the dangers of the sea, has almost emigrated to our shores with its troops of philosophers?"

One of Charlemagne's historians gives an interesting picture of the arrival of two of these Irish teachers at the court of Austrasia. They are represented as entering the public square of the city at the busiest hour of the day, and, without exhibiting any merchandise, addressing the crowd, whom their singular garb and manner had collected, in these words: "If any one present is in want of knowledge let him come to us; we sell it."

Clad in the same outlandish dress, these Irish monks, who were also poets and orators, wandered all over Europe, giving instruction and establishing monasteries, which became noted for their learning and independence. One hundred and twelve European monasteries can thus trace their origin to these first Celtic missionaries.

These statements of foreigners are confirmed by numerous references in Celtic manuscripts to ancient schools, where all the languages and sciences were taught and thousands of scholars frequently gathered for instruction. They mention, for instance, in the house of Bricin, in the seventh century, a law-school, a school for general literature, and a school of poetry. Celebrated schools are also mentioned at Bangor, Clonfert, Lismore, Armagh, where more than seven thousand scholars are said to have been gathered.

Johannes Scotus, or Erigena—translating works from the Greek and Latin, writing treatises on philosophy and philology, and introducing Neo-Platonism into European schools—is a notable example of Irish scholarship. From the fifth to the ninth century the Irish took the lead throughout Western Europe in nearly all departments of learning. Why, what a wonderful thing is this! Painted half-clad savages, with no knowledge of letters, so soon becoming the distinguished patrons of learning, and the chosen literary teachers of surrounding nations!

Is there not some incongruity between this evidence and the ordinary statements of school-histories?

But let us look directly at the Celtic

writings which have been preserved, and see what indications they give of antiquity.

The ogham inscriptions still found on the margins of old manuscripts, and on so many megalithic monuments, are undoubtedly the oldest existing specimens of Celtic writing. These inscriptions have been discovered in considerable numbers not only in the great pillar-stones scattered along the southern Irish coasts, but also in the underground chambers of some pre-historic ruins. Frequently, the stones upon which they are found in these ruins occupy such positions, that they must have been inscribed before the building was originally constructed. These ruins must be at least two thousand years old, and the writing hidden in their massive foundations certainly precedes their structure. The ogham characters are very simple. Generally they consist of a number of short straight marks, meeting at different distances and angles a long central stem-line. The different letters are named from indigenous trees and shrubs; and the term ogham seems most naturally derived from the Gaelic *ogan*, meaning trunk, twig, or branch. There is at least a striking resemblance between these oghams, and the branch of a tree with the twigs springing from it. They are also thus referred to in some ancient poems:

"Around the King of Baithiele are cultivated
The letters and the Trees."

"When the trees were enchanted,
In the expectation of not being trees,
The trees uttered their voices;
From strings of harmony
The disputes ceased."

During the past few years these oghams have received considerable attention from antiquarians; but, although a trustworthy alphabet has been constructed, and many inscriptions deciphered, we have gained from them little information concerning the people by whom they were first composed. Some of those lonely pillars, which have so often excited the traveller's curiosity on the Irish headlands and moors, have indeed been thus explained as boundary or sepulchral monuments; we have

learned the limit of some forgotten chief's possessions, and the resting-place of some old warrior, to whose name his followers have sometimes added a simple word expressive of their grief; and that is about all these ancient signs themselves have communicated.

They are, however, frequently mentioned in the earlier romances. In the Book of Leinster there is a curious illustration of their use in the story of Core, son of one of the old kings of Munster. Forced to fly from his father's court to the King of Scotland, and not knowing what reception he might have, he remained in a grove near the royal palace until he could determine what course to take. While there he was discovered by Gruibné, the king's poet. As the poet was examining the prince's shield, he detected an ogham upon it:—"Who was it befriended you with the ogham on your shield?" said the poet. "It was not good luck he designed for you!" "What does it contain?" said Core. "What it contains," said the poet, "is, that if it was by day you arrived at the court of Faederck, your head should be cut off before evening, and if it was by night, your head should be cut off before morning."

We are also told in one of the oldest stories, that oghams were cut on hoops or wands, and placed in the way of Queen Meav and her army; and that when they were found, they were carried to Fergus, the royal poet, by whom they were read and explained.

We learn also that oghams were cut upon long, fan-shaped wooden tablets, which, closed, formed also the writer's staff. One of the Brehon laws, prescribing the kind of weapon men could carry as a defence against dogs, or other troublesome beasts, allows the priest his shepherd's crook and the poet his tablet-staff. Without entering, however, into any further description of these ancient signs, it is sufficient for our argument if they show that the Celts possessed, at least before the introduction of Christianity, a system of literary communication peculiar to themselves.

Like all other European nations, in-

stead of this older and ruder alphabet, the Celts seem to have adopted the Phœnician letters as soon as they became acquainted with them. Those seafaring Phœnicians somehow contrived, without leaving us a song or story or a scrap of parchment, to give their symbols to all modern thought, and the oldest remains of Irish writing are said to exhibit only the identical sixteen letters which Cadmus brought from Phœnicia to Greece. Might not those Phœnician mariners whom Herodotus describes as trading with the ancient Britons, B. C. 300, have taught them also then the use of their alphabet? Such a supposition is certainly not improbable.

The oldest specimens of Celtic writing, in these more familiar characters, are in the form of glosses to Latin manuscripts, written in the eighth and ninth centuries. These glosses imply Celtic readers then. The oldest Celtic manuscripts which have been discovered, as already stated, were written in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. These also imply an earlier Celtic literature. We cannot otherwise satisfactorily account for their production. Latin was the prevailing literary language of that period. The majority of Norman and Saxon writers wrote nearly all their productions in that language. How is it that these writers, if they merely gained their literary culture from their neighbors, did not also write in Latin?

At a period when all the languages now spoken in Europe were just beginning to be formed, here are the Celts with a language already developed—a language also of great variety and richness, fitted to express the subtleties of philosophy, and the highest flights of the imagination. We see poets boasting of the correctness of their verse and syntax, and manifesting a metrical skill and rhythm far in advance of surrounding nations. Does such a diction spring full-grown into existence? Must there not have been an earlier literature, in order to account for this proficiency?

The manuscripts are also full of refer-

ences to older works now lost. They quote from them and give their titles. These references and quotations are often entirely independent of each other, and yet so fully harmonize that it is evident they were taken from the same older source. Some of these quotations require glosses to make them intelligible to Celtic readers in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and these glosses refer to older manuscripts in explanation of obsolete words.

How clearly the existence of these older works is indicated in such a legend as that of the loss of books in the time of Saint Columba in the sixth century. Columba is said to have asked permission of Longarad, a learned man who had a great collection of books "of all the sciences," to visit his library, but was refused the privilege. The Saint then, in no very Christian spirit, prayed that Longarad might not profit by his refusal, but that all his books should become illegible after his death. This prayer was answered; for Angus, the Culdee, who tells the story, says:—that in his day, the ninth century, the books were still in existence, but no one could read them;—"and when Longarad died, all the satchels in Erin dropped from their hooks; and Columba and his companions were greatly astonished, until Columba remembered his prayer, and knew that Longarad was dead, and then he uttered the poem:

Lon is dead, Lon is dendl
To Cill Garad it is a great misfortune,
To Erin with its countless tribes,
It is a destruction of learning and schools."

This legend, so curious in the revelations it gives of the learning of Erin in olden times, is most naturally interpreted by the supposition that in the time of Angus a number of old books, by reason of the rapid dialectical changes common to all languages, had become illegible.

When Celtic books were first written and in what form preserved it is of course now impossible to determine with any accuracy. It is sufficient for our purpose, if the evidence already

given may make it appear even probable, that the old Britons, during the first centuries before the Saxon invasions, had written records, and a literary culture superior to most of the surrounding "barbarians."

If now we have been at all successful in showing that the Celts had a literature long before the date of any of their existing manuscripts, it becomes an interesting question whether any portions of this older literature have been preserved.

The orthography and verbal forms of the existing manuscripts are those of the period in which they were written; but this is no conclusive evidence that their contents may not have been composed in some earlier age. The Canterbury Tales in the orthography of the nineteenth century are no proof that they were not written in the fourteenth.

There was no antiquarian spirit in the Middle Ages which led scribes to preserve the exact form of the documents from which they quoted. They were principally desirous to make their productions intelligible to their readers, and hence wrote them in the form their readers could best understand.

Many of the old poems and romances were handed down orally. The latest narrators evidently could not give them in the linguistic forms of earlier periods, but in their own. The phonetic corruptions and alterations constantly taking place in vernacular forms were so gradual, that the language of the poem or story insensibly adapted itself to them. This is true of all records which have been made among any people at different periods in their history. It is not until a high degree of civilization has been attained, that scholars seek to preserve for their own scientific purposes the exact form of older compositions.

Celtic manuscripts themselves afford an instance of these very corruptions. Between the "Black Book of Caermarthen" and the "Red Book of Hergest" is an interval of two centuries. Both contain the same poems, but their orthography and inflections are very

different; they are, as we might expect, in the linguistic dress of the century in which they were transcribed.

Yet, while the orthography and language of these manuscripts generally belong to the Middle Ages, many of their poems and romances contain sentiments entirely foreign to mediæval writers.

Glenie, in his article on the Arthurian localities, very truly says: "One of the many indications of that synthetic and reconstructive rather than analytic and destructive tendency which marks the second half of the nineteenth century is the fact that historical scholars are beginning to look on popular legends and romances, not certainly with the uncritical credulity of the days before Niebuhr, but with the belief of finding in them such records of historical evidence as will pay the trouble of investigating them."

The brothers Grimm, in their "*Kinder und Hausmärchen*," have done for the early history of Germany what we greatly need some one to do for our own. In such old wives' tales there are often concealed some of the richest treasures of popular history. Skillful analysis and comparison may bring out from them, as from words, many secrets concerning the kinship of races and the past life of a people. In this consists the great value of much of the old Celtic literature. Its fables, absurd as many of them are, can reveal to us often the customs and ideas of a bygone age.

When the style and sentiments of a poem or story differ entirely from those which prevail at the time when it is first discovered, it is fair to conclude the substance of it has been taken from earlier writings or traditions. If a literary forgery, it has at least been fashioned from ancient models.

Take, for instance, the remarkable phenomenon, which Mr. Nash notices and cites as evidence that the Cymric poems are the fabrications of a later age—"the absence of any thing like a tale or recital of adventure, or even a love-story." It is indeed singular that we should possess a collection of more than one

hundred songs without a single story of love; but this, so far from leading us to suspect their antiquity, seems one of the strongest evidences in its favor. Such love-stories were the outgrowth of a later period. It would have been very suspicious if we had found in the productions assigned to these earlier poets merely those love-ditties, which, springing up in Provence, reappeared purified by a higher Christian sentiment among the Trouvères.

If we look also at the style in which these manuscripts were written, we shall find frequent indications that they are merely copies of older compositions.

During the Middle Ages, the favorite style of Celtic writers was an exaggerated use of metaphors. This style became more and more popular from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. Here are two illustrations of it: "Torrent-like rapid, dartingly eager, mortal his strides; dauntless, dealing death around; invincible, fierce, vigorous, active, hostile, courageous, intrepid; rending, hewing, slaughtering, deforming forms and features, shaded with clouds of certain death. Sangtine as the hawk of prey; furious as the resistless, strong-framed, blood-thirsty lion; impetuous as the boisterous, hoarse-foaming, bold-bursting, broad-mountain billows." "His noble garment was first brought to him; a strong, well-formed, close-ridged, defensively-furrowed, terrific, neat bordered, newly-made and scarlet-red cassock of fidelity. He expertly put on that gold-bordered garment, which covered him as far as the lower part of his soft, red, white neck to the upper part of his expert snow-white round-knotted knee."

Now the older stories can easily be detected in the midst of this gaudy rhetoric by their simpler form. In the original Celtic the contrast is far more striking than it can be in a translation.

In the battle of Mag Rath, a Gaelic story edited by O'Donovan, the number of quotations and antiquated words show that it was originally composed at some period previous to that in which it first appears; and yet the later narrator has added so much to the older form, that

the modern and antique are sometimes very curiously blended.

The following description of the heroes is in perfect accordance with the mediæval style: "Among them was many a youthful, valorous, aspiring, well-armed hero, without treachery; many a swift, triumphant, nobly-dressed, rapid-wounding great-battled warrior untamed; many a strong, robust, high-headed, at-weapon-dextrous and battle-maintaining soldier unappalled."

But compare this with Congal's meeting the poet in the same story:—"The hosts then repaired into the palace, and left Congal alone outside the hill, where the meeting was held. When he had been here for some time, he perceived a man coming towards him; and he knew him by his dress to be a poet; and he bade him welcome as if he were known to him. The poet sat down with him on the side of the hill and asked him the news. The other told him all the news he was desirous to hear, except that he did not tell him the name of his tribe. 'Who art thou thyself now,' said the unknown youth, 'and what is thy name? for I perceive that thou art a poet.' 'The Egis (sage) and poet of a king do I happen to be,' he said, 'and to the king's palace am I now repairing.' A heavy shower then fell, consisting of intermingled rain and snow; and he put his shield between the poet and the shower, and left his own arms and battle-dress exposed to the snow. 'What is this for?' said the poet. 'I say unto thee,' he replied, 'if I could show unto thee a greater token of veneration than this, thou shouldst receive it for thy learning; but as I cannot, I can only say, I am more fit to bear rain than one who has learning.'"

How striking the contrast between the exaggerated style of the former quotation and that of the latter, picturing to us so clearly the simpler life of a bygone age with its royal poets and its courteous deference to learning!

In the Welsh Mabinogion, or prose romances, the illustrations of an older story in modern setting are very numerous. Our space will only permit us to

give one from Math, the son of Mathonwy.

The romance represents Gwydion, the enchanter, as tenderly bringing up an illegitimate child, Llew, whom his mother, Arianrod, regards with great aversion. She manifests her hatred by imposing some disabling curse upon the child whenever he is brought into her presence. One of these was to the effect that the boy should never wear armor until Arianrod herself invested him with it. As the boy grew older he became very anxious to engage in war-like sports. To free him from the curse, Gwydion and the youth at last come to Arianrod's castle disguised like two young bards. And then the story continues.

"With great joy were they greeted. The hall was arranged, and they went to meat. When meat was over Arianrod discoursed with Gwydion of tales and stories. Now Gwydion was an excellent story-teller, and when it was time to leave off feasting, a chamber was prepared for them and they went to rest. In the early twilight Gwydion arose, called unto him his magic and his power, and by the time the day dawned there resounded through the land uproar and trumpets and shouts. And Arianrod came knocking at the door of the chamber, and asked that it might be opened. Up rose the youth and admitted her, together with one of her maidens. 'Ah, good men, we are in evil plight, are we?' 'Yes, truly,' said Gwydion, 'we have heard trumpets and shouts; what thinkest thou that they mean?' 'Verily,' said she, 'we cannot see the color of the ocean by reason of all the ships side by side, and they are making for the land with all speed; and what shall we do?' 'Lady,' said Gwydion, 'there is no other counsel than to close the castle and defend it as best we may!' 'Truly,' said she, 'may heaven reward you, and may you defend it, and you shall have plenty of arms.' Thereupon she went forth for the arms, and returned with two maidens and suits for the two men. 'Lady,' said Gwydion, 'you accoutre this stripling, and I will arm myself with the help of

the maidens. So! I hear the tumult of the men approaching.' 'I will do so gladly,' she exclaimed. So she armed him fully, and that right cheerfully. 'Hast thou finished arming the youth?' said Gwydion. 'I have finished,' she replied. 'Then take off our arms, we have no need of them,' said he. 'Wherefore?' she asked, 'there is the army around the house.' 'O Lady, there is no army; this tumult was but to break thy prophecy, and to obtain arms for thy son; and now he has got the arms, without any thanks to thee. 'By heaven!' said Arianrod, 'thou art a wicked man. Now I will lay a destiny upon this youth, that he shall never have a wife of the race that now inhabits this earth.' 'Verily,' said he, 'thou wast ever a malicious woman, and no one ought to support thee. A wife shall he have notwithstanding.'

"They went thereupon to Math and complained of Arianrod. 'Well,' said Math, 'we will seek by charms and illusions to form a wife for him out of flowers. He is now come to man's stature, and is the comeliest youth that was ever beheld.'

"So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of *Blodeuwedd*" (the fair-flowered face).

This wife of flowers manifested no better disposition than some of coarser mould. During Llew's absence she fell in love with another man, and by magic succeeded in changing her husband into an eagle, which at once flew off out of sight. Gwydion vainly wanders through the land in search of him, until he comes to the house of a vassal, where he stopped for the night.

Again we quote from the narrative.

"The man and his household came in, and last of all the swineherd: 'Well, youth,' said the man to the swineherd, 'hath thy sow come in to-night?' 'She hath, and is at this instant gone to the pigs.' 'Where doth this sow go to?' said Gwydion. 'Every day

when the sty is opened she goeth forth, and none can catch sight of her.' 'Wilt thou grant unto me,' said Gwydion, 'not to open the sty until I am beside the sty with thee?' 'This will I do right gladly,' he answered. That night they went to rest, and as soon as the swineherd saw the light of day he awoke Gwydion, and Gwydion arose and went with the swineherd and stood beside the sty. As soon as the swineherd opened the sty, behold! she leaped forth and started off with great speed; and Gwydion followed her until he came to a brook which is now called *Nant y Llew*.

"Then she halted and began feeding. And Gwydion came under the tree, and looked what it might be the sow was feeding on; and he saw she was eating putrid flesh and vermin.

"Then he looked up to the top of the tree, and behold an eagle. And when the eagle shook himself, there fell vermin and putrid flesh from off it, and these the sow devoured. And it seemed to him the eagle was Llew; and he sang an englyn:

"Oak that grows between the two banks,
Darkened is the sky and hill.
Shall I not tell him by his wounds,
That this is Llew!

"Upon this the eagle came down until he reached the centre of the tree. And Gwydion sang another englyn:

"Oak that grows in upland ground,
Is it not wetted by the rain?
Has it not been drenched
By nine-score tempests?
It bears in its branches Llew Llew Gwyffes.

"Then the eagle came down until he was upon the lowest branch of the tree, and Gwydion sang one more englyn:

"Oak that grows beneath the steep,
Stately and majestic is its aspect.
Shall I not speak it
That Llew will come into my lap?

"And the eagle came down on Gwydion's knee, and Gwydion struck him with his magic wand, so that he returned to his own form. No one ever saw a more piteous sight, for he was nothing but skin and bone."

We have given this somewhat lengthy

extract, because it illustrates so clearly how the chivalrous spirit of the Middle Ages, with its armor and castles and taste for magic, has been compounded with the older story of the wife of flowers and the divinations of the sow. These last are not mediæval either in form or sentiment.

The whole story of the sow is only an echo of older Celtic superstition, when that animal was regarded with peculiar reverence. There are many similar references to the supernatural knowledge of the boar and sow through all this old literature. The boar is still a national emblem among the Welsh, and no figure is more frequently engraved on the ancient monuments of Ireland and Scotland. One of the old names for Ireland was Muckrey, or swine-island. Any one acquainted with the Irish may think it unnecessary to seek a mythological explanation for such a title; but be that as it may, the swine seem to have been regarded by the old Celts with great veneration. Surely no stories would naturally have originated after the introduction of Christianity in which the sow would play so prominent a part, had there not been these older traditions. So, many of these Gaelic and Cymric romances are only a patchwork of more ancient stories, which some modern transcriber or narrator has enlarged or amended to suit his individual taste. Historical incidents of different eras are thus often brought together in strange confusion; and pious ejaculations to the Blessed Virgin and Holy Trinity mingle humorously with the pagan utterances of Gaelic or Cymric chieftain.

Still, that were unfair criticism which would deny a composition all antiquity

on account of these modern additions, when its substance clearly belongs to a bygone age. Sometimes, it is true, the old and new are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation; but in many the distinction, to any one conversant with the history of the period, is plain enough. There is often as great an incongruity between the sentiments of these different periods, as they stand side by side on the same page, as there is between the mud-huts of the modern Egyptians and the ruins of the Pharaohs.

Is it Celto-mania, in the face of such evidence, to believe, not only that Celtic books were written before the Middle Ages, but also that some of their contents have been preserved in existing manuscripts? Is it not rather an Anglo-Saxon-mania which would lead us to doubt it?

Granted that much of this literature, as it now exists, is comparatively recent; that nearly every portion of it is more or less tintured with mediæval thought and sentiment; that many theories concerning the Druidic mysteries it was supposed to embody have been conclusively refuted; grant all this: still enough remains, inexplicable by any hypothesis of modern origin, to show that Celtic wits and romancers were early laying the foundations for that most wonderful structure—the English mind. They really begin our intellectual history; and, during all its progress, the Celtic spirit has been continually modifying our thought.

This may appear more conclusively, when we are able to make the reader better acquainted with some of the peculiarities of these ancient writings.

THE LAST OF THE PROUD PULSIFERS.

FAR back in the old colonial days of Boston there stood, upon what was then its most aristocratic street, a large four-square family mansion, substantially built of the small dark bricks imported from Holland, relieved and enriched by freestone copings and ornaments.

This house belonged to a family prominent enough in their day, although now forgotten—a family whom all men respected, and some loved, and who had gained by their leading characteristic the title, almost universal among both those who feared and those who loved them, of the Proud Pulsifers. However this title may have been deserved, or however it may have been gained by his ancestors, it belonged to Major Plantaganet Pulsifer, as his stern dark eyes and gray hair and stately figure did, by the right of birth, necessity, and the eternal fitness of things. It was a common saying among the common people that Major Pulsifer trod the earth as if it were not worthy of such honor, and certain it is that he found its ordinary level too low to serve as his dwelling-place; and when the street whereon his building-lots lay was graded and lowered, he refused to have a single shovelful of earth removed from his own premises, so that after the work of street-making was accomplished the Pulsifer estate remained high and dry above the levelling flood, like Ararat above the waters; and upon this pinnacle, this pedestal, did Major Plantaganet Pulsifer build his house, gaining access to it by four long flights of sandstone steps reaching from the pavement to the front door.

To this elevated position Major Pulsifer one day brought home a bride, daughter of a family as old and well-nigh as proud as his own; and yet despite birth, marriage, and elevated position, Death, that terrible democrat and

leveller, found out the poor lady while yet in her earliest bloom, and summoned her away from husband, house, and her little daughter Margaret, not yet old enough to know her loss.

Major Pulsifer did not marry again, and he and the little girl remained alone with four servants in the aristocratic seclusion of the great house at the top of its four flights of steps. The child grew to girlhood, to womanhood, and upon her twentieth birthday her father, Major Pulsifer, announced to her:

"I have settled an alliance for you, Margaret; you are to become the wife of my friend Morgan's son."

"John Morgan?" asked Miss Pulsifer coldly; but her father saw the sudden light which kindled in her eyes, the swift blush that rose to her cheek at the name, and he smiled almost like other men, as he said,

"Yes. You have seen the young gentleman. He is not disagreeable to you, I trust."

"He is not disagreeable to me, sir," replied Miss Pulsifer, and there the conversation ended. That evening the Morgans, father and son, climbed the four flights of sandstone steps, and in the grim old library, with its oak wainscoting, and its shelves filled with books, each one of which was a sentinel set to defend the domain of the past from the encroachments of the future, the marriage contract was agreed upon, the formal consent of the parents given, and finally the two young people were left to express their own opinions upon this matter, so thoroughly their own, and yet in which they had been allowed, so far, so little voice. John Morgan was, as befitted his sex, the first to speak, and he found nothing better to say than

"Margaret!"

And Margaret said nothing, but suf-

fered her hand to lie in that which had clasped it so tenderly, and laid her head upon the breast to which it was so closely drawn, and in very truth behaved not like a daughter of the Proud Pulsifer at all, but like the veriest village-maid who ever confessed herself both loving and beloved.

There is a picture painted by one of Copley's predecessors, and already in his stately style, representing Margaret Pulsifer in the early days of her betrothal: it shows her tall and slender, and queenly of figure, wearing her brocade and point-lace and smouldering rubies as if they were as much part of herself as the form they clothe; it shows her with the dark hair and hazel eyes of her race, with a clear brunette complexion, and proud sweet lips on which a smile of triumphant love seems forever dawning—a smile so subtle and so full of an inner joy knowing not its own revelation, that no observer has looked long upon that pictured face without turning from it to its proud possessor, and asking in some form, "What made her so happy? What is her story?"

The rubies were John Morgan's betrothal gift, and from the necklace depends a single gem, heart-shaped, and of surprising size and beauty, whose shifting fire has been so cunningly caught and imprisoned by the artist, that one seems to see it flicker and change with every breath of the proud bosom that bears it; and he turns again to the morsel of yellow paper in his hand, remnant of the letter in which well-nigh two hundred years ago John Morgan wrote, in the crabbed Saxon script of his day,

"And this ruby hearte I send you, true love, that bye it you may see how firm of constancie is the hearte that I long agoe gave you, and as the ruby is bright and warm of color, so burns my love within that other hearte, and as the stone is cold and sad of itself, so is that other hearte cold and sad wanting warmth from you, and as I humbly pray you mistresse to hange the jewel about your neck, and warm its coldness with the warmth of your own bosom,

so would I, did I dare, beseech of you to grant my lowly and despairing love some hope of return, some warmth of life, some promise of shelter within the sanctuary of that same gentle bosom."

It was the fashion of the day to thus profess despair and lowliness of mind, but the promise that the wily lover asks was his already, as who can doubt that reads the eyes and lips of that fair lady's pictured face and marks the glow in the dusky core of the ruby heart.

The picture was but just finished, so says the story, and the splendid preparations for the bridal were but just begun, when Death once more mounted the stately steps, ringing his scythe against each one as he advanced, and grimly holding above the solid sandstone the shifting sands of his glass in which so few grains yet remained for him whom Death had come to seek.

"Major Plantaganet Pulsifer!"

"Here!" replied the soldier, too proud to disobey, even had the power of disobedience been his, and forth from the mansion upon its scornful eminence was borne the body of its master; and of all the Proud Pulsifers only that weeping girl remained, heiress and sole representative of her line.

All thoughts of marriage and merry-making were laid aside at once, and a short time after the funeral John Morgan, in the interests of his betrothed, took passage for Virginia to settle there some matters connected with the estates Major Pulsifer had possessed in that country before coming to the Massachusetts colony.

A voyage to Virginia was in that day something more of an affair than the tour of Europe is to-day, and when Margaret Pulsifer bid her lover goodbye, it was with the feeling that she was risking all that life had left to her, and her farewells partook of the solemnity of a renunciation. The lover, man-like, laughed at her fears, and failed to comprehend the vital importance to her of what to him was but an event in the ordinary course, and rather a pleasing excitement than a danger.

"I know not what it is that you

dread so much, sweetheart," said he in their final interview. "Certes it is not the time, for it will be but a few months at most, and not my health, for I am a stout fellow, not to be upset by changes of climate or the discomfort of travel. Nor do you fear that I should forget you, my Margaret; surely not that?"

"I should be loth to offer myself such slight, even if I could so insult you as to suppose you false," replied proud Miss Pulsifer, with a faint light breaking through the tears in her hazel eyes—a light which John Morgan was well pleased to see, and kissing the heavy eyes, laughed a little as he said,

"Nay, Margaret, I should be afraid to play thee false were I so inclined, for thy father's daughter would slay me with a look."

But Margaret at this looked pained, and remained silent, and John Morgan, still in his light way, slipped at the ruby heart at her throat, and said,

"And moreover, lady mine, do not I leave my heart always with you, and its visible emblem always before your eyes? Look at the ruby day by day, Margaret, and remember all that I wrote when I gave it you."

"I will remember, John, and you, too, remember," sighed Margaret; and then came the parting, which left one so lonely, so sad, so objectless in the seclusion of her mourning home, while the other, thrown at once into the excitement of a new life, new scenes, new companions, his attention and his resources constantly called into action, soon felt the pain of separation become intermittent, and very tolerable to be borne, even in its most serious attacks.

Eight months from the day when John Morgan sailed out of Boston for the Virginia colony, he set foot again in his native city, and hastened at once to the house upon the hill, where Margaret Pulsifer, her heavy mourning a little lightened, lest it should too much dampen the joy of her lover's return, and her own face as bright as if mourning, or loss, or sorrow, were words stricken once and for all out of the language, waited for him.

But spite of the brightness and the joy, John Morgan saw at the first glance that all was not well with his betrothed. Her slender figure had become fragile, her rich color came and went with hectic brilliancy and haste, her eyes were over-bright, her thin hand parched and hot, and an ominous low cough disturbed her speech.

"Why, Margaret! why, darling! you are not well, you are ill, and I never heard of it," exclaimed the lover, holding both the fevered hands, and looking anxiously into the delighted eyes that devoured his face.

"O no, John, not ill, never fear! A little ailing just now, perhaps, and not quite so strong as when we used to ride our ten miles before breakfast; but now you have come, I shall be well anon. I have fretted too much after you, though shame on me for confessing it."

But John Morgan remembered the beautiful young mother, object of his boyish admiration, who had faded and died in her earliest bloom in spite of all that love and wealth and the Pulsifer will and pride could do to keep her. So busy was he with these thoughts that when, a few minutes later, Miss Pulsifer asked playfully,

"And where is the little cousin you promised me?" he started and stared aghast, then struck his hands together in comic despair, exclaiming,

"What, Ruby? what will she say to me when she knows that I altogether forget her; for when the ship touched the wharf I bounded off, meaning but to speak to you, and look upon your sweet face, and then be back before she missed me. And here I have been with you these two hours, and might have stayed two more, but for your reminder."

"Is her name Ruby?" asked Miss Pulsifer with a smile. "Do you know, John, that you never told it in your letter? You only said, 'the child of your mother's cousin, Pynsent, is left an orphan and penniless, and what will you do for her?'"

"And you replied like your own noble self, my Margaret, 'Bring her to me,

and I will be her mother, and her fortune.' I showed her that letter, Margaret."

"Showed it to her! She is old enough to understand such matters, then?"

"Old enough? why, she is a woman grown, eighteen years old, at least," replied John, laughing at the great eyes Margaret fixed upon him, and laughing a little nervously, too.

"A woman grown! Why do you call her Mistress Pynsent, then?" asked Margaret a little haughtily.

"What, when she is your cousin, and so soon to be mine as well?" replied John tenderly, and the proud head sank to the resting-place he offered, and the warm blood flowed again into the dusky cheek, but now so pale.

"There, then! Go and fetch my cousin, and see that you take the blame of your neglect upon your own shoulders, truant!" said Margaret at last; and when her lover was gone, she rang the bell, and bid Judith, her grim-visaged old housekeeper, prepare a separate apartment for the guest, whom, fancying her a child, she had intended to take into her own chamber.

"For she is a young lady, Judith, and not a baby, as I fancied," continued the mistress absently—"a woman grown, and her name is Ruby."

"Ruby? That was a great name among the Pynsents always," replied the old servant, and Miss Pulsifer, vaguely echoing the name, "Ruby!" put up her fingers, as was her habit twenty times an hour, to feel the ruby heart hanging at her neck—that heart which was to typify the constancy, the warmth, the truth of her lover's heart.

An exclamation, almost a scream, arrested Judith on the threshold and brought her to the side of her mistress as she stood tottering and pale, one hand grasping at her throat, her wild eyes searching the floor in every direction.

"It is gone, Judith! O Judith, find it, find it!"

"What is gone, dear mistress? What shall I find?" asked the old woman,

half believing that her nursling had suddenly gone mad.

"My heart, my ruby heart! It is gone, and I can find it nowhere! Oh, what will he think, when he bid me keep it so safely."

"Nay, it is no fault of yours, dearie. Sure you did keep it like the apple of your eye. Sit you there and rest, while I look for it; it will not be far away, for I saw it the moment before Master Morgan came up the steps. We will have it anon—just a little patience, Mistress Meg; we will have it, we will have it."

And murmuring her phrases of encouragement over and over, the old woman, upon her hands and knees, began groping beneath the chairs and tables, turning up the edges of the heavy Turkey carpet which covered the middle of the room, peering into the dark corners, poking away the ashes in the wide fireplace, searching in fact in every place likely and unlikely of which she could think, and in one as vainly as in another. The ruby heart was lost, and Margaret, who had alternately aided in the search and returned exhausted to her chair, was repeating for the thousandth time,

"It is gone, it is gone forever; and what will he think of me?" when a carriage drove to the door, and old Judith, who was just then shaking the folds of the moreen curtains, already thoroughly searched three times, glanced through the window, and exclaimed,

"Here is your cousin, Mistress Margaret, and your eyes red, and your dress in disorder!"

"Take her to her own room at once, Judith, and leave some one to wait upon her; then come back to me, and make me ready to receive her," ordered Miss Pulsifer, struggling back to the needs of daily life, chief among which she had been bred to consider the preservation of her own dignity. But when Judith returned to her mistress she found her prostrate upon her bed, and gasping under an attack of the pain at her heart which so often of late tormented her. The best alleviation for this was perfect

rest and darkness, and thus it chanced that neither John Morgan nor his charge, Ruby Pynsent, saw Miss Pulsifer again until, in the early twilight, she glided ghost-like into the great drawing-room, where he sat sad and silent beside the fire, while restless Ruby flitted about the room, glancing at every thing, asking questions, making exclamations, standing on tiptoe to look at herself in the concave and convex mirrors hung upon opposite piers, spinning round and round in a dizzy dance, trying the notes of the neglected harpsichord, behaving herself, in fact, like the very spirit of youth and mirth and gay unrest.

As Miss Pulsifer entered the room, John Morgan sprang to his feet, and hastening to meet her, detained her a few moments near the door to hear his whispers of sympathy and trouble at her illness, and joy at once more seeing her, for indeed he had been very sad and lonely in the last hour.

This over, he led her toward an arm-chair by the fire, and smiling at the fairy who stood watching them, he said,

"And this, dear Margaret, is your cousin Ruby, as she allows me to call her. She has like me been waiting most impatiently for your appearance and better health."

"You are welcome, cousin," said Miss Pulsifer, with more, perhaps, of stately courtesy than hearty cordiality in her tone; but it was an age of ceremony, and this was one of the Proud Pulsifers, remember. However, she held out her hand as she spoke, and drawing the girl toward her, kissed her upon the forehead, then stood looking smilingly down upon her, for this little Ruby was in the *mignonne* style, with floating golden curls, childish blue eyes, skin of rose and pearl, and the tiniest stature, as pretty and as charming altogether as can be imagined; and so her stately cousin seemed to think, for as she looked down upon the little thing, her eyes grew softer and the smile upon her lips sweeter, until Ruby suddenly raised her face for another kiss, exclaiming,

"I'm so glad I came, dear cousin Margaret!"

Miss Pulsifer stooped to meet the lips so confidently raised to hers, but as she did so a sudden and startling change swept over her own face, and she paused as if stiffened to stone in that bending attitude, her eyes fixed in absolute horror upon the white throat of the girl before her. And well might she pause, for hung about that slender throat by a tiny gold chain was a ruby heart, her own ruby heart, as she knew the moment her eyes fell upon it—the ruby heart which her lover had so meaningly given to her as a pledge of his own heart, and which she had worn that morning, and lost when he departed. And as she fixed her swimming eyes upon the token, the flickering fire shot up in brilliant flame, lighting the inmost centre of the jewel with a vivid glow, like the eye of a merry demon exulting over her dismay. For one wild moment heaven and earth seemed mingling in the mad confusion of Margaret Pulsifer's brain, but in the next the pride of her proud race rose up like armor and shield and staff; and standing upright, she said some words of courtesy, dropped the hand of the young girl, and returned to her chair unaided. John Morgan, with a lover's privilege, drew a stool to the side of the easy-chair and seated himself close beside her, with a whispered phrase which should have called the blush to her cheek and smile to her lip, but Margaret, neither blushing or smiling, answered the love-whisper with a few calm words of little meaning, and led the talk to other matters.

Presently, when once more quite sure of her own strength, she spoke the words that pride had silenced in their first wild outburst, and which now came almost carelessly from her lips:

"That is a pretty jewel at your throat, cousin. I suppose you chose it for its name."

"Yes, it is a ruby, to be sure, and I am Ruby," replied the girl, laughing and dimpling, and withal casting so conscious and so mischievous a glance toward John Morgan, that Margaret felt a cold, sick faintness creeping over her, and feared that she should swoon before

their eyes; a rushing *as* of many waters filled her ears, but through it came her lover's laughing voice:

"Ask her where she got it, Meg, and see if she dare tell you."

With a mighty effort Miss Pulsifer opened her swimming eyes and fixed them upon the face of the girl, still set in that look of merry defiance, still turned toward John Morgan. Commanding a voice which seemed to herself to sound from some far-off icy depth, she spoke:

"It was a true-love token, I suppose, and young maids are not so fond of confessing such."

"Why, yes, cousin, I have already told Master Morgan that this was a token from a dear friend unknown to him, and I take it ill that he should insist upon talking on it, especially before another."

"I only insisted because, as I said this morning, it is so like another that I wot of. You know the one I mean, Margaret."

"It is very like one that I have sometimes worn," replied Miss Pulsifer, coldly.

"That was my meaning. You do not wear it to-night," and John Morgan looked almost reproachfully at the stately white neck of his betrothed.

"No, I have lost it, I believe," replied she carelessly.

"Lost it! Oh, Margaret, lost my ruby heart!"

"Lost it or had it stolen, which I think more likely; and had I known I was so shrewdly to be called to account for your gift, Master Morgan, I had never taken it."

"Margaret!" whispered the lover; but Margaret met his pleading eyes with a look so full of proud contempt, that his own fell in angry confusion. Turning to Ruby, who during the half-whispered conversation between the lovers had been frolicking with the cat upon the rug, he asked almost sternly,

"Will you let me take that ruby heart, Miss Pynsent?"

"Marry, no, when you ask in that tone,

my master. Do you mean to play highwayman and rob me outright?"

"No, but here is some strange coil, and it is you only who can explain it. Miss Pulsifer has lost a jewel so like to that upon your neck that—"

"It is of no consequence, none at all," interposed Miss Pulsifer very coldly. "I certainly have lost a ruby heart, but my cousin has already declared that this upon her neck was a love-gift from some one unknown to us, and I would not insult her by asking proof or explanations of her word. Let the matter rest, it is of no consequence."

"Surely not, if not to you, madam," replied John Morgan, now seriously offended, but still glancing impatiently at Ruby, who suddenly grew grave and much confused, glanced from one to the other, while her trembling fingers fumbled at the clasp of the little chain. Undoing it at last, she slipped off the heart, and holding it toward Miss Pulsifer, softly said,

"Take it, cousin, if it is yours, I never knew that."

"Mine, girl! How should it be, if your tale is true?" asked Miss Pulsifer coldly, and never extending her hand for the jewel, although her hungry eyes devoured it greedily.

"I did not know—I was wrong—I thought that Master Morgan was jesting when he asked where I got it; he knows, if he would but speak," stammered Ruby helplessly.

"I know! What in Heaven's name does this mean? What snare is laid here to catch me tripping?"

And John Morgan, springing to his feet, glared from one to the other of the young women in angry bewilderment. Miss Pulsifer met his look with one of superb disdain.

"Big words and loud tones are but a coward's refuge," said she, icily. "Ruby Pynsent, if you choose to explain this matter, do it now, and briefly. If you do not choose, or if you do not dare, it shall rest forever, and we shall wish Master Morgan good-night—and good-by."

"He—he gave it me this morning,"

sobbed Ruby, crouched in a heap upon the rug, her golden hair tossed across the blue brocade of her dress as she hid her face upon her knees, while the mocking firelight played over her lissome figure, and the ivory of her arms and the golden curls, and centred at last in one blinding spark deepset in the heart of the ruby lying upon the floor beside her.

Miss Pulsifer rose to her stately height, and pointing down at the lovely picture, turned her eyes upon John Morgan's bewildered face.

"Have you never a word or a kiss to comfort her?" asked she, "or are you already false to her too?"

Then, while he stood reeling beneath the contempt she had hurled at him from lip and eye, and every line of her majestic figure, she drew her dress aside and swept past him and out of the room with never another word or look. As she neared the door, John Morgan sprang after her, stopped abruptly, and striding back seized up the weeping child, and standing her before him, both her hands in his, looked with stern imploring into her face.

"Ruby! What is this all? Have you gone mad, or have I? How could you say that I gave you this accursed bauble? Why, it was my betrothal gift to Margaret, and she thinks I stole it to give again to you."

"And so you did! At least, I knew not whence you had it; but this I do know, that when you came again to the ship, and found me crying because that you had gone and left me, forgetting me so soon, when we had been such friends, and seeing me crying, you felt sorry, and perhaps—perhaps, my tears they told you—"

"But the heart, Ruby, the heart!"

"Why, when you saw me crying you came to me and put your arms about me and—and—kissed me twice,—nay, why will you make me tell it over? and then you slipped the ruby heart into my bosom and ran away out of the cabin, and I, thinking you gave it in loving jest, and would not that I should speak of it, I hung it about my neck, and when after we were here you asked me

where I got it, I thought again that it was jest, and I told you a story, thinking to make you laugh; and when you asked me before my cousin I did not want to say out that you gave it me, and I did not know what you meant—"

"I see it now, I see it all!" exclaimed John Morgan, dropping the hands he held, and gloomily staring into the fire.

"When I came here this morning I embraced Margaret, as I had a right to do, and the ruby heart fell off and lodged in my clothes, and when I went back to the ship and embraced you, as I had no right to do, it fell out into your bosom, and I, stung by remorse to think that even by one kiss I had been faithless to my love, rushed away before I could see what had befallen, and you understood it all wrong, and—all is over between Margaret and me."

"No—why do you say that? I will go and tell her how it was!"

"What! tell her that I took you in my arms and kissed you within the hour after rejoining her!" exclaimed John Morgan bitterly. "Good sooth, I fancy that tale would not mend matters much with a woman like Margaret Pulsifer. Nay, Ruby, the kiss was a sweet one, and I say not that it was so much amiss to have given it, but it is like to cost me dear enough, dear enough."

And with the jewel in his pocket John Morgan left the house right sadly, yet trusting more than he would own to Margaret's love, his own honest purpose, and the cooler judgment of the morrow.

But on the morrow Miss Pulsifer was too ill to see any one, and poor little Ruby went creeping about the house with a weight of vague remorse at her heart, and a fluttering of guilty terror whenever upon the stairs or in the passages she encountered Judith with her stern eyes and cold white face. Judith, who knowing a little and guessing more of the ill-fortune that had befallen her mistress' love-affair, visited all that ill-fortune in her own mind upon the golden head of Ruby, whom, with woman's justice to woman, she chose to consider as the temptress who had seduced John Morgan into unfaithfulness to his liege

lady, and perhaps induced him to steal the ruby heart whose loss was the beginning of all this sorrow and disturbance.

Early in the morning and several times through the day Morgan mounted the sandstone steps, at first confidently demanding admittance, afterward sadly asking news of his betrothed, who was, as Judith curtly informed him, when at last he insisted upon her being summoned to answer his inquiries, "too sick to see strangers."

"But I am no stranger, good Judith," pleaded the lover, trying to slip a gold piece into her hand.

"Better perhaps if you had been, Master Morgan. Thank you, sir, I have no occasion for your money," replied the old nurse, and as he still stood upon the threshold she quietly shut the door in his face, and went back to the darkened chamber where Margaret Pulsifer lay between life and death, the terrible physical pain at her heart deadening the still sharper mental pain that had preceded it.

"Will she get over it, think you, sir?" asked Judith, eagerly following the grave physician to the stairhead, and looking up in his face with the dumb beseeching of an animal who believes in the limitless power of his master, man.

"She may—indeed, nurse, I think it pretty certain that she will get over this attack, but the next!"

And sadly shaking his head, the old man who had seen Margaret's mother die, and who had closed her father's eyes, dashed something from his arm, and went slowly down the stairs.

A week later, as Judith watched the thin sad face and listless figure of her mistress, who had now for two days sat up for awhile, and always chose to sit in a chair drawn close to the front window of her room, she said,

"Master Morgan has been here twice to-day asking for your health, Miss Margaret."

"Has he? When he comes again I will see him, Judith," replied Miss Pulsifer gently, and the jealous eyes of the

old servant marked well the color which came and went, and the fluttering pulsation which almost choked the sick girl's breath. She saw, and scowled bitterly even while she said with forced serenity,

"And so you shall, Miss Margaret; but Doctor Eustis says that we must be more than careful about excitement of any sort."

"When Master Morgan calls, show him into the dressing-room, and I will see him there," replied Miss Pulsifer; and Judith had been too long a servant of that house to remonstrate further. She revenged herself, however, by muttering in John Morgan's ear, as she led him up the stairs an hour later,

"The Doctor says it is over-excitement that made her sick, and more of it will kill her. So have a care, young man."

"I will be careful, Judith," replied the lover meekly; and indeed his white face and weary eyes showed that sorrow, and it may be a fiercer tormentor, had been busy with him since last the old nurse saw him.

"What a coil this love-making brings," thought she, eyeing him keenly, yet not so angrily; and opening the door into the little dressing-room, she motioned him to enter, and softly closed it behind him. Mindful of her caution, the lover advanced with a smile upon his face, and as little emotion in his manner as he could contrive, toward the wan figure in the great easy-chair beside the fire, and obeyed without remonstrance the feeble gesture which bade him seat himself at a little distance, without even touching the hand that made the gesture.

"I am very sad at seeing you so ill, Margaret," said he, choking down the torrent of passionate sorrow and love and terror that rose to his lips.

"Thank you, John, and I do not doubt it," replied Miss Pulsifer gently, and then after a little pause went on:

"I sent for you as soon as I could be allowed to see you, John, to say how sorry I am for speaking so that night. It was a bitter insult to your honor,

John, my fancy that you had played me false; I should have trusted you more, and honored you better. If ever you came to loving another woman, you would tell it to me before ever you did to her, I am sure of it. And now, if you like to tell me how all this matter came about, and why that poor child fancied you had given my ruby heart to her, why, tell me; and if you do not wish to, why, say that, and either way I am content, and believe without another word that you have done naught, said naught, thought naught unbecoming a man of honor, and mine own promised husband."

"But in hearing those noble and gentle words John Morgan lost all control of his own emotion, and threw himself upon his knees, and hiding his face upon her lap, sobbed out:

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret, slay me with your scorn, despise me, hate me if you will, but do not speak to me like that, for I am not worthy of such trust."

"Not worthy of my trust!" echoed Margaret, pressing her hand upon her tumultuous heart, and sighing wearily, "Oh, John, if I had died before I heard you say that!"

"Hear me, Margaret, then judge me, and I swear to abide by your judgment, be it what it may." And rising from his knees and standing with an arm upon her chair, but out of sight of those steady truth-compelling eyes, John Morgan told the story through, not hiding that during the long voyage he had been tempted by Ruby's innocent fondness and childish unreserve to treat her in a familiar, almost caressing manner, which might perhaps have led her to believe that he meant more than he ever did, and to allow her thoughts to rest upon him in a way he had never intended.

"I did but think of her as a child until that morning when I found her crying, and reproaching me that I had forgotten her in seeing you," stammered the lover, feeling all the humiliation of his confession, yet glad that it was made, and only anxious now to hear Margaret's reply.

"And so she loves you, and you went

well-nigh to loving her, and the ruby heart that pledged you to me dropped away from me and gave itself to her, and you carried it to her, although you knew it not?"

"Oh, Margaret, noble Margaret, priceless Margaret, you do not mean, you do not believe, that I loved her, or could love any woman but you!" And John Morgan, half-crazed with grief and terror and remorseful love, threw himself again upon his knees, and seizing her hands, bathed them with tears and kisses. Margaret looked down upon him, serene and still, as angels look at men still struggling with the sin and sorrow they have left behind. At last she said:

"Dear John, let us say no more, now—perhaps ever. If I had been as I was once, I think it might be that I could not forgive that you, having had my promise and my kisses, should have forgotten them even for a moment; but, dearest, I stand to-day where I can see that pride is but mortal, and love is immortal. While I live, John, you are mine own betrothed, and none shall come between us; no, not until I am laid in my grave shall any other have right to say, 'I took him from you'—after that,—John, help!"

And in her anguish she rose stiffly upon her feet, her whole frame rigid and shaken, one hand clenched upon her heart, and one pressed to her lips, through which gushed a stream of bright blood.

Morgan, horror-stricken, clasped her in his arms and carried her into the next room, at whose door stood Judith white with terror and rage.

"Go, go, you have killed her! Leave her now to me!" cried she, pushing him from the room, and bolting the door upon him.

But Margaret was not dead, nor did she die for weeks, although she and all about her knew that each moment might be her last. White and still and smiling, she lay upon her death-bed, cautious lest by a breath, a word too much, she should snap the attenuated thread still linking her with life and love. Hour by hour, day and night and day and night again,

John Morgan watched beside her, hardly leaving her for an instant, grudging every act of ministration offered by another, absorbing every look, every word, every sigh that escaped her.

"He will die too," whispered Ruby to Judith, with whom she had made her peace, and gained permission to spend much of her time in the sick-room.

"Very like he may, and why should he not? When she is gone, what has he to live for?" asked the old nurse; and Ruby, whose bright eyes were always in these days heavy with tears, stole a look at the bed, saw John Morgan's white face set so steadily, so yearningly, so full of passionate and despairing love toward that other face scarce whiter, but more transparent, and so showing yet more plainly the eternal love lighting it from within; and then whispering to her own heart,

"They do not need you, they do not even know that you are here," she stole away to cry herself sick in the dark vastness of her own chamber.

At last there came a day when the pale lips of the dying girl silently shaped "Good-by!" and with their last consciousness pressed a cold, faint kiss upon the trembling lips that feared to press them too closely in return lest that last faint breath, cold as the air from the door of a newly-opened tomb, should be rudely shaken and cease an instant sooner. It ceased, the dark eyes closed with the lovelight not yet faded out of them, a faint sigh fluttered past the lover's cheek, and all was over; over for both of them, as old Judith thought at first, for John Morgan, utterly exhausted and overcome, fell forward from his knees to his face as that last sigh stole past his cheek, and lay with his head upon her hand, to all appearance as lifeless as herself.

But Judith knew no love save for her nursling, and so soon as she found that the young man had only swooned, she ordered him carried away, and sternly turning to Ruby, said,

"And go you after, and nurse him. There are two of you, and here are two of us."

The dead body of Margaret Pulsifer lay in state for a week, as was the regal fashion of her race, and the third day, as she had ordained, her last will was opened and read in the presence of her enshrouded form. This will, carefully drawn by the family solicitor, was somewhat lengthy, and was expressed in all the formal phraseology of such documents, excepting a few clauses inserted at the end, and in the faint and uncertain characters of a woman's dying hand. These we will transcribe:

"And it is my request that my betrothed husband, John Morgan, be at my funeral, all over mourning, and follow next after me.

"And to my cousin, Ruby Pynsent, I leave, besides the estates which are in some sort hers of right, my kind love and best wishes; and if this same John Morgan and Ruby Pynsent do find it in their hearts to marry when I shall have been a full year in my grave, they have my consent and my approval and my prayers both now and then.

"And all my jewels and clothes I leave to Ruby Pynsent, excepting the necklace of rubies and the heart belonging to it, which will be about my neck when I die, and these I desire shall be buried with me.

"And if there is any creature in this world who fancies himself or herself in need of my forgiveness, I do now, in the presence of the God to whom I haste, most fully, freely, and solemnly forgive them.

"And so, good-by, world."

The body of the instrument bequeathed nearly the whole of the great Pulsifer property to Ruby Pynsent, with careful provision for all the old servants and dependents of the house, and in especial a handsome annuity to Judith, who enjoyed it for barely two years.

To John Morgan was bequeathed the portrait already described, and the furniture of Margaret's bed-chamber, with the request that he would himself use it "so long as he shall live a bachelor."

So Margaret, last of the Proud Pulsifers, was borne to the grave, and "John Morgan, all over mourning, followed next after" her who thus clung to her

right in him, even while bestowing him and all her riches upon another woman; and from the grave he turned away to wander to and fro through the earth for another year, and when it was over he came home, and—we all knew that he would do it, did we not?—married Ruby Pynsent, who had patiently waited, sure, with the wisdom of even the weakest woman, that he would come at last.

Yes, they married, and Margaret's bedroom furniture was with remorseful care stowed away in a little locked chamber at the top of the house, where moth and rust and mould and rats soon made an end of nearly all except a few of the love-letters in her ebony writing-

desk, one of which love-letters is already quoted; the portrait was better used, for it hung in the state drawing-room, the room where Miss Pulsifer's last will was read in presence of her dead body, and Ruby never entered the place without glancing first at the picture and then at the centre of the room; and though the great hearth might be heaped with logs and the sunshine stream in at the great south window, that room had always a chill for her, and perhaps for her husband also.

But there! Margaret Pulsifer forgave them, and blessed them, even after she knew herself dying to leave them alive and together: and if she could do it, why should not we?

RECONCILIATION.

HESPER was keen against the dusk,
The lilacs breathed faint balm;
The world was set to evening,
As music to a psalm.
I lingered at her gateway,
Watching the warm moon rise
And the passion-flower of sunset fade
Low in the dreamy skies.

"O tender twilight peace," I thought,
"My mood is not as thine!
Cold scornful words have ruined
A hope that was divine!
Adieu, rose-wreathen cottage,
Fair garden, quiet gate,
And thou whom deathlessly to love
Seems now so dark a fate!"

A soft touch on my shoulder,
A fluttered hand in mine;—
All after one sweet moment
Hope was again divine.
"Forget my fault!" "Ah, gladly!"
"Forgive it!" "Gladlier still!"
"O love, one smile!" "O love, one kiss!"
"A thousand, if you will!"

LOVE IN FIJI.

III.

WAIMATA and I were landed safely upon the "Island of the Gods."

Hedged round with the impenetrable screen of religious mystery, we thought that the most curious pursuit would not venture to trace us to this *tabooed* hiding-place; for though the more intelligent natives could hardly fail to suspect that we had endeavored to escape together, they would not suppose the priest's daughter capable of committing sacrilege by invading the sacred territory of the "Luve-na-wai."

Secure, therefore, from molestation, as we expected to be, at least until the time of the recurring annual visitation for sacrificing to the island deities, we set about making ourselves comfortable upon the island.

The previous visits of the sacrificing parties proved to be a source of immediate maintenance to us. The offerings of bananas, oranges, vi-apples, and bread-fruit, that had been deposited during many past years upon the idol-shrines, had borne abundant fruit upon earth, if not in the heathen heaven; for their seeds had germinated in the light but rich soil, and the whole island had become a garden of fruit. A thousand cargoes of the most delicious tropical esculents could have been gathered upon this little island alone when Waimata and I landed upon it. The cocoanut and the date-palm already grew there in abundance, the tough nuts having been borne from afar upon the billows and cast upon the sandy shore, where the receding waves had left them to germinate. The spontaneous forces of nature and the solemnities of the Fijian religion had conspired to set forth our larder. The waves, the sea-birds, and the wilder worshippers of that wild region, had brought to us the seeds of a hundred fruit-bearing plants, and

made the island to blossom like a rose.

I named it "Waimata's Garden."

It was an *atoll* or ring-shaped coral island, about two miles in diameter, enclosing a mirror-like and perfectly circular sheet of salt-water that was rather more than a mile across. This, unlike the central basins of all other *atolls* that I have ever seen, had no apparent communication with the ocean; yet its surface rose and fell gently with the tides. A subterranean channel evidently joined it with the outer sea. Nothing I have ever seen impressed me more deeply with the mystery of Nature's mighty mechanics than the slow rise and fall of the surface of this imprisoned water, that seemed to inspire and expire the tides like some marine monster, so vast that it needed to draw its breath but twice in the day.

The shores of this salt-lake were lined with a sloping beach of the softest and whitest sand, the *detritus* of the fine tropical corals; the outer beach was broader, and composed of a darker and tougher sand that had been thrown up by the action of the billows. The circular and concentric outlines of both beaches were as perfect as if they had been traced by a pair of dividers with mile-long legs. Their curves were mathematically accurate.

"It is the eye of Kai, the sea-god," said Waimata, as, after beaching our canoe, we strolled to the highest point of the *atoll* to inspect our new kingdom. "This round lake in the middle is Kai's pupil; and the cocoanut-trees are the fringes of his eyelids."

I did not know, as she spoke, whether her language was that of poetical feeling or of a sincere superstition; nor did I care at the moment to inquire; I merely said:

"Do you think it would offend Kai if I should climb a cocoanut-tree and throw you down some of the *niu*" (green fruit)?"

"I am pretty hungry," she answered.

So we had supper. I twisted into a firm thong a strip of hibiscus-bark that I peeled from a tree in the adjoining thicket, and fastened it to my ankles in such a way as to hold them about ten inches apart; then clasping the slender, cylindrical shaft of the tallest cocoanut-tree with my arms, I made of my banded feet a step or fulcrum upon which I ascended the tree by means of a similar motion to that by which an inch-worm mounts a clover-stalk. More rapidly, if not more gracefully, than that insect, I climbed to the swaying and airy plume of the tree. The wind still blew freshly, and swung me about in my giddy perch; and I felt like the traveller who climbs Strasburgh spire during a gale, and clasps the rocking column as it wrestles with the storm.

The moon shone low in the horizon, and sent up a troubled reflection from the centre of the circular lake. It seemed the reproving glance of the god Kai, and for a moment I hesitated to pluck the sacred fruit. Waimata lay on the bank below me; unromantic maiden! she was eating oranges, and I saw her glance wistfully at a near banana-tree that offered its tempting spike of golden-yellow fruit.

"Have you not enough to eat already?" I inquired.

"I think you may as well throw down the *niu*, now that you have climbed the tree," answered Waimata, peeling another orange and throwing away that side of it which had ripened upon the southern or colder side; for in these abundant islands we ate only the sunny side of fruits.

Isacrilegiously twisted a sacred cocoanut from its stem. The tree did not blow over upon the commission of the deed; but a great gust of wind swayed it more violently than ever, and I feared that the god Matani, the Fijian Æolus or Boreas, was coming at once to vindicate the offended majesty of the Luve-

na-wai. But clinging firmly to the long elastic boughs, or rather gigantic leaves, of the plume, I retained my seat securely and began to throw down the fruit.

Falling from a height of sixty or seventy feet from the ground, the toughest-shelled cocoanut is liable to break and lose its delicious contents, unless care be taken to make it strike upon its point, the strongest part of the shell. This can be done only by a skilful and scientific manœuvre. Twirling the cocoanut forcibly from left to right, I let it fall point downward. It thus passed through the air rotating, as a rifled shell or conical ball is fired from a gun, and struck the earth, its target, upon the point. Armstrong or Parrot might have learned the theory of rifled projectiles from the practice of the South Sea islanders. But success in firing the cocoanut to the ground so adroitly that its shell shall not burst upon the concussion is attained only after long practice and the destruction of many good cocoanuts; as Liston spoiled a bushel of eyes in learning to operate for the cataract.

One by one I twirled the nuts to the ground; then gazed around the horizon, and endeavored to pierce the darkness in the direction of Lakemba. The light clouds dispersed as the moon set; and glowing through the haze of the horizon I saw the steady lurid flame of a beacon-fire.

The islanders were making search for us. The beacon was lighted upon a hill that bore the name of the high-priest; it was his signal of alarm; and I knew that every corner of Lakemba would be rummaged to find the missing ones. Would the pursuers, divining my lack of reverence for this sacred place, follow us hither, and capture us in Waimata's Garden?

I slid rapidly down the trunk of the tree. Waimata was opening the cocoanuts, which contained the fresh and aromatic nectar that is known only in the tropics, for it never survives exportation—the milk of the unripe cocoanut. Possibly I remember it with the too enthusiastic palate of youth; but that exquisite flavor, as I certainly believe,

"O'erpassed the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit, the heart's rain."

And so under the clear starlight we supped for the first time in Waimata's Garden.

It was warm and clear, and the mild current of the trade-wind poured over the island, and sighed in the cocoanut plumes, a lulling, slumbrous sound.

"I will make a shelter for us in this thicket for the night," said I, "and we will build our house to-morrow."

"No," returned Waimata, "I will sleep in a palm-tree."

"Nonsense! you will fall; and then what good of our coming away so far together?"

"I shall not fall. You shall see how I will manage it. You may sleep at the bottom of the tree."

"Why not in the nearest palm-tree to yours?"

"Because I wish you to defend this one."

"But you are not in danger now."

"How do you know that?" said Waimata. "Something tells me that I am in more danger of being killed and eaten here than I ever was at home."

I had heard her express a similar foreboding in her father's house.

"Besides," continued she, "I want you to keep the *hwe-na-uai* from coming up after me in the night."

The poor girl evidently feared equal danger from human enemies and from those ghostly visitors with which, an infinite multitude, the Fijian peoples land and sea. Had she any authentic premonitions in the matter? I saw no danger from men, and had experienced very little from spirits; yet the idea of being set upon guard, in good faith, against ghosts, gods, or wood-gnomes, was, I confess, somewhat staggering. What should I do in case a company of these Polynesian demons should make their appearance?

After a little reflection, however, I summoned up my courage and promised to defend the foot of the tree against all invasion until the morning.

"At any rate, there are no men upon

this island," thought I; "and I never heard of a ghost that could strike out from the shoulder or break a cocoanut-shell with his fist."

Waimata, taking with her one of the robes that we had used as sails for our canoe, slipped my bark thongs around her ankles, and mounted as easily as I had done to the top of the tree. There, bending the elastic leaves together, and securing one to another by means of the tough fibre of the central leaflets, which the islanders use instead of cord, she formed in ten minutes a safe and elastic couch for herself at the height of at least fifty feet from the ground. I looked on with curious interest as I saw her thus ensconce herself in the upper air.

"When will you come down?" said I.

"When the watch-fire on Lakemba grows pale."

And she nestled herself among the garlanded plumes of the palm. I lay down at its bell-like bole, and fell away into troubled dreams, in which the Lakemba watch-fires blazed luridly all night, and Waimata was carried away from me to be sacrificed by howling savages to the offended deities of the island.

It seemed but a moment before I awoke. The sea was perfectly quiet; the soft murmur of the surf was the only sound. The southern cross shone out brightly; but there was a vague hint of the morning-rose beyond the islands that lay upon the eastern horizon. A column of smoke rose straight into the air from the expiring watch-fire in Lakemba, and a meteor fell behind it as I looked. The palm-tree by my side stood motionless as a marble stalagmite. I glanced upward into its plume.

Waimata was not there!

I leaped to my feet and called her name, but there was no answer. A flock of tropic-birds, disturbed by the unfamiliar sound, rose and sailed away from the neighboring thicket. I looked around, and saw faint traces in the grass. My eye, practised in woodcraft, told me that they were the imprints of a sandal. The diverging toes revealed

the fact that a Polynesian foot had made them. But they were not Waimata's; they were the imprints of a sandal larger than either she or I could wear.

But the most mysterious circumstance of all was, that though Waimata had disappeared, her own footsteps were nowhere to be found.

Distracted with fear, I climbed to the top of the palm-tree. The couch of braided leaves was precisely as she might have left it peacefully. I almost fancied that it retained her warmth.

I slid rapidly down the trunk and followed the footsteps. The length of their stride convinced me that I was likely to meet in the person of him who made them a powerful enemy.

The steps led seaward. Half distracted, I followed them rapidly. There were no other traces. It seemed as if Waimata must have been rapt away bodily from the top of the palm-tree, since no vestige of her appeared upon the earth. I was now firmly convinced of the presence of gods as well as of men upon the island, which evidently merited the epithet of Enchanted. I remembered her dark fancies of the night before, and my own troubled dreams.

Suddenly the track left the turf and struck the white sand of the outer beach. I noticed that it seemed unusually deep, too deep for even the gigantic weight of the person whose foot must have made it.

Midway across the beach a single scarlet flower lay beside the track. It was unlike any that I had seen in "Waimata's Garden." But it was identical with those which she had tossed to me on the day of the cannibal feast, a few weeks before. It was the brilliant corolla of the *ohia*-blossom (*Eugenia malaccensis*).

I picked it up. It is not a fragrant flower; but this diffused the perfume of the *noni*, a favorite cosmetic of Waimata's.

I remembered, too well, that I had given her such a flower but yesterday, as we came out to see the battle of the canoes. I had not seen it since, but

she must have hidden it in her hair; and now it reappeared as a last token from her upon her mysterious disappearance. Had it fallen from her as she was spiriting through the air? And I glanced upward, half expecting to see her who was dearest to me borne onward upon the vans of the *luve-na-wai*, and dropping to me this treasured memento at a parting which was destined to be eternal.

I saw nothing but the fast-fading stars. I pressed rapidly onward, following the dreadful footprints that might belong to a demon, for all that I knew, and that seemed certainly connected with the same mysterious agency that had caused Waimata's disappearance.

The east was now flooded with red light, that shone through the cocoanut-trees. The tide was coming in rapidly, and would soon obliterate the steps that I had traced, by this time, to the very margin of the waters. They led me to the foot of a gentle hillock that rose upon the bank; then, turning suddenly seaward, they were lost in the ocean. The last trace of Waimata was gone, and I was left, not alone, upon this haunted island, but seemingly in the power of malign and gigantic beings. How soon I, too, should be rapt away, whether by land, or air, or sea, I knew not. Would it be to rejoin Waimata?

I fell upon the sand at the point where the last footsteps were obliterated, and prayed to the Fijian god Kai to take me. The tides crawled slowly up toward my feet. I regretted that I was able to swim; I wished that they might wash me away and draw me down into their depths. The sea-birds came wheeling over me, uttering loud cries and brushing me with their wings, as if to scare away the intruder upon their solitudes.

I lay half-stupefied. The sun rose, and the trade-wind began to come in gently from the sea. A vast aerial bridge of *cirri* reared itself between the Enchanted Island and Lakemba, its abutments the two distant islands, its *roussoirs* countless flakes of fretted cloud that lay motionless against each

other, and spanned the entire distance in sharp relief against the blue. My thoughts travelled along that airy thoroughfare to my father's home.

The tide crawled nearer and nearer. I resolved to let the water have its will of me, and to be swept away without a struggle. What a fine death, to be drawn into the meshes of planetary force, to be made one with the tides and the currents of Nature! There are imaginative compensations for being murdered by the moon.

I do not know how far my fancies would have led me; for my dreams were broken suddenly.

A hoarse, deep voice called out from the waters.

"E te Rii!" it said. "O Prince! arise and receive homage!"

I jumped to my feet more quickly than I had ever done before.

A brawny savage, breasting the ripples, came in with the frothing tides. A surge of foam marked his path as he swam; and he shook his long dark locks and flung from them a thousand briny diamonds. Almost as I bounded from the sand he came within his depth, and walked shoreward, his huge and unclad bulk looming momentarily from the water. He was a host in himself; but he made a gesture of obeisance as he came. I named him Orion at the first glance, for I had read Lempriere's Dictionary in my father's library; and here was the demigod himself appearing, but slightly transformed as my vassal.

I had not the slightest idea who this savage might be, or where he came from; but I took a cue from Greek and from Fijian superstition, and, assuming the tone of that superiority which I saw him ready to award me, I cried out:

"Advance, Orion, and tell me the news of the waters."

He was a little staggered at the mystic vocable by which I had addressed him. He evidently considered it a sort of incantation, and advanced more slowly; so that I had full time to study the appearance of the savage as he rose from the water.

A tawny fellow, six feet and a half

high, well-proportioned, lithe, and muscular, sole-leather color; with curly hair that hung to his shoulders, sparkling black eyes, and the true look of the cannibal in his tattooed face. He wore a bone amulet and a few shark's teeth around his neck; and his chest and abdomen were decorated with battle-pieces by the first artists of Fiji, done in a dark-blue pigment. The landscape-art of the same national school was illustrated upon his back, which bore a large coconut-tree executed after the methods of the Fijian realists. The trunk of the tree occupied the site of his spinal column, the articulations of which accented, in the most admirable manner, the reed-like joints in the stem of the pictured tree; while its foliage branched out luxuriantly over the scapular region of the savage, and its long leaves expanded upon his shoulders. A rear view of Orion was a view of a man as trees walking; and this view I had when the savage, drawing himself up to his full height in the edge of the surf, turned himself rapidly around three times before advancing to shake my hand. This he did to avert any baleful possibility that might attend the use of the new name by which I had addressed him.

I did not wish to inquire for the credentials of this strange envoy. I simply demanded—

"Who are you?"

"I am the herald of Prince Kanuha," replied he.

"And what brings you to this tabooed island?"

"I am a stranger in these waters. But I was commanded to remain by the Queen."

I heard this answer with conflicting fear and joy. He must know of Waimata's whereabouts; but was she not more likely to be his captive than his superior?

We confronted each other alone upon the beach. It was essential that I should keep up the fiction that I was a high-chief; for he could make himself master if he chose: he had the physical, I the moral superiority. How to preserve the balance of power?

It was necessary to adopt the tone of command at once.

"If you are Prince Kanuha's herald," said I, "make the Prince's obeisance."

He threw himself flat upon the ground, and I placed my foot upon the trunk of the tattooed palm-tree. By this act he became my vassal; and his respect for me was not diminished by his perceiving, through the deep bronzing that the climate had given to my originally tawny complexion, that I was a foreigner and a white man.

In a neighboring group of islands, an American skipper, the captain of a Nanucket whaler, had lately actually made himself the master of the people. He had commenced his conquests by trading, giving the natives bits of old iron in exchange for cocoanut-oil and tortoise-shell; and he ended by buying out their kingdom, and installing himself as absolute prince over a population of several thousand savages. He was a man of tact and ability; he called the ablest natives into his councils, and retained their support by crafty management and judicious gifts; he had his grass palace, his heathen temple, and his harem; he made war and conquests in neighboring islands; and at the time of my escape from Lakemba the history of this sailor bold was well known throughout southern Polynesia.

Orion supposed that I had taken possession of the Island of the Gods for the purpose of erecting a private monarchy.

"I name you Orion," said I. "You shall be Minister of War and of the Navy upon this island."

"Oliona, Oliona," repeated he, imitating the sound of the word as closely as the limited resources of his dialect would admit (for his language, though it closely resembled the Lakemba idiom, was deficient in consonant-sounds, and required each syllable to close with a vowel); "that is a convenient name."

"What is your name at home?" demanded I.

"Ku - ku-hi-pa-kai-i-ke-ho-ku-lan-gi," fluently responded my Minister of War.

I informed him that his name would be too long to use in case of any sudden

military emergency. The enemy would effect a landing before I could issue him an order. I said that we would reserve that name for use at leisure. It would do better in peace-times, I thought; or it might serve for an old-fashioned Secretary of the Navy.

I was full of impatience to learn what had become of Waimata. But he said nothing more of "the Queen" whom he had met; and I thought it best not to betray any anxiety by questioning him. I would first feel of my authority a little.

"How came you to my island?" I continued.

"I was sent to announce the return of Prince Kanuha from Mbau to Lakemba."

Kanuha was the hideous savage to whom Waimata had been promised by her father. Would Orion, in case he should recognize Waimata, remain faithful to my secret? or would he escape from me and betray us to the Lakembans?

"Where is your canoe?" I asked.

"Behind yonder hillock."

"It shall be the flag-ship of my navy," I remarked. "We will inspect it at once. But where did you come from when you swam ashore just now?"

"From the Sea-Cave," returned Orion. What the Sea-Cave could be I had not the remotest idea; but it would never do to seem ignorant of my own possessions.

"We will go to the Sea-Cave," said I.

And we walked toward the beach in the direction of the sandy hummock I have mentioned. Orion led the way. His footsteps were identical with those I had just been following!

I remembered hearing old natives tell of caves in the coral-island, the entrances of which were submarine, and that were kept a secret to all but a few explorers, who used them as places of refuge and concealment. But I had regarded them as possible only in a mythical geology. The coral insect builds solidly, and leaves no caverns in the foundations of his work. Professor Dana, the accomplished geologist of the United States Exploring Expedition,

which visited these islands after my departure from them, has elaborately described their formation.

Wondering, therefore, what secret of my dominions I was to learn, I followed Orion to his canoe, my newly-acquired navy. It was a handsome craft, some forty feet in length, with carved outrigger, sail-pieces lashed with fine cinet, and full equipage of paddles, cordage, and sails; while a large assortment of gods was stowed in the forepoint. Our protection was assured. Whatever wind might blow, we should be able to invoke the correct deity for any possible point of the compass. The nautical and the spiritual apparatus of the craft were equally complete.

My eye took in these details at a glance. We should be able to command the seas in our vicinity just as long as my Secretary of the Navy remained faithful to my fortunes.

How to retain this savage upon the island, how to conciliate him, or how to dispose of him in case of necessity, were questions already turning themselves over in my mind and weaving a tangled web of thought around the central query, Where was Waimata? My eyes fell upon the sand as I approached the cave.

Directly before me lay the footprints of Waimata, the same traces which I had often followed in the sands of Lakemba. I uttered an involuntary shout of surprise. Orion looked at me sharply.

"They are the footsteps of the Queen," said he.

The situation was tantalizing in the extreme. The strange savage knew more, just now, than I did concerning Waimata; yet I did not venture to question him.

I looked seaward. A light breath of the trade-wind now fanned our faces; but the surface of the water slept almost unruffled, an unbroken sheet that merged into the bright horizon of the east.

Suddenly, as a loon rises from the depths of a lake, a strange apparition became evident upon that smooth expanse—an apparition so incredible that I could hardly believe the testimony of my eyes.

She must have been in the Sea-Cave, thought I; where else? for close to the seaward edge of the little hillock by which we stood Waimata rose to the surface of the water. She shook the brine from her locks; she smiled, seeing us, and struck out for the shore.

In a moment she had reached the land, and stood again by me, as one risen from the grave. She was clad in a short tunic; a string of rosy sea-shells encircled her neck. I had never seen her looking more beautiful.

We clung to each other for a moment, speechless. She perceived my agitation at her reappearance, and divined that I was ignorant of the way in which her absence had occurred. Together, we strolled aside, commanding Orion to await our return.

"Where have you been since I bade you good-night?" at last inquired I, when we were beyond hearing-distance of our vassal.

"In the Sea-Cave," returned Waimata. "I have been preparing it for you."

"But why did you leave me without letting me know? and how did you manage to get away without awakening me, or leaving any trace behind?"

"I saw the canoe of Kanuha's messenger by the first morning light. I knew that he belonged to a tribe that did not respect the sacred island; and when he turned his course this way I thought that I would remain concealed until he left."

"How did you know his canoe?"

"By the shape of the sail. It is only Kanuha's craft that have a sail like that."

And she indicated to me the peculiar triangular outline of the sail, a figure that I had already noticed, without knowing that any peculiar significance attached to it. Waimata was an expert in all the nautical heraldry of the islands.

"But why did you come down from the palm-tree?"

"I am telling you. The messenger landed by starlight, and saw this tree from the beach; for its knotted plumes attracted his notice, and he knew that there was an inhabitant upon the island. So he came straight toward us. I watch-

ed for him from the top of the tree; for I could parley with him safely there if there should be danger; and if he were obedient, I intended to prepare a surprise for you."

"So you surprised me by deserting me!"

"I thought I should return before you woke. When the messenger approached, Ku-ku-hi—"

"I have named him Orion," said I.

"When Orion approached I stood up in the palm-tree and commanded him to come silently to the foot of the tree. He obeyed; and I knew that he was disposed to be friendly. Then I motioned to him not to disturb you, but to lean against the trunk of the tree and receive me upon his shoulders as I descended. So I mounted upon his back and he carried me away."

In all the South Pacific islands there are no beasts of burden; larger quadrupeds, indeed, than the pig are unknown; and the chiefs, lacking horses, ride upon the shoulders of their vassals, who are trained to perform the duties of roadsters and pack-horses in a very satisfactory manner. There is a regal signal of command, used when the chief-tain desires to mount; and this signal Waimata had employed.

"And where did you go?" demanded I.

"To the Sea-Cave. I knew where it was; but I never told you of it, for I intended to take possession of it and prepare it for our occupancy before letting you know that there was any such place."

"But why did you choose this time for taking possession?"

"It was necessary; for I must assure myself that Orion would be our servant, and there was nothing else for him to do but to put the Sea-Cave in order."

"And is that the place where you have been hidden since daylight?"

"Yes. I will take you to it soon." And, calling Orion to our retreat in the thicket, she said,

"Take out some ripe cocoanuts to the Sea-Cave."

Orion disappeared in the forest. Wai-

mata and I returned along the beach to bring our own canoe to the Sea-Cave's mouth.

It was an errand of not more than half an hour. We came flying back before the now freshly-blowing trade-wind, and beaching our canoe, awaited Orion's return.

Staggering under a load of fruit, that eminent personage soon appeared among the colonnades of cocoanut-stems.

"And now," said I, "let us go together to the Sea-Cave."

Bidding Orion to follow us, we plunged into the water and came, with a few strokes, to the face of the steep declivity that formed the seaward wall of the mound.

I was not then sufficiently acquainted with science to perceive the geological solecism of which Nature had been guilty in raising this hummock upon the shores of a coral island. But, now that I endeavor to write an intelligent account of my adventures, I can explain what may seem incredible to any but an experienced geologist—the formation of a cave in a coral reef.

Waimata and I paused before the coral cliff, sustaining ourselves by that turtle-like movement of the hands which swimmers use when "treading water." Orion followed us at two fathoms' distance, and floated before him a bunch of cocoanuts.

"Take a *pui maitai*" (a good long breath), said she, "and dive after me."

And as the loon dives, so Waimata disappeared. A ruffling of the water, a few shining coils of ripple thrown to the surface, and she was gone.

Orion watched me; and I feared that he suspected my ignorance of the island. Unequal as was our strength on land, it would be mere madness to give him any opportunity for a breach of the peace in the water.

Waimata did not reappear.

I passed the order to Orion, "Follow me!" and taking a full inspiration, dived toward the rock as Waimata had done.

Keeping my eyes wide open, and pushing vigorously forward at a depth of not more than five or six feet from the

surface, I found that the face of the rock opened before me, and offered a portal of entrance. A broad cleft in the very foundation of the island yawned gloomily; and the tide was sucked into this dark chasm.

I felt of the roof and sides of the subterranean channel. They were not coral, but lava; sharp and jagged in some places, in others worn smooth by the action of centuries of the tides, and festooned with trailing mosses.

The current drew me onward into the depth; and a chill seemed to strike through the water as I advanced. I struck out vigorously, for it was impossible to retreat against the tide. My breath was already beginning to fail. Should I be trapped in some of these subterranean crevices, and stunned or drowned? I was shooting forward at a fearful velocity, for the channel contracted as I advanced, and I was going I knew not whither, hurled forward into the very subterranean abyss of nether darkness. The water was now absolutely black around me.

I bruised my knee sharply, but did not feel the pain. My breath was nearly gone; I had but half a minute longer before insensibility would supervene. Waimata betrayed me?

The thought was one that I could not accept; yet it gave me a desperate strength. I swam as I had never swam before.

Hardly three strokes more, and I saw a faint, suffused, and yellowish light gleaming in the water above and before me.

How few civilized people know how sunlight looks when seen from under water, or torchlight? Were this record meant for the public, I should not detain the reader here to describe my own private experiences of Nature as viewed from under water. But often have I lain upon my back, eyes open, at the bottom of a shallow stream, and studied the cloud-colors through the medium of two elements! How well I know the weird aspect that field and forest put on when seen with their tints diffracted and fused in the flowing water, and their perspec-

tive inverted from the subaqueous point of view! How strange and sudden the transmission of sound beneath the water, how intense and metallic its character! What a novel sensation the ear receives when it listens, far below the surface, to voices that come down to it from the upper air! I would like to write a story for an audience of divers. They alone could understand the impressions of the five new senses that the diver enjoys; for each sense has a novel extension and scope when employed in an unfamiliar medium. The poets have attained reputation for familiarity with nature; but theirs is only a half-accomplishment; they have known the nature of the air, not the nature of the water.

I knew both; and seeing the diffused yellow gleam of the light ahead, I knew that it was the light of a torch in a dark place, that it was burning in pure air, and that it was not more than ten yards distant from me. So, plucking up courage, I shot myself along with powerful strokes.

I heard the metallic clicking of stones struck together under water, apparently to direct my course, and knew the signal to be intended for me.

The channel widened, the water was now full of yellow light.

In a moment I rose panting to the surface. I gazed around. I was in an immense submarine cave. Waimata stood upon the sandy beach which lined its ocean-floor, and a gigantic torch of *tutui* nuts cast a flaring illumination upon stalactites of lava, and the ribs of a groined lava-vault that hung overhead. It was a vast and secret grotto, hidden away in the very heart of sea and earth.

Waimata welcomed me with a warm embrace. "Here," said she, "we can live happily, if Ku-ku-hi-pa-kai-i-ke-ho-ku-lan-gi does not betray us."

"Any man might become a traitor under such a name as that," returned I. "Call him Orion, and see if he will not behave well under a foreign baptism."

Waimata laughed and said, "We shall have to drown him if he does not."

Was she then quite a savage at heart? Had she more of the tiger-cat in her

composition than we civilized mortals retain? was my sweetheart dangerous? thought I. Certainly she came near enough to drowning me just now.

The acute Polynesian read my thought as though I had spoken it. "I would never hurt you," she said. "And I would not drown Orion unless you chose to help me."

"We will not drown him yet. We will watch him."

"I will signal to him not to come in yet. I want to show you the cave alone."

"I will give the order," returned I, "for he can hear my signal farthest."

I found two solid fragments of obsidian, weighing four or five pounds; and holding them under water, sent him this message by the submarine click:

E NOHO MALIA!

"Stay where you are."

Waimata and I then proceeded to examine the Sea-Cave.

It was a gigantic shell of cooled lava. The fusion, forced from the volcanic heart of the earth many thousands of years ago, had spent its force in elevating the crust of the island-shore. Expanded by the gigantic power of the volcanic gases, a bubble had been blown in the incandescent lava, which, pushing upward and outward, had lifted all the superincumbent strata of coral, detritus, and alluvial soil, making a hill where previously the level coast of the *atoll* had stretched, as a jewel stands upon the circumference of a ring. It was a vast volcanic bubble, blown in the molten rock as easily as the soap-bubble expands in the air; but this toy of Nature's force was congealed in the eternal strata, a hidden memento of her freak. To this day the structure of the island of which I speak is unknown to geologists. It is unique, so far as I can learn from a pretty extensive observation of the southern Polynesian groups, as a coral island in which the volcanic action has strongly modified the original outlines, "without displaying its hand."

In the heart of this volcanic bubble Waimata and I found ourselves alone. Its roof shone with countless sparks of reflection from the still undimmed sur-

faces of lava. Around the margin of the watery floor a smooth, broad rim of sand extended—sand that might retain a human footprint for centuries, so seldom was the cave visited. The secret of its locality was cherished in the family of the Lakemban high-priest alone; and it is, I presume, a secret still.

"How did you ever hear of this cave?" demanded I of Waimata, as with arms around each other we strolled around the subterranean sand-beach and gazed up into the great vault overhead. It was like gazing into the dome of the Pantheon, except that the eye of light which looks downward into the Italian dome was absent. Our cave had larger dimensions, and almost the same interior shape as the Roman temple; but its decorations were the fantastic forms of the lava.

"One night, long ago, I overheard the secret," said Waimata. "My father took my elder brother into the thicket and told him of this cave. I heard them near the *bura*. Once in five years, he said, he visited the cave to replenish its stores and to keep it in proper order as a place of refuge."

"Do you know where these stores are kept?"

"Not the exact spot; but we can easily find them."

"Where did you find the torch that you are burning now?"

"There is a torch-chest at the very entrance to the cave, above high-water mark," said Waimata. "I remember that my father explained where it lay when I overheard the secret of the place; and I put my hand upon it the moment that I entered the cave."

I did not need to ask her how she had lighted the torch; for any Polynesian can make fire by rubbing two sticks together for five minutes; and innumerable fragments of dry driftwood lay around the shores of the cave.

We continued exploring our dominion. The tide-water boiled strongly before us as we went; and I noticed that it seemed to flow quite through the cave, and to pour itself out by some hidden entrance opposite to that by

which we had come in. A subterranean channel leading to the central lagoon of the island evidently existed; and through this the tide entered and departed. The mystery was explained—why this *atoll* was a closed circle of coral reef, and maintained no apparent communication with the outer sea. In all other cases that I have ever observed the circle of the coral island is not complete; a small channel is left for the ingress and egress of the tides, as if respiration were a necessity to it. But here the lavas, bursting up from below, had rent and shattered the foundations of the island, and established a subterranean and submarine channel or breathing-hole, through which the tides found ready passage. In course of time the coral insect, applying itself to the task of filling up the original tidal channel, completed the circle of the coral reef; and this now displayed the unique phenomenon of a perfect ring of land surrounding the unruffled mirror of water that I have described.

Such was the stronghold of which we found ourselves in possession. We addressed ourselves to the task of discovering what stores might be hidden in the cave.

The torch burned low, and I kindled two more in its place. The tide came to the turn, and the lake presented for a time an absolutely unruffled surface. We found the silence oppressive, and were fain to shout and sing for the sake of hearing the echoes that reverberated in the arch of our dome.

Strolling around its circumference, and peering curiously into every recess that would seem to offer a place for concealment, we brandished our torches in the gloom that had been undisturbed for years. There were many rocky ledges, shelves that offered admirable hiding-places, but we found nothing more valuable than a large assortment of idols; and of these we had enough already for all reasonable purposes. Such a collection as that of the cave could be rivaled at the present day only at the missionary rooms of London and Boston, where a more satisfactory

representation of heathen deities can now be seen than in any temple of, at least, the Polynesian pagans.

Waimata and I each selected, however, a pocket-idol for private devotions; and, stringing them around our necks by means of bead necklaces which we found among the other sacred stores, we continued our explorations.

Not far from the principal *dépôt* of the carved gods I noticed, high up in a crevice of the volcanic rock, a tag-end of what appeared to be native *kapa*, projecting in such a way as to catch the torchlight.

Handing my flaming link to Waimata, I climbed up after the signal.

I found a large recess in the rock; and in this recess stood a chest, apparently of foreign manufacture. It bore a lock; but the rusty key stood in it. Turning the key, I opened it without difficulty.

It turned out to be a sailor's chest; it contained a few articles of seamen's wear, some folds of fine native cloth, a quantity of dried bread-fruit and bananas, some fishing apparatus, some "hard tack," probably kidnapped from a whaling vessel, and several handfuls of Spanish doubloons, which were scattered around at the bottom of the chest. Many of them were pierced with a hole, as if to be worn for ornament. At that time I had little more notion of the value of gold than the natives themselves possessed. This money was evidently plundered from the crew of some passing vessel that had been cut off in previous years by the islanders; and it was deposited here for sacerdotal purposes. I pocketed it at once, as a civilized man would have done; having inherited something of his affinity for a metal of whose value I yet knew nothing. I have no doubt that the love of money gets to run in the blood like any other acquired quality of nature; and I seized upon the coins by virtue of a transmitted instinct. Rummaging still further in the chest, I found the belt in which they had been concealed; and, restoring them to their old place, I fastened the money around my waist,

where it was but imperfectly hidden by the flowing robe of kapa that I had donned upon entering the cave.

"Here are provisions and light enough to last us for a month, if we should need to hide in the cave," said I.

"Why do you speak as if we should need to conceal ourselves?" returned Waimata.

"Many little chances make a large chance. Here is Orion from the outer world; the Lakemban watchfire burned last night; your father is shrewd, he may simply pretend to think us lost at sea, or captured; at any moment we may see strangers here."

"Let us call in Orion," said Waimata, "and pledge him again to secrecy."

I returned at once to the entrance of the cave. The great bunch of cocoanuts that he had gathered was here, brought in by the tide. I made the signal "Return."

No answer came back.

I waited a few seconds, and repeated the signal. I repeated it again and again. Still no answer.

"What can it mean?" we said in a breath. We looked steadfastly at each other. If the flaring torchlight revealed as much of surprise and apprehension in my own eyes as it did in those of Waimata, the tableau would have needed no word of explanation.

"I must go out immediately, and see what has become of my Minister of the Navy," said I, feigning a lightness of manner which I did not feel. "It may be that he has already commenced operations in these waters."

"I will go with you. Do not leave me alone in this great dark place," rejoined Waimata.

We threw off our outer robes. I deposited the money-belt in a crevice of the rock, and extinguished the torch. Utter darkness fell upon us, for the channel of entrance to the cave was too long to admit of any transmission of light through the water; and the landward entrance that connected with the central water was yet longer—too long for the swiftest diver to risk his life in attempting its passage.

Plunging together into the water, we found that the tide had already turned, and was accelerating our way. We made the dive without bruise or accident, and as I should judge by the *residuum* of breath left me when we emerged into the open sea, we occupied about a minute in our transit. I may record here, by the way, that the popular stories respecting feats of diving are quite as exaggerated as the fabulous accounts of the speed of the whaleboat, or the myths that describe the exploits of Kentucky riflemen. Few divers remain more than a minute under water; hardly any can exceed two minutes.

Emerging from the water at nearly the same instant, we looked toward the landing where we had left Orion with the two canoes and the cocoanuts.

The cocoanuts were still there, piled upon the beach; but Orion and the canoes were gone.

As suddenly as my strange visitor had appeared, so suddenly had he vanished! My army and my navy had retained organization from dawning until noon of a single day.

But the loss of my canoes and of my retainer was as nothing to the loss of our secret. Wherever Orion might go, he would pretty surely betray us. The sense of obligation in a savage seldom endures beyond a night, or passes over the limit of speaking-distance.

Whether in malice or in thoughtlessness, Orion would communicate his knowledge of us to the first people he might meet. Happily for us, he did not know our names, or the island from which we came, not having ventured to question us on account of our superior rank.

Waimata and I landed at once, and made our way to the summit of the hill that formed the roof of our cave. Far in the distance we saw the receding white sail of a canoe. Other eyes would have hardly noticed it; but Waimata instantly recognized the peculiar cut of the sail that she had seen approaching early in the morning. It was Orion's canoe; and we both could see the outlines of our own smaller craft in tow.

The convoy was holding a straight course for Lakemba!

The poor girl's firmness was shaken at this sight. Her lovely eyes were liquid with tears. The desertion of Orion meant, to her, betrayal, discovery, capture, and death. Placed alone upon the island, and unable to escape, we should fall an easy prey.

There was no time to construct a canoe; nor could we hope to escape by means of any such chance as had favored our flight hitherward. But might we not defend ourselves in the Sea-Cave?

After a little reflection, the following plan shaped itself in my mind. I determined to barricade the inner entrance to the cave.

With the ample cordage that I found in the stores of the cave I formed a network across the channel, so constructed that when tightened it would keep under water the head of any diver who should attempt to force an entrance. Retreat, of course, would be impossible to an enemy. I laid heavy stones upon a ledge of rock immediately over this net, so that I could easily roll them down upon the head of any who might endeavor to break through the net. By night I had formed a barrier that seemed impenetrable, and yet one that I could remove in a moment by unlash- ing the uppermost rope from the crag to which I secured it.

With the second ebb of the tide, Waimata and I left the cave, preferring to watch from the island the possible approach of an enemy. We floated an enormous number of cocoanuts and bread-fruit, so that they would go in with the turn of the tide.

We then repaired to the higher ground, where we had spent the preceding night. We slept in the summit of the same palm-tree that Waimata had occupied; or rather, Waimata slept; for, except the hour from eleven to twelve, I kept watch through the night.

At day-break it was my turn to see a sight—a whole fleet of sails that held their course from Lakemba toward our island!

These sails were cut after the peculiar fashion of the priests' canoes.

I wakened Waimata. She looked upon the prows that sped swiftly to ward us; we could already see that they were filled with warriors.

"*Aloha, Tali,*" she cried, "it is our last hour!"

A fleet of war-canoes in two lines was sweeping down rapidly upon the Enchanted Island. Waimata and I sat speechless in the top of the palm-tree, and contemplated the winged enemy that sped toward us like gigantic insects—moths of the tropics—borne in upon the streaming current of the trade-wind. It seemed to us like the descent of a cloud of dragons. Already we could see the dark figures of the warriors in the foremost canoe. The line reached up obliquely from the east, and would touch the beach at a point between us and our submarine cave of refuge. We had no time to lose; yet we sat as if spell-bound, gazing at the swift and silent approach of the white-winged foe.

Suddenly a puff of white smoke leaped from the leading canoe, and after an interval of three or four seconds the sound of a musket broke sharply upon our ears. I knew the signal well. It was the signal of a suspended *taboo*; and it meant that the war-canoes would land at once upon the island. It was clear that we had been betrayed; that the mournings over our loss had given place to armed pursuit; that in a few moments our little Island of the Gods, that since the earliest traditions of this people had been consecrated to loneliness and to poetic superstition, would be trampled upon by a horde of infuriated and howling savages, and that the most cruel fate awaited Waimata and myself.

"Fly! Waimata! Another moment, and they will land before we can conceal ourselves!"

And I urged her so briskly to descend that I nearly dislodged her hold upon the branches of the palm. In a moment, however, we had slid down the cylindrical trunk and were standing

upon the sandy soil below. The sails of the approaching canoes gleamed brightly through the green spears of the serried pandanus-thicket.

We ran rapidly along under cover of the trees toward the Sea-Cave, hoping to reach it unobserved. But the quick eyes of the pursuers caught a glimpse of our figures as we passed an open space. We must have seemed like the pair that fled from Paradise; and our avenging angel was the warrior that sent a shot after us into the thicket. It cut a ripe and rosy *ohia* from a bough above us; and the fruit fell at Waimata's feet. She picked it up as we ran, and hurled it defiantly at the nearest canoe, exclaiming,

"So I cast away Prince Kanuha and his suit forever."

In another moment we had reached the hillock which formed the roof of our secret cave. Our feet splashed in the warm sea-water; it flew in sparkling drops into our faces; it deepened to our breasts; the canoes, now close at hand, were for an instant concealed by the slope of the sandy promontory; but just as we dived, the foremost canoe reappeared, and in it I saw the figure of Waimata's father. His features, naturally noble, were distorted with excitement and passion; and he cried out, seeing that we were about to dive,

"Return, *te-i-ti ko-ro-he!* (wicked children); or you shall be given to the Borers!"

And there I saw, seated upon the foremost platform of the canoe, seven of the *ulini* who had assisted in preparing the cannibal banquet of a few weeks before. One of them I remembered particularly well; it was the gigantic "earth-worm" who had detained me to witness the boiling of the skull upon my leaving

that spectacle; and his heavy necklace of shark's teeth rattled audibly as then. He said not a word; but he primed and cocked the flint-lock musket, the spoil of some plundered party of sailors, and took aim to fire at us a third time.

But before he could draw the trigger Waimata and I, having reached the entrance of the cave, dove quickly. I had not a second to spare; for my heels were but just leaving the surface of the sea when I heard the report of the gun, strangely diluted in intensity by its passage through the water; and instantly the sensation of a smart blow upon my left thigh. I knew that the ball had not struck me, but, ricocheting from the surface, had forced down a column of water upon me with sufficient force to produce a severe bruise. Sportsmen are familiar with this method of killing fish.

"It is lucky that I am not an *anaug-ku*" (bonita, or albicore), meditated I, at the depth of two fathoms; "or that shot would have made me show a white fin."

We had dived, however, too soon to enter immediately into the entrance of the cave; and it was necessary to feel our way for several yards along the rocky wall of the cliff before finding our way to the place of safety. It was a dreadful thought, how easily the mishap of a moment, an accidental blow against the jagged lava, the entanglement of a weed, might detain us under water a minute too long for life. We met, however, no mishap; but we were quite exhausted when we emerged from the water within the cave, and found ourselves in our submarine fortalice. We were safe from pursuit; no enemy could reach us; and here, undisturbed, we indulged the dream of Love in Fiji.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

IX.

WHAT CAME OF PAUL'S WOING.

OFTENER than we think, even while a man sincerely loves a woman, if he finds himself bound to her by an irrevocable vow, it chafes him like a fetter, and he instinctively begins to lament his lost liberty—at first, perhaps, almost unconsciously, and only while he finds himself restrained and held back by a moral obligation from some old pastime or pleasure, in which, until now, he has always felt perfect freedom to indulge. For Paul Mallane to come to a sudden consciousness that he had no longer a right to flirt with every woman who would flirt with him, was, indeed, a new sensation. To do him justice, through the entire winter he had no desire to do so. He had never been so thoroughly and honorably busy as he was now. His graduation from the law-school reflected great credit upon himself and his friends. He was just about entering a law-firm, which offered him the opportunity of complete success in his profession. He was going to pay his debts. He was going to be married to the only girl he had ever loved. He was going to make his own home without any body's assistance. He had never felt himself to be so much of a man, and he never had been so much of a man before. He hung Eirene's picture over the table where he sat at work, and, when he felt any of his old lawless impulses stirring him, any temptation from within or without, he looked at that face, and they all died. September, that divine September of pure love, came back; he breathed again in her presence; he saw the look in her eyes, he felt the touch of her hand; he was with her once more; and, being with her and loving her as he did, he resolutely turned from the world of pleasure in which he had so

long lived, sat down, and went on with his work. He took an immense amount of credit to himself for all this. Just now, nobody admired Paul so much as Paul admired himself. He felt sure that he was making tremendous sacrifices for the sake of his love, and felt proud of himself beyond expression to think that he, Paul Mallane, was able to do it. In writing to Eirene, he took pains to impress faithfully upon her mind the great sacrifice that he made and the untold temptation which he resisted for her sake. He thought it would increase the value of his love, the more she realized the innumerable benefits which he relinquished on its behalf. Eirene, in the crowded shop and in Seth Goodlove's bare little chamber, did marvel more and more that such a transcendent gift should have come to her. Every letter that she received from Paul made it seem more wonderful and more enchanting that such a god could stoop to her lowly estate, to love her! But when, at Christmas, Paul came up to Busyville, and, with the certain knowledge that his mother was watching him from the window, knocked deliberately at Seth Goodlove's door, and spent at least two hours visiting with Eirene in the best Goodlove "front room," with the smoke perversely blowing out of the "dummy" stove till it nearly extinguished their four eyes; and when, with the eyes of Busyville fixed upon him, he escorted Eirene to church in open day, Paul's admiration of himself reached its climax. There might be more awful tests to a man's love, but they were unknown to Paul Mallane. The latter sight—that of Paul Mallane escorting a shop-girl to church—drove the mind of Busyville wild. The maidens of the mansion-houses regarded it as a per-

sonal injury, if not an insult. The maidens of the shops, knowing that no mortal power could induce him to escort one of them, regarded it as a base action that he should walk to church with Eirene Vale. "That was the reason, was it, that she never went with shop-people, and spent her time studyin'?" She intended to catch the boss' son—the minx!"

A deep distrust of Paul Mallane pervaded the Busyville mind. It had contemplated and pronounced upon his flirtations since he was a boy in the Busyville Academy. Hitherto it had known them to be of a very unstable, if not doubtful, character; and it naturally pronounced that this one, of all others, could come to no good.

Deep was Eirene's distress, on entering the factory on Monday morning, to meet lifted shoulders, averted eyes, and scornful glances, from those with whom she had always been used to exchange daily courtesies. All day she was made the subject of mysterious looks and whisperings; the air was full of distrust and mystery; and before night, without knowing wherefore, she felt that she was being treated like a culprit. As for Tilda Stade, awful was her silence. Nothing could be more awful, except the silence of Tabitha Mallane; for, the moment that she witnessed Paul knock at Seth Goodlove's door, she resolved to be silent, and in silence to execute a strategic movement, in a small way, worthy of Napoleon. In that moment Aunt Comfort's legacy was consecrated to the annihilation of the girl across the street; the vegetable garden was sacrificed, and the white house painted tea-green.

If Paul's ardor and steadfastness of devotion suffered any diminution after his return to Boston, he was not conscious of it. To be sure, there was a difference—and he felt it—between love-making beside a lovely river on a soft September day, and love-making in a small room filled with the smell of soup, of soap-suds, and of smoke. There was a charm in walking with Eirene along the grassy road, amid the

secluded hills, which he missed walking with her on the Busyville street, with all Busyville staring at him. But Eirene was no less Eirene because of the Busyville eye and a smoky "dummy." The enchantment of that last September had not yet faded so far but that he saw it and felt it, even through the Goodlove smells and smoke. He looked at Eirene's picture, and was comforted.

But a little more opposition would have been stimulating. He had been used to being opposed, and then doing as he pleased. It had a depressing effect on him to be let alone. There was nothing that he missed more than the opposition of his mother.

"If mother would only go on as she begun, what a zest it would give a fellow to take his own way!" he said.

Then, as Spring came on, after a really hard winter's work, he began to want "a little variety"—a little of the exhilaration of comradeship that he used to feel when he and his chums went off for a "high old time." If they had only come to ask him, he would not have found it difficult to have said "No" on every necessary occasion; but he wanted at least the pleasure of refusing. It piqued him, not to be invited. His self-admiration was no longer a sufficing compensation for self-denial, much less for neglect. That was indeed a new state of affairs, when Paul Mallane was neglected or forgotten by his comrades. The truth was, they had been refused so often during the winter, that they had grown tired of coming.

"Let him alone, boys, for a while," said Dick Prescott. "Just leave him to love and to law, and, if he finds himself left alone to support one by the other, he'll be glad enough to forsake both. But not if you oppose him. Oppose him, and he'll hang to both with a death-grasp. I can tell you, Prince Mallane is the last fellow on earth to submit to being left out. Let him alone, and you'll see how soon he'll get tired of it."

If Dick Prescott's words had been

false—if Paul could have gone on with the same perseverance with which he began—he and Eirene would have been married; they would have “lived happy ever afterwards,” and this story would never have been written.

Alas for love, when the mind begins to assure the heart that it is unchanged—that it is as fresh, as fervent, as absolute, and as all-sufficing, as it used to be! This very assurance is born of a doubt. The all-satisfying love can neither be questioned nor assured; it is sufficient unto itself and unto all things.

Perhaps it was not Paul's fault that his mind was facile and mercurial.

“I love you, little girl, just the same as ever. I never loved you better than I do this moment,” he said, looking at her picture. “I am going to spend my life with you, and, when you are my wife, I am sure I shall never feel the want of any other company. But why should I make a martyr of myself so long before?”

This would have been far from a dangerous question for a man of a more equable temperament to have asked; but when Paul put it, from the depths of a restless mind, he had no consciousness whatever that the very law of his moods was in extremes; that the blessed medium of consistency was something that he rarely touched, and never maintained.

As, in the winter, he had secluded himself from healthy companionship in an altogether unnecessary manner, and prided himself on so doing to a very unreasonable degree, now, in the restlessness of reaction, he was ready to rush to an opposite extreme, and justify himself for so doing in an equally unreasonable degree.

He was in just this state, really mentally tired with new and hard work, and personally tired of being left to himself, and anxious for the fresh excitement so indispensable to such a temperament, when his mother appeared at Cambridge.

To this moment, in the utterly new and exquisite consciousness of being loyal to one woman, and this woman

his promised wife, Paul had given Miss Isabella Prescott to understand, by his manner, that he was preoccupied; whether with law or with love, he left for her to decide; but, whatever her decision, that it was perfectly useless for her to make further coquettish advances. His cool indifference piqued her till she hated him. In the privacy of her own room she indulged in all sorts of feminine rages on his behalf. She stamped her feet and ground her teeth, and, one night, after a party, frightened Dick nearly out of his wits by taking laudanum enough to make her sick, and by declaring, between her spasms, that she “wanted to die—that she would die; or, if she couldn't, that she would live only to punish him for snubbing her, and for sitting in a corner all the evening with that old Helena Maynard.”

After Mrs. Mallane's visit to Marlboro Hill, Paul drifted slowly and insensibly back towards his old relations with the Prescotts. If their visit to Busyville had not been a settled thing, it would have been different; but, this anticipated, it was a perpetual reminder, and a most fruitful source of communication. Mrs. Mallane was continually sending messages to Bella by Paul, which, of course, involved a visit to Marlboro. Then, Bella had as many to send back; and, as Paul knew it, he would often ride over after tea, just to mention that “he was going to write,” and “had she any word to send to mother?” Paul understood his mother's whole game perfectly. He could not be enlightened as to what the metamorphosed house and the Prescott visit both meant. There was a keen excitement in it. It was like a play at the theatre; and, as it was only a play, Paul enjoyed the exhilaration of being the hero, with the power to bring it to a conclusion to suit his own pleasure.

Under these circumstances, it came to pass that he went oftener and stayed later and later at Marlboro Hill. Why was it that, when he returned to his room late at night, the soft eyes looking down upon him from the wall

seemed to be full of tears? Why was it that he began to justify himself to that gentle face?—to declare to it that he loved it the same as ever, and loved it alone?—that, in his heart, all he wanted was the power to flee with it to the end of the earth? Nobody had accused him of other desires or intentions, yet it seemed to reproach him more and more, until he felt sometimes that he must turn and run from it. He was conscious that a spell was cast around him. Now that he knew what love was, he knew that it was not love; yet it was no less a spell. There was fascination in the fact that Isabella Prescott had fallen in love with him. "Poor girl, I pity her!" he said to himself. "So young, with so much to live for, with such opportunities for choice in marriage, to think that she should turn from all, to really care for me! Dear little Belle! I did not think her capable of caring so much for any one. She never showed any signs of it before; and if she should never see any one else that she could love so well, if she should never marry on my account, I should feel as if I had been the cause of destroying her happiness. Well, I'll make all the amends to her that I can."

He was so assiduous in making amends, and withal felt so many self-reproaches for being quite so ardent in this direction, that at last he came to glance at the picture on the wall with an attempt at reproach. "If I had not been so unfortunate as to have loved you," he said, "I might have married naturally and happily in my own sphere. If it were not for you, poor Belle would not now be so miserable; for, if I did not love you (and I do), I could care considerably for her; she is certainly attractive."

At this distance from Eirene, it made him feel more comfortable, some way, to think that she had marred Bella's life, and, however unwittingly, was the cause of her unhappiness. As that was the case, and he loved Eirene and did not love Bella, he could and should be all the more tenderly kind to her, in consideration of the affection which she

lavished upon him. The supreme September of love faded to a dream. The summer of Marlboro was an alluring reality. The stars above its park, the moonlight on its lake, its cool, luxurious halls, and their drooping mistress, pallid and lovely in the moonlight, were all of the present, and, with all the power of the present, enchained his imagination and his senses.

Potent, also, was the force of contrast. Hillside—poor, shabby Hillside, with its unfortunate inmates—how did it look, compared with Marlboro Hill?

"Beautiful June! Was there ever such a June!" said Eirene. Busyville emerged from the cold rains of a Massachusetts May a transfigured Busyville. The great elms stretched their wide arms and covered with greenery the staring sharpness and whiteness of its houses; they wove cool roofs of shadow above the village-streets; they joined the willows in the meadow along the river's side, and made a perfect embowered arcade of Lover's Walk. Almost every village has its Lover's Walk. This of Busyville was the only perfect thing in it. In this gossiping town, strange to say, it was without reproach; probably because the village-folk were too prosaic to people it with ghosts and tragedies. It was a decorous and friendly Lover's Walk, which divided its delicious shade with the young academicians who walked there studying their lessons, with youths and maidens who walked there whispering love, and with bands of shouting children who rushed through it, "going a-berrying" the nearest way. Yet, what stories it might have told, this little grass-bordered path, running in and out among the elms and willows, beginning with a village-street, and ending where the river ran dark and deep and alone!

It must be confessed that, in this month of June, Eirene neglected the study of French. It is true, she took her "Corinne" with her, and, as she wandered on, always attempted to translate it. But, with her, knowledge has ceased to be the supreme power; and as to the story, what was the ro-

mance in the book compared with the romance in her pocket, shut within the perfumed folds of that marvellous letter? What were Oswald and Lucy, or the incomparable Corinne, while Paul lived, and loved her, and wrote her letters, and was coming in August! Not much. She always began her walk studying; she always ended it reading for the hundredth time, very likely, that letter. What a letter it was! Written anew every day, its burden never changed. It was ardent, passionate, and tender, with the ardor, passion, and tenderness of a young man's first, absorbing love. It had but one object—that, to make her realize how infinitely dear to him she was. He described the life of the city—the drawing-rooms of Beacon-street and of Marlboro Hill—the gay beauties who assembled there—till they all appeared in panorama before her eyes; but it was only that he might declare, "Amid them all, I think only of you. Everywhere I am alone, because you are not here." With this letter in her pocket, its words graven in her heart, Eirene would return to the little chamber, and she no longer saw that it was low, or dusty, or hot. She no longer spent her evenings here, as she had done last summer. She knew nothing of the path by the river-side then. It was Paul who had told her of it as a pleasant retreat—one of his own from boyhood. Of course, he did not think it necessary to add, that he had carried on more flirtations in this path, told more pretty falsehoods in it, than any other young man in Busynville. It was very soothing to Eirene to take refuge under the softly-murmuring trees from Tilda Stade's reproving face; for, though she left Eirene alone in speech, with many a glance and groan she said, "You are lost—hopelessly, eternally lost." This was not a very enlivening assurance to have slung perpetually in one's face. Thus, what wonder that Eirene, beside the river, took refuge in "Corinne" and her letter? Since he had extinguished her at the Camp-Meeting, Tilda had never mentioned

Paul's name; but whenever she saw a letter—and she took pains to see one as often as possible, by rushing to the Post-Office and bringing it to Eirene with her own hand—she groaned. By this groan she informed Eirene that she understood the exact state of affairs, and had in no wise changed her opinion. Eirene's portfolio lying within reach one day, as Tilda sat alone, she opened it and took from it a letter of Paul's, and read it from beginning to end. Her conscience pricking her during the process, she exclaimed, "I do it for her good. Unless I know her exact case, how can I befriend her in the end? I shall never tell any body what I know. It's the same as if it were buried. Marry her? Hum! I think I see him!" Then Tilda kneeled down, and fervently prayed the Lord to forgive her if she had erred in reading the letter, for He knew that she did it for Eirene's good!

In absence there is no barometer of love like a letter; it inevitably bears within it something of the unconscious atmosphere of its writer—one sure to be felt by the heart to whom it is addressed, although it may not be understood.

July came, and Eirene began to wonder why she felt as if she must burst into tears when she had finished reading one of Paul's letters. They were still full of protestations of love, but these were no longer coupled with bright prospects of the future. Instead, there were constant allusions to their unfortunate destiny.

Two months before, how bright and brave these letters had been! In them Paul had declared himself strong enough to conquer any fate for her dear sake; but now, Eirene was filled with a vague apprehension, without knowing wherefore. Then her loving heart travelled back to the last September, and tried to assure her that August, the dear August so near at hand, would set every thing right, and bring back once more the enchantment of life. Yet, in spite of youth and hope and love, her heart misgave her sometimes, when she looked

on the beautiful house across the street—Paul's home—and realized that she was shut out.

"I wish it were all different, darling," said Paul; and as he looked into the beseeching eyes upturned to his face, that moment he did.

August had come. Paul had only reached Busyville that morning. It was evening, and he and Eirene were in Lover's Walk. He had just told her of the expected visit of his friends, who were to arrive the next day. He went on to say:

"I had nothing to do with it. It is mother's work. She came to Boston and invited them. In one way and another I am under obligations to the Prescotts, especially for their hospitality. I visited at Marlboro Hill before I ever saw you. So, when mother gave her invitation, and they accepted it, I could do nothing but second it; and now I cannot do less than make their visit agreeable in every way in my power. It is an actual debt that I owe them, Eirene."

"Yes," said Eirene, "I see how it is. I would not have you do otherwise, if I could. I am wrong, I know, to feel at all disappointed. I mean—I think—I should be glad to have you go about with them a great deal, if we could visit a little together—only a little—as we did last September. Then I shouldn't get lonesome."

"But that would be impossible, if they were not coming at all, child;" and Paul's voice grew hard, and unconsciously chilled her. "We were at Hilltop, then. I was trouting in Arcadia when I told you those beautiful stories. God knows, I wish they were all true to-day. But we are in Busyville now. I can't meet you here often, without setting a hundred scandalous tongues wagging. You see——"

Paul was going to say, "You see, they always did say such things if they saw me with shop-people;" and he might have added, "with good cause;" but he said, "You see, for some reason of their own, the people here expect that I will marry elsewhere. Thus, if

they see me waiting upon any young lady in town, they always declare I do it with some nefarious design. You are to be my wife. I love you, yet at present I cannot protect you; that is reason enough why I should not bring one shadow of reproach upon you, my darling. If I walked with you here, while my mother refused to invite you to her house, you see how people would talk——"

Eirene grew pale. She was trying to accept it, to understand it—this hard fact, striking into the face of her dream. All she had actually known of Paul's society had been by the peaceful river and in the sheltered room at home; she had not realized before that she could not enjoy something of the same intercourse here. The demon of "people's talk" had never risen before her mind; but, now that Paul spoke of it, she remembered the gossip which she herself often heard in the shop, and knew that what he said was true. It was not to be; perhaps she could not see him at all; but that he was compelled to tell her that she was not recognized by his own mother, was hard. Then she remembered how he had thought that in one year it would all be different; that now was the time when he had promised to acknowledge her before the world as his affianced wife. Perhaps he read the thought on her white and silent face; for he said,

"I believed that by this time I could have acknowledged our relation to every body; but circumstances have been too strong for me. I am not yet independent. Until I am, we must wait, my darling. It won't be long. When I am fairly established, then it will all come true, the lovely life that I planned last summer."

All the light came back into her eyes as he mentioned the life of the last summer.

"I could wait forever," she said, "for ease and fortune. The luxury you told about, Paul, don't seem to belong to me. I was happy while you were away. I did not expect to see you; but to see you every day, and yet to be scarcely

able to speak with you—to see you all the time with others, while I long for your society so much, will make me so lonely, Paul, I'm afraid I sha'n't know how to bear it at first; but I will try. Maybe it will not be so hard by-and-by. Only now I am so disappointed. I thought we were going to be so happy. It's so different from what I expected."

"Yet it is not so different from any thing that you might have expected, if you had taken all the circumstances into consideration," said Paul, in his most practical voice, which sounded all the harder because he himself felt annoyed by these very circumstances, and was really distressed by the pain visible on the lovely face before him. Of course, in his irritation he forgot altogether that in every letter that he had written her he had given her reason to expect every thing to be different in this visit from the present reality. She had never before heard this tone in his voice, when he had spoken to her. How full of supplication and tenderness it had always been!

It was almost as if the beloved hand had struck her a blow. The swift tears rose to her eyes; with silent force of will she held them back, and a quiver in her voice alone betrayed her emotion, as she spoke:

"I have expected too much—more than it is in your power to grant me. It is because I love you."

"You haven't expected more than I want to give you, nor one tenth of what you deserve," said Paul, passionately and penitently, feeling again the old impulse to snatch her in his arms and carry her off, away from all the world; for it seemed to him that only away from the world could he be absolutely true to her and worthy of her. "If it wasn't for my cursed life, my cursed——" position, he was going to say; but in an instant he felt ashamed to mention it. "If I was not tangled on every side, darling, it would be so different. But I'll tell you every thing. I know you would forgive me, no matter what I did. I am in debt. Before I knew you, I spent more than my al-

lowance. I associated with rich young men, who gave suppers, made bets, and wasted their money; I did the same. Now, darling, I'm reaping the consequences. I can't marry till I get out of debt. The very day that I do, I can begin life anew, and with you. You will wait for me, won't you, precious? No matter what you see, no matter how hard things may seem, you will believe in me and love me, won't you?"

"I will." And never had the woman-gaze been so tender and trusting and entire, as it was while the girl uttered these words and looked into his face.

The influence of her spirit on his was to call forth every generous impulse latent in it. Paul Mallane never owned his shortcomings to any body else; but it really was a delight to him to confess his sins to her. It made him think better of himself while he was doing it; and, while he looked into her eyes, he felt capable of the noblest actions, and actually meant and believed that he would do every thing that he promised her. "I don't deserve such devotion, you lovely one!" he exclaimed, as all the mean thoughts and regrets of the last month rushed into his mind. "I wonder that you do, that you can, love me, when I think of myself as I really am. But I love you. No matter what happens, believe this, that I love you as I never loved before, as I shall never love again; that you are the only woman I ever saw whom I wished to be my wife. Promise me you will believe this." And, as he uttered these words, Paul snatched her into his arms, and kissed her forehead, her eyes, her mouth, with something like the prescience of despair running through each, that, as it was the first time, so it would be the last; and as the thought struck his heart, it seemed to him that he could never unclothe his arms and let her go.

They had come to the end of the walk, where the river bent and ran on both sides of the great willows, which hung down to the water. It ran swift and dark and wide here towards the dam, a little further on. Its rush, and

the cry of the whippoorwill high overhead, gave a weird quality to the moment, the dim moment of a midsummer twilight. Paul held the face that he loved up in the soft light. One lingering gaze, one kiss more, long and silent, then, without a word, he took her hand in his, and they walked back. When they came out into the village the stars were shining above the great elms, and hundreds of couples were sauntering to and fro under their shadows. The towering form of Paul Mallane could not be mistaken. Many recognized him, and a few the girl in white by his side.

It was told in more than one shop, the next day, that "Paul Mallane had been out walking with that Vale girl again, and it was plain enough to see that it was for no good."

The next evening, just as the last sun-rays were brightening the beautiful garden across the street, Eirene sat by her window, alone. It seemed to her that she was dreaming, and she tried to think back and make life seem to her as it did before Paul kissed her. She still felt those kisses upon her eyelids, her lips, her brow. It seemed to her as if they still rested there, the seal of his love.

"This is love," she said. "How wonderful! I read of it, but I knew nothing of it. How could any one ever write or tell what love is? I only know, when I think what it would be to me now to live without it. How did I live, and not unhappily, when nobody cared for me—when nobody would have missed me or have mourned for me if I had died—nobody, I mean, but those at home. I could not be so peaceful now, if no one cared for me—if nobody thought of me and missed me, as I miss Paul. Oh, if I could only see him every day—if I could go into the garden with him and look at those flowers in the vases—if I could go into the house and look at all the pretty things! I like to look at pretty things. If I could go and come, as Miss Prescott will! And we cannot walk any more by the river! I would not, if I could not see him as a friend elsewhere.

But if he cannot come here, and I cannot go into his home, we cannot meet any more. When you are so near, how can I live without you, Paul? Oh, you thought we should be so happy in August!" And her heart gave a sudden cry, and she lifted her hand involuntarily, as if to hold the remembered kisses upon her face. "I'm so lonely, Paul!" she said, in a broken voice.

Just then a span of magnificent bays in white trappings pranced up to the house opposite. The carriage which they drew was so much more splendid than any Eirene had ever seen before, that for an instant she was too dazzled to distinguish Paul sitting on the back seat with a lady, while in front was a gentleman with Grace. This moment Momo, in the further window, having just caught the name from Eirene's lips, began to cry, "Paul! pretty Paul!" with undiminished vehemence. The lady in the carriage looked up, saw the parrot, saw Eirene. Isabella Prescott immediately recognized "the shop-girl;" and the shop-girl, looking down upon that face turned full upon her, knew instinctively, without knowing wherefore, that she looked into the eyes of an enemy.

"Why, how glad this parrot is to see you! And who is that pretty girl?" asked Bell of Paul.

"Her name is Vale," said Paul, hurriedly.

Before this, the footman had opened the carriage-door, and Tabitha Mallane had appeared in the veranda of the tea-green mansion, arrayed in Aunt Comfort's best silk.

The air was full of gay words and laughter. A light, mocking laugh came back to Eirene as the party disappeared in the house. Never in her life before had Eirene heard any thing so mocking as this laugh. It struck her heart, and she felt a new and utterly unknown sensation—the pang of love, jealousy. It is not true that perfect love, if human, casts out fear. All human experience proves otherwise. Her love was complete, but the conditions under which she loved were cruel.

Immediately and intuitively she realized the immense advantage possessed by the woman who had looked up at her and mocked her with a laugh. She even overrated them, so humble was she in her opinion of herself. To see a highly-wrought, passionate woman jealous, is often a grand picture; for there may be sublimity in a mental and emotional storm as well as in a material one. But to see a gentle nature struck to the heart by this demon, is a sorrowful sight; there is no thunder and lightning and wrath to sustain the energy of such a one, but only tears, and silent, unutterable anguish. Such a woman struck by jealousy is like a dumb animal that has received its death-wound. Eirene sat silent, as if paralyzed. In an instant all joy seemed to be struck out of her life, and she to be alone on earth. But Momo, who was thoroughly wide awake, and evidently excited by the unwonted appearance of the new-comers across the street, continued to scream, "Paul! pretty Paul!" He brought Eirene back suddenly "to a realizing sense," as Tilda would have called it. "You sing for spite—you sing for doom!" she would undoubtedly have exclaimed had she been a theatrical young lady; but as she was only a simple, suffering girl, whom a new anguish had suddenly stung into a nervous irritation before unknown to her nature, she only walked quickly to the window and took the cage from the ledge, with Momo still screaming to the most piercing limit of his voice. "Hush! hush!" she exclaimed. "Momo, you shall never mortify me again; you shall go and sit in the back yard for—ever!"

Here came a long, deep sob, and she sank vanquished by the first blow of her new enemy.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Tilda, an hour or two later, when, as she returned from prayer-meeting, she stumbled over the cage in the middle of the floor, and, lighting the candle, found Momo in deep disgrace, with his head muffled in his feathers, and Eirene with her head buried in the bed.

"Nothing," said Eirene, lifting a white face from the pillow, "only I'm not feeling quite well. Momo was so noisy in the window, I set him there. I shall keep him in the yard hereafter." And with these words she arose, and quietly walked out of the room with the cage.

"Oh, no; nothing's the matter!" muttered Tilda, as she sat down by the open window, grimly planting her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands; "nothing's the matter; only those cursed—(may the Lord forgive me!)—those *cussed* Boston folks have come. I saw 'em drive up this mornin' in a circus-coach, it looked like to me; and the snip had her hat full of feathers, and the feller looked as if he ought to be spanked; and I thanked goodness the child was in the shop and couldn't see 'em; but she has seen 'em and heard 'em, and heard the peanner goin', and the poor baby all alone in the dark! Now, we'll see what we shall see. I'll see if he'll keep the promise he made in that letter, and marry her. If he don't, may the Lord—— If he does, he'll be the death of her. I told her so. *Why* didn't she get religion! Then he'd 'a' had to have stayed with his own kind, for all of comin' to break her heart!"

It was past midnight when the music and mirth in the drawing-room across the street ceased, and Isabella Prescott retired to the apartment assigned to her for the night. It was Eirene's old room, into which two others had been thrown. Bella was seated by the same window where Eirene sat when Paul contemplated her from under the cherry-tree. But her gaze was not turned outward; she was busy scanning the furniture by the searching gas-light, which had taken the place of Eirene's tallow candle.

"Every thing smells as if it had just come out of a varnish-shop," she said, as she sniffed her nose contemptuously. "New, stark, staring new, every article in the room. I see they have taken some lessons from Marlboro—bought every thing as dark and rich as possible; but veneering, varnish, and new

oils, are not to be repressed. Ugh! I shall smother. If I don't, how I shall look in the morning, after breathing such air all night! And it is quite necessary that I should look my best—languid, slightly pale, but still my best," she said, proceeding to the glass and commencing to practise her usual faces. "The shop-girl has more of a face than I was quite prepared to see," she soliloquized, as she went on putting her hair into crimps. "Not a common face, certainly—a face that I would make havoc with myself, if I were a young man. I like to do it justice—absolute justice; then I can take so much the more credit to myself as an artist, when I triumph over it and crush it; for I intend to crush it. I'll pay you, Miss Shop, for interfering with a Prescott!"

Miss Prescott was perfectly well aware what she was doing when she brought her carriage and horses, coachman and footman, to Busyville. Dick remonstrated—said it was parvenuish, and unworthy of their high estate; but Miss Isabella declared that "she didn't care;" and she didn't. What she did care for, was to impress upon the mind of a vulgar town her own magnificence, for the establishment was her own. "It is useless to object, Dick," she said; "I'm not going to be jolted about in their old country arks. I'm so delicate!" Thus the Prescott bays and barouche issued from the village livery-stable every evening, and passed through the village-street, the wonder and the envy of the natives. A European war, or the "abolition of slavery," could not have plunged the villagers into such a state of personal excitement.

"It is plain enough to see why such people visit the Mallanes. They have a son!" said the Brahmins, with uplifted noses.

"What does Brother and Sister Mallane expect is goin' to become of their souls, encouragin' such pomps and vanities, and a-settin' such an example!" said the Bustlers. But in both classes the seed of Isabella Prescott's vanity

reaped an abundant harvest. For six months after, Busyville boasted that it had more dashing teams than any other town in the county.

More than a week had passed, and Paul and Eirene had not spoken since the evening when they met in Lover's Walk. Yet she saw him every day—sometimes in the grand barouche, seated beside Miss Prescott; sometimes on Fleetfoot, with Miss Prescott, in an elegant habit, with a jaunty hat full of shining plumes, on another curvetting horse by his side, going or returning from their daily ride; sometimes in the veranda, reading to Miss Prescott; sometimes in the rustic seat under the old cherry-tree, chatting with Miss Prescott by the hour; but whenever or wherever she saw him, always with Miss Prescott. Outside of working-hours there was little refuge from this sight of him; for there was neither light nor air in Seth Goodlove's front chamber away from the window.

"Well," said Tilda, one evening, looking across the stand to Eirene, sitting in her old seat with her eyes fixed upon a piece of sewing, through which the needle seemed to pass faltering and slowly, "I will declare that you are sick, and shall go home. John Mallane gave you a vacation last year; why don't he do so this? You need it now enough sight more, goodness knows. I shall ask him myself to-morrow, and tell him, if you don't go, you'll be right sick; and you will. No, I won't tell him any such thing: I'll tell him you need rest, and must have it. I *will* say to you, Eirene Vale, that I never saw such a change in any person in one week in my life. I can't bear it, and ain't a-goin' to try. I hate him so, I do. Oh, I'm losing my religion. I've lost my enjoyment. I ha'n't had the evidence for a week. *That's* the harm it's doin' me, Eirene Vale; and it's killing you. I told you so. I told you so. Heed me you wouldn't."

The face had, indeed, changed, which looked back to Tilda without a word. The roundness, the peachy bloom of

the cheek, the unquestioning trust of the eyes, were gone. Experience and pain had done the work of years. It was suffering which had struck out the first fresh tints of youth. It was like an untimely frost on a Spring flower. There was a tension about the mouth, a depth in the eyes, never seen there before. The dreaming girl had gone forever; in her place was the woman.

"I am sorry, Tilda, you should feel troubled about me," she said, in a strangely quiet tone. "I am not as well as usual. I will ask Mr. Mallane myself, to-morrow, to let me go home for a week. I will go and walk a little way now. I think the air will do me good."

Eirene had been gone but a few moments, when Paul Mallane knocked at the open door below.

In the back room Mrs. Goodlove was washing the tea-dishes, amid a flock of quarreling children. The whole air of the place was hot as an oven. The heat in the front room, with the smell of the last winter's smoke and of yesterday's cabbage, was stifling to Paul; while Mrs. Goodlove, with her sleeves above her elbows and a greasy apron on, began to rattle and roll up a torn paper-curtain while she asked him to be seated, adding, that she would go and see if Eirene was in. By this time Tilda, who had seen Paul come across the street, leaned over the balusters, where, through the open door, she looked him directly in the face, and exclaimed, in no dulcet tone,

"You needn't come here, Paul Mallane. Eirene Vale is not in; and if she was, she would not see you."

"Thank you," said Paul, and walked deliberately out. As he left the house, he observed Bella in an airy robe of azure sitting in the garden veranda and joined her. Not long after, Eirene, coming down the street, saw the two sitting there, and they saw her. As she looked up, Paul bowed; but there was a remoteness that could not be measured in the recognition. Had he been on the other side of the earth, he could not have seemed further away. Still,

upon her face she felt his kisses, and she said,

"One week ago he called me his promised wife. Can this be he?"

Paul, looking after her, noted the slight form, the weary step, the plain dress, the white sun-bonnet hiding her face, and said,

"She is the woman I have promised to marry, and she lives in that horrid place!"

He looked at the woman by his side, her fair hair gleaming through a net of silver thread; at the transparent robe of blue, in whose elegant fabric and fashion Paris seemed to have surpassed itself; at the delicate hands glittering with gems; at the woman whom poverty and pain and care had never touched, sitting perfectly picturesque in her summer setting of flowers and vines, and he felt the contrast. It is doubtful if the fairest woman knows how much she may owe to her graceful and gracious surroundings. It is difficult for the loveliest of women to realize how much she may lose because her beauty struggles into flower in a harsh atmosphere and amid vulgar associations. Eirene, as she stepped into Seth Goodlove's odoriferous hall, felt the pang in her heart, without knowing one half of her disadvantages. The beauty of her soul and of her face had been so potent as to command love in defiance of conditions the most repelling to a man like Paul Mallane. He loved Eirene, and did not love the woman by his side; yet her art, with the glamor of her accompaniments, were powerful enough to hold him from the woman that he loved. Bella saw Eirene, and Paul's following and returning glance, and understood it. She was perfectly aware of her own immense advantage, and made the most of it. How was Paul to know that the perfect picture which she made, with the very effect that it had upon himself, was the result of hours and days of study? for the most diplomatic of men is an unsuspecting infant before the small but occult arts of an artful woman. Paul looked at Bella, and saw

only the pale, transparent skin, the shy, deprecating, appealing air which had enchanted him for the last month. She was no longer arch and tantalizing; never mentioned the shop-girl, nor teased him about "a little loveress." No; she was so utterly drooping and submissive, so pleadingly tearful. She made him feel all the time that he had done her an injury in not asking her to marry him; and he was still busy making her amends.

"It won't be long before she will be gone," he said to himself; "then I can go back and ask my little girl's pardon. I'll tell her just how it has been; and she will forgive me, when she sees how much I'm sacrificing to marry her." Paul was not in an enviable state of mind. No man ever is who is doing his best to divide himself between two women. Through all these days of utter neglect he had not been without a desire to see Eirene. While seeming utterly oblivious of her, more than once he had looked through the closed blinds of his own room to the utterly uninviting house across the street, and helplessly wished that there were some place where he could visit with Eirene, as he did during the last summer.

"What's the use of going over there?" he asked. "There's that dragon forever on the watch. And if she were not, it's enough to put the sentiment out of any man, to try and talk love amid such a clatter of pots and young ones, with more than the seven smells of Cologne pushing through the door to knock him over. I might meet her in Lover's Walk every evening, and keep her poor little heart assured, at the expense of all the slander that Busyville could concoct," he said. "But I won't. I won't be a scamp—not to her. If I don't keep her sweet heart from aching, I'll keep her pure name from blame."

I am aware that I am throwing away a fine opportunity of showing Paul Mallane to be a villain. According to the way of novels, he should flirt with Isabella Prescott, and promise to marry her by day; write to Eirene secretly,

meet her clandestinely, pursue her, ruin her, and forsake her. The world has had too many of such pictures. If Paul Mallane were such a villain, I should not be writing about him. It would be sad enough for the race that he lived, without perpetuating his picture. Paul Mallane was a man with the possibility in him of a high nobility, which his mother, the prevailing power in his life, had never fed or fostered. He is a thoroughly defective character—one who has missed goodness, as in higher or lower degree we all miss it. The sorrow that he wrought came from the defects and discrepancies of his own nature, not from any deliberate purpose to do a great wrong. The consummate villain, the piercing-eyed gentleman of unutterably diabolical attributes, spends his existence chiefly in the novel. I never saw him, therefore I shall not put him in mine.

There was no end to Tabitha Mallane's projects for the enjoyment of the young people. Every day she planned some new picnic, fishing-party, or excursion, all of which Isabella Prescott pronounced to be "lovely," and most reviving to her spirits and delicate health. This was delightful to Mrs. Tabitha, who declared that the dear child must stay till her health should be perfectly restored. At the end of the week Dick took himself off; but Miss Prescott seemed no nearer departing than on the day of her coming. This evening, Paul's desire to see Eirene, quickened by many pricks of conscience, overcame his dislike and dread of the Goodlove house sufficiently to impel him to go across the street to see her. The conviction came suddenly to him, the longer he put off an explanation, the harder it would be to make it; and that moment he wished it were over, and that Bella Prescott were out of the way. But the atmosphere of the house, and Tilda Stade's reception, made him feel as if any intercourse with Eirene at present was impossible. He did not believe a word of Tilda's speech, yet something in him made him glad that she said what she

did ; it seemed to afford him an excuse for his actions.

Tilda, having given vent to her temper, was quite willing to believe that she did it "from a sense of duty ;" but the same "sense" did not incline her to inform Eirene that Paul had called at the house and inquired for her. Presently she went away, and left Eirene alone with her thoughts, and the couple on the opposite veranda, now growing shadowy in the twilight. Eirene gave one glance at them, and then took refuge from the sight in the dimness of the room.

"How near you seemed to me in Cambridge, Paul !" she said ; "but within sound of your voice, with only the street between us, it seems as if the universe divided you and me—as if I should never speak with you again."

Soon the piano sent forth the notes of the sweetest air in "Martha," and the melody drew her involuntarily to the window. All that she knew of music was in emotion ; this in her was a deep interpreter ; it thrilled her, moved her, filled her with bliss or pain. No music had ever seemed so sweet, and yet so sorrowful, as this, coming in to her as she sat alone. It came from him, from her ; they were enjoying it together, and she was shut out. Before she knew, she felt herself moving towards it. She looked ; the night was dark ; no one could see her—no one, not even if she slipped into the garden and listened. There, although no one welcomed her, she would not be so entirely shut away. She stole softly down across the street, and looked around. Nobody was near. She slipped through the side-gate, on to the turf, crossed it to the old cherry-tree, and then looked

up. The long windows of the drawing-room were wide open. There was no one in it but Paul and Miss Prescott, who was sitting before the piano playing. She was evidently perfectly familiar with the opera, for Paul was not turning over the leaves of her music. Instead, he was leaning on the piano near, gazing intently at her. She played on and on, air after air, and all were of an infinite tenderness, imploring, pathetically sweet. There were long pauses between the music, when Paul leaned nearer to the player in the dim light, and his low tones, with the soft, tremulous cadences of her speech, wandered out to the motionless watcher in the garden. It is a pretty parlor-picture, isn't it ?—the handsome young gentleman and lady in the luxurious room, sitting in a tender attitude, certainly, discoursing of music, perhaps ! It is not at all a heart-rending scene to describe. Strange it should have transfixed into a marble whiteness the girl in the garden. She was a foolish little girl, you see, and had much better have been up in the Goodlove bed, sound asleep. It is not much to tell about ; it is only a true soul dying its first death in life, in its first desolation of distrust in the being whom it believed to be truth itself. It is only a young, loving, faithful heartaching out there in the darkness ; that is all.

"Of course you may go," said John Mallane to Eirene the next morning, as she stood by the desk in his office. "Bless me, child ! what's happened to you ? Why didn't you ask me before, if you were sick ? You need the mountain-air. Go, and stay as long as you please."

A LITTLE FURTHER ON.

ONCE, in our spring-time rambles, in unforgotten days,
Where frail wild roses brightened the quiet woodland ways,
And lilies of the streamlet, and mandrakes pale and sweet,
And many a nameless blossom, lured on and on our feet ;

Thou, love, at length grown weary, didst say, " Beneath yon trees
I pass to rest a moment ; stay thou to gather these ;
I go before ; yet hasten, for day is well-nigh gone ;
I'll wait thee on the homeward way, a little further on."

Again for me the spring-time arrays the fields in bloom,
And tempts my feet to wander 'midst beauty and perfume ;
In vain would they beguile me, for unto thee are given
The ever-blooming gardens and vernal fields of heaven.

And, sick with jealous longing, my heart seems cold and dead,
As if life's charm and freshness with thy dear presence fled,
And, in my restless yearning to go where thou art gone,
I seem to hear thee whisper, " A little further on."

In that calm hour I hear it, when Eve is on her way
To close with her cool fingers the weary eye of day,
When, under the soft azure and 'midst the hills of gold
The portals of the West in their crimson pomp unfold.

How oft we gazed together, and questioned if the scene
Were like the heaven we hoped for, so glowing, yet serene,
And deemed through such a gateway God's messengers might bring
Souls from earthly bondage to the palace of the King.

Ah ! love, before thy vision lies clear that realm of light ;
For me are these chill shadows, this drear and lonely night ;
The eyes that, dim with weeping, see not the heavenly dawn ;
The breaking heart that seeks not its treasure further on.

And yet in hours inspiring, I seem sometimes to feel
Thy presence, e'en as perfume will some near flower reveal ;
An influence uplifting, a sense of sympathy
In all that once together was loved by thee and me ;

As if the breathing fragrance, as if the wind's low tone,
And rippling waters, whispered thy love was still my own ;
And I recall thy bidding to gather by the way
The sweet spring-flowers that clustered beside our path that day,

And feel thou wouldst not have me to walk through life in gloom,
Unmindful of the blessings that in its pathway bloom ;
But gather them like blossoms, ere yet the light be gone,
The while I go to join thee, a little further on.

THE PASSION-PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, JULY, 1870.

It is scarcely necessary here to relate at length the various adventures of two lovelorn damsels, who left their trunks and their travelling-companions at Vienna, and started valiantly upon a pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau, or to go into the details of their encountering at Munich another lovelorn one come from Switzerland to share their fortunes; to tell how the party gathered unto itself a "great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman" and his wife, and how the merry quintette proceeded by rail to Wilhelm, whence they rode in an open carriage to Ober-Ammergau; to relate their queer experiences in little German inns, the strange dishes, the predominating presence of beer, the curious compounds of smells, the swelling feather-beds that usurped the place of sheets and blankets, the skirmishes for rations, the forays after towels, the pudding-dishes that did duty as wash-basins, the constant guerilla warfare waged upon fleas, the jokes, the laughter, the thousand airy nothings that pluck the sting from discomfort and turn it into jollity; in a word, the difficulties and the delights of a trip into the Bavarian Highlands. Indeed, after so much has been written upon the subject, there remains but one excuse for saying any thing more: the fact that, after all, every thing that can be written upon a work of art to be of any real value must necessarily be subjective; it must be the truthful description or representation of the effect of that work of art upon the mind of the writer. What he learns from books or repeats from the words of others is worthless in comparison with the careful record of one human experience. It is from these varied points of view that we endeavor to catch a vision of things we have not yet seen; and we ask of the favored mortals who have beheld them in the flesh, not their size or their color, but

their effect upon these, our friends' natures. And for this reason only do I dare to give you a peep through my spectacles at the Passion-Play of 1870.

We had heard at Munich that two of the principal actors had been drafted, and were ordered into service; but a petition having been sent the King, he permitted the unfortunate peasants to remain till the morning of the 25th, and to enact, for the last time in their lives, perhaps, the scenes with which we are so familiar. We arrived at Ober-Ammergau early on the 23d, having driven over from Murnau through mountains and forests of surpassing beauty. The little village, nestled in the very heart of the great rocky hills, was all in a stir when we arrived. Mine host was bustling about his inn, at whose hospitable doors wagon-loads of hungry strangers were continually arriving; little knots of peasants were standing about discussing the last preparations; tidy German servant-girls were rushing around with four or five full pots of beer in each hand; the children looked as if they knew that the success of the play depended on their best efforts, and the very donkey that they were harnessing drooped his ears as with a meek pride in his important rôle of the morrow. Even Tobit's dog, a very frowsy animal, by the way, trotted up and down as if he had a good deal on his mind, and could not possibly stop to talk with common dogs.

We deposited our modest effects at the inn, and then started out to explore the village and its stores of wood-carvings, for which it has always been famous, but had not gone far when a mysterious elderly person in spectacles rushed after us in eager haste from an arbor where he had just before been calmly sipping beer, and whispered in German, with an air of great importance, "There, look there! that is the

Christ, that gentleman with the long beard!" We looked eagerly, as after royalty in all its glory, and beheld passing on the other side a tall, graceful, majestic figure in rough attire, with flowing dark hair and beard, a sweet and sad expression, and an air of grave gentleness and dignity. This was the Joseph Mair, who enacts the part of Christ. Macready is said to have begun to be Richard the Third at three o'clock in the afternoon, after which time it was dangerous to approach him; but this untutored peasant must have been absorbed in the spirit of his part for months, so perfect did his whole appearance answer to the ideals of Titian and Rubens. His fellows spoke to him with more of reverence than they showed each other, and his dignity, though it had nothing of assumption about it, was very real and imposing. At six o'clock the next morning he was seen at the early mass, preparing himself for the religious duties of the day by fasting and prayer.

Others have doubtless described and re-described that singular theatre, with its roof of blue sky and its background of green hills and rocky crags, its streets and its houses, with their projecting balconies wherein some of the scenes of the drama were enacted. We had read many such accounts, we had even seen the theatre, and looked at the pictures of the actors in their wonderful costumes; but when, after the distant boom of cannon, and the few solemn bars of the overture, that beautiful procession of the chorus in their brilliant robes of many colors came gliding upon the stage in the full blaze of the bright summer sunshine, it was impossible to repress a cry of delight. There they stood, the bright-robed figures, with their floating hair and exquisite sweep of drapery, worn with consummate ease and grace, the streets of Jerusalem stretching away behind them, the golden butterflies fluttering about their heads, the sunshine lighting up their hair and casting sharp, clean-cut shadows at their feet, the fresh summer breeze rippling the folds of their sweeping robes; there they stood,

and sang that quaint and touching music while the tableaux came and went behind them, and we waited for the real action to begin. For the Passion-Play is performed thus: the chorus sing an explanation of the tableaux (which are from the Old Testament), and describe their relation to the events of the New, and then comes that scene from the life of Christ of which they are supposed to be the antetypes, beginning with his entry into Jerusalem. The scene was intensely real as the multitude entered, strewing palm-branches and shouting hosannas, and throwing down their garments before that tall, pale figure in amaranthine robes, who comes slowly down the street riding upon an ass. There was nothing to recall one from the illusion of the piece. The dresses, so perfect and so simple; the acting, so earnest, so natural, so devotional; the hundreds of people thronging the wide streets of that immense stage; the utter absorption of every one in the play, not even the merest supernumerary appearing to remember for one moment that he was acting, and before an audience; the air, the breeze, the sunshine, all the influences of soul and sense combined, transported one nineteen centuries back into the past. And then the charm of that beautiful tall figure, with its slow and quiet majesty of grace, the draping of the crimson and purple robes over the absolutely perfect form, the thrilling tones of the pathetic voice uttering the well-known words which we have all heard from babyhood, was all-entrancing. We saw the scene in the temple, where the tall form of the Christ towered above the scattering and dispersed throng of money-changers, as the doves flew high in air from their overturned cages. We saw the scene at Bethany, where the beautiful Virgin-Mother, draped in the traditional blue and red, took such a tender and pathetic leave of her departing son, while Martha, Mary, and the young St. John, with his pleading eyes, surrounded and consoled her. We saw the high-priests and rabbis plotting together against the life of Christ, and had something too much

of their long-winded deliberations. The character of Judas is one of the most elaborate in the play, and was superbly interpreted. He is portrayed not as the gross and vulgar villain that one would fancy the uncultured minds of these poor peasants could alone depict, but as one possessed by the demon of greed, who betrays his Master reluctantly, led away by his overpowering passions, but betrays him, as he thinks, only to temporary disgrace, never doubting but that Christ's miraculous power will bring him out in safety from the hands of his enemies. The overwhelming remorse and agony of Judas when he finds that Christ really is to die, his frantic appeals to the Sanhedrim to reverse the sentence, his final dashing of the blood-money into their scornful and contemptuous faces, his weary roaming up and down, driven on by the stings of a tortured conscience, his wild ravings over his sin, and last of all his frenzied leap into the other world, were portrayed with a fire, an intellectual vigor, a subtlety of conception and finish of execution that left nothing to be desired. We no longer wondered that the King of Bavaria sent his best actors here to learn their business.

Then came the preparations for the Last Supper, and then that solemn festival itself. As the scene developed, the ideal of Leonardo da Vinci was more than realized. A quiet sadness dominated all the scene, so gravely, calmly, pathetically represented. As the low strains of a solemn hymn sung by invisible voices stole upon the ear, Christ laid aside his mantle, and girding himself with a towel, proceeded to wash the disciples' feet. A graceful youth held the silver ewer, and assisted at the humble work. It would be impossible to describe the exquisite and sacred beauty of the picture. Never for one instant through the long eight hours of the whole play was there an awkward or ungracious *pose* or motion on the part of any of the actors; every attitude and movement, especially of the Christ, was the very perfection of unstudied grace and beauty. One lovely

picture melted into another, and above and through all was the vivifying spirit of religious earnestness, that prevented all criticism or even eulogy, in the overmastering presence of the sacred scenes so perfectly portrayed. And when the touching rite was at an end, when Judas had rushed out to do quickly that which he had to do, when the sweet and melancholy figure that ruled the scene had administered to each disciple the bread and wine with his own hands, and the weeping friends were gathering into little sorrowing knots around him, once more that voice of thrilling pathos broke the silence with the words of tender comfort from the fourteenth chapter of John, which have consoled so many breaking hearts. It is quite impossible to represent in my poor words the wonderful nature of this scene; but it was one that will live in the imagination and hallow the haunted memory of all who had the happiness to see it.

Before this you will have had all the details of the piece, but I cannot refrain from mentioning one or two of the chief events that followed; the denial of Peter, for instance, surrounded by the rough soldiers around the fire, and the look of pitiful sadness from the silent figure led past him to be tortured. And when we beheld the same figure, stripped of the amaranthine robes, and seated on a stool among the scoffing soldiers, who pressed a crown of thorns upon the brow, thrust a reed into the fettered hands, and threw a scarlet mantle round the shrinking shoulders, what a picture that was! An unearthly beauty seemed to invest the drooping head and perfectly moulded form, thrown into such wonderful relief by the sweeping folds of the red cloak and the shadowed background. Then we saw the same silent figure led from one tribunal to another, tossed from Annas to Caiaphas, from him to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod to Pilate again, still, though mocked, buffeted, scourged, and bleeding, preserving that wonderful ascendancy over all the scene.

Finally we beheld once more, as the curtain drew up, the quiet streets of

Jerusalem, and in the distance on the left, the Virgin and St. John with a little knot of followers come slowly into view. As they draw near, a terrible procession from the other side comes toward them. A ruthless, eager mob, a troop of Roman soldiers, cold and cruel, a knot of executioners, brutal even to look upon, full of a savage delight in their horrid work, and in the midst of all this seething sea of fierce and angry passions, once more that silent figure, bowed almost to the earth under the weight of the heavy cross. All the details of the Bible narrative are rigidly adhered to, the only unscriptural incident being the introduction of St. Veronica—a gracious figure, who gives her handkerchief to the needs of the sufferer she meets and pities. But there was no miraculous imprint brought forth, as indeed there was no attempt at the introduction of any miracle, except the resurrection, in the play itself.

The sad procession disappeared, and once more into the empty streets came the chorus, this time draped in black, and singing a funeral dirge. As its solemn strains proceeded, the blows of a hammer were heard behind the scenes, consummating the terrible tragedy whose last act we were now to behold. The curtain of the inner theatre (the middle stage) was raised, and there, in the midst of the crowd we had just witnessed, hung the two thieves on either side. The figure of the Christ was stretched upon the central cross lying on the ground, while the executioners nailed the inscription over his head, and then it was raised into an upright position. It was a terrible piece of realism. The nails seem actually to pierce the blood-stained hands and feet; there is only a bit of slanting wood under the latter, which are crossed, and no discoverable support anywhere else. The beautiful limbs are flecked with great drops of blood, the chest heaves with anguish, and the body droops lower and lower as the strength seems to ebb from the failing muscles. It is a cruel sight, harrowing enough to see for a moment, then to be mercifully

withdrawn; but the dreadful suffering goes on for over a quarter of an hour, before they begin the slow work of release. All the incidents related in the Bible are enacted; the brutal executioners divide the garments, and cast their lots, and, most dreadful of all, one of the soldiers pierces Christ's side with a sharp spear, and the red blood springs from the wound with a sickening reality. At last the soldiers, the mob, the executioners are all gone, and the pale, blood-stained figure is gently and reverently taken down by some of the disciples, and carried to the tomb. Then follow the resurrection, the appearance in the garden, and the ascension, and the long drama is at an end.

I have purposely waited two or three days before writing this account, lest the excitement of the time and place should have misled me. But with every day that lapses the impression grows and deepens. The choruses are too long sometimes, and weary one; the action is often unnecessarily spun out, the deliberations of the rabbis tedious, and it is often difficult to catch the words; for in an open-air theatre holding six thousand people it is no easy task to speak; while the tableaux accompanying each scene are frequently far-fetched and childish, sometimes absurd. Then the seats are narrow, hard, and uncomfortable; and eight hours, even with an hour's rest in the middle, is a long stretch for the attention. But when one reflects that this marvel of beauty, as far as acting, color, and grouping go, is the production of untutored peasants in a remote village of Bavaria—that not only one actor, but each and all were equally well fitted to their parts in looks and action—that this perfect adaptation was as remarkable as the universal grace of movement—and that this again was only to be equalled by the exquisite brilliancy of coloring and artistic arrangement of all the groups—the *Passionspiel* of Ober-Ammergau becomes indeed a miracle-play. Not one of all the five hundred people concerned in it, down to the veriest babies that added their charm to the tableaux, but was

utterly and entirely absorbed in the spirit of the scene; never by a single look was the presence of an audience acknowledged. The one motive swayed the scene that invests the angular works of the pre-Raphaelites with such an absorbing charm—that strange power that we feel lurking beneath the quaint awkwardness, the grotesque color, the spirit of earnestness that in all ages has ruled the souls of men. That a great deal of artistic feeling is inherent in this race of peasants, no one that has seen their exquisite specimens of wood-carving can doubt; and to this training they probably owe their talent for grouping, and their love of color. But only a strong religious feeling could carry them through the rest—a simple faith, a sincere conviction, an absolute unconsciousness of self, and a devout adherence to the Scripture they endeavor to portray.

Some Munich painters, in their artistic pride, were endeavoring to persuade the village-priest who superintends the play, that it would be much more effective if the Virgin swooned at the foot of the cross, instead of standing, as she does, with clasped hands, her eyes fixed on the Christ. "Gentlemen," said the curé, "the Scripture says she *stood* at the foot of the cross. That is enough." And certainly no dramatic swoon could have been half so touching as the sight of that beautiful girlish figure, with the face of exquisite purity and holiness, standing there so absorbed in her love and her sorrow. And no theatrical sobs and groans could match the still agony of that face as it bent over the dead face upon her lap, while Joseph and the rest prepared the body for the tomb.

And with these most inadequate words I am forced to close.

TO A FALSE MISTRESSE.

[WITH DRYED LEAVES.]

*"Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua."*

CATULLUS.

SEE in these witherd Leaves my Love's embleme,
And let the image yet thy spirit move.
Time's changes gave bothe life and dethe to them;
And thou hast plaied Time's parte unto my love.

The Spring and thou were kindlie, and did beare
Bothe Leaves and Love from nothing into lighte;
And neyther Leaves nor Love an ende did feare;
For both were yong, and all things nigh were brighte.

Then Summer came, and thou didst warmer beame;
And Leaves and Love rejoyct in life and strengthe,
And perfumd kisses, aire, and cooling streame;
And neyther dreamd of death. And yet at lengthe—

And yet at lengthe came Autumn to the Leaves;
And thy false change did take awaie Love's breathe.
O happyer Trees than man whome Fate bereaves!
Ye cannot mourne after youre lov'd ones' deathe.

FOLK-SONGS.

"Für allen Freuden auf Erden
Kann niemand keiner feiner werden,
Denn die ich geb mit mein'm Singen,
Und mit manchem süßen Klingern."

MARTIN LUTHER.

NOTHING more than music marks the difference between human nature and brute nature; and nothing, perhaps, more than the voice marks the growth of culture and civilization. It is a curious illustrative fact that dogs in a wild state never bark; they howl and growl, but the bark seems to be too near an articulation for their untutored throats. Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," refers to the dogs left by Columbus in America: when the great discoverer returned, he found they had forgotten how to bark; relapsed into their primitive inarticulate condition; and Gardiner considers the bark of a dog to be an "effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man." The ease and certainty with which intelligent dogs acquire the comprehension of words, is familiar to every lover of that noble animal. The human voice is even more sensitive than the canine to the effects of refinement and civilization. A lady once remarked that she knew any scholar or man of letters the moment he spoke at her front door by a certain indefinable quality of voice, which she never or rarely detected in others. Gardiner remarks that we may regard the models of physical beauty as the shape and character of organs best adapted to produce lovely sound. "The thick lips of the African, or the spare lips of the Gentoo, are neither of them so well adapted for perfect execution as those of European fashion; the one mumbles, the other lisps." The same writer mentions the peculiarities of tone that pertain to different climates. Under the serene and gold sky of warm and favored climates, the mouth is naturally opened wide, and the language will abound in

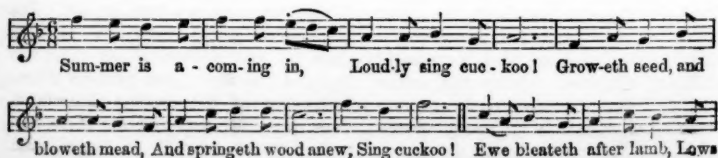
open and sonorous vowels, like the Italian or Spanish. But where frost and cold winds suggest the prudence of keeping the mouth closed as much as possible, the generous tone is found wanting, and gutturals arise from the habit of speaking in the throat, as in German and other northern languages. This idea, however, must not be pushed too far. The Swedish language does not possess, certainly, the liquid mobility of the Italian; but as we listened to it on one occasion, it seemed to possess so much grace and sweetness that it might well afford some rugged consonants for the sake of strength, thus uniting the sonorous softness of the south with the dignity and power of the north. When we expressed our admiration to the Swede whose musical articulation was so charming, he assured us that the language was considered by many musicians as the best in the world for song. It would be a most interesting but very profound task for philological learning, to make an analysis of all languages, barbarous and cultured, and of the same tongue in different stages, upon strict euphonic principles and with reference to musical adaptability, so as to show by scientific induction the kind of tone appropriate to the different stages of human growth and to the physical environment of races.

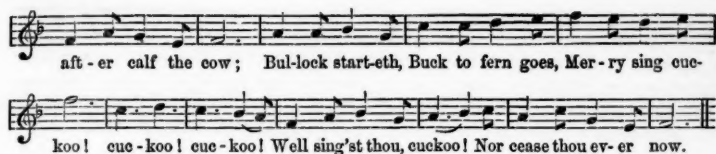
The attachment of peoples to their national songs and music, especially if it be a rich store, is a familiar fact. The attachment grows with the people's growth; and after a milder type has replaced the sturdy, but perhaps truculent, songs of the ancient fatherland, these are still treasured for their historic interest as well as for a wild

beauty which testifies to both the æsthetic and moral vigor of the people's youth. Frederick I of Germany could have found no surer way to the popular heart, especially of succeeding ages, than by his love and cultivation of his native tongue, which enforced the use of the German of the twelfth century "for all court and state purposes," and encouraged the rising attempts of German song. "The ruins of his palace at Gelnhausen," says a writer upon the Minnesingers, "are said still to carry with them the traditional attachment of the neighborhood; and even in the dark recesses of the Hartz forest, the legend places him in a subterranean palace in the caverns of the Kyffaus mountain, his beard flowing on the ground, and himself reposing in a trance upon his marble throne, awakening only at intervals to reward any votary of song who seeks his lonely court." (Taylor, "Lays of the Minnesingers," p. 99.) Songs of warlike deeds were always the delight of the ancient Germans; and when Ludwig the Pious tried to banish the songs recounting the legends of barbarous and heathen lore, the love of song, it was found, could not be subdued; and it was found necessary to supply the people with metrical versions of the New Testament and of Scripture stories, in order to wean them from their old heroic ballads.

The two lands which surpass all others for beauty, richness, and variety of popular songs, are Germany and Scotland. The romantic lyre of Provence bequeathed little or nothing. France and Spain have each a highly characteristic music, but small in quantity and inferior in depth. The Irish music has many charms investing an unmistakable individuality. Nowhere, in the ancient days, were bards and poets held in high-

er honor than among the Irish. Their profession was a hereditary privilege, allowed only to members of illustrious families; and many of their ballads, which were devoted chiefly to the memory of national achievements, still remain sources of the materials of Irish history. But the legend of St. Patrick, according to which he destroyed three hundred volumes of ancient Irish songs in his zealous determination to root out all antique superstitions inconsistent with Christianity, at once reveals the former national fecundity in song, and reminds us of the present comparative paucity of Irish folk-music. Ireland's melodies are not very many in number, and, though characteristic and often very pleasing, seldom or never reveal much depth of mental or moral experience. England has an unequalled store of ballads, which are most delicious poetry and by far the noblest specimens of heroic lyrics that any tongue possesses; but the melodies to which minstrels sung them have died out of the popular memory and usage; nor have they been succeeded, speaking generally, by any other folk-songs of musical value. An exception is the well-known beautiful air of Ben Jonson's song, "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes"—the many efforts to discover the composer of which have been unsuccessful, although it dates only from the last century. England, however, whatever may be its popular musical status now, has had its thriving time of folk-songs and of general musical culture. A song which has descended from about the middle of the thirteenth century presents the first example of secular music in parts (it was elaborately harmonized in six parts) which has been found in any country. The following is the melody, with the words modernized:





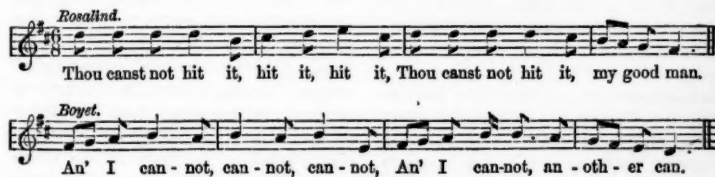
Although a law of Queen Elizabeth pronounced minstrels to be "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," music seems to have been much esteemed and cultivated during that Queen's long reign. The minor air, *Which Nobody can Deny*, dating from that time, is still popular and yet flourishes as a street-song in London. In Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time," to which work we are indebted for our specimens of old English song, there are some pages of interesting and curious details illustrative of the prominence of music in the sixteenth century. Musical abilities were advertised among the qualifications of persons wishing to be servants, apprentices, or farmers. An impostor who pretended to be a shoemaker was detected because he could not "sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme." Each trade had its special songs, and the beggars also had theirs. The fine whistling of carmen became proverbial. Base-vents hung in the parlors for the convenience of waiting guests, and were even played upon by ladies in James' reign.

No barber-shop was complete without the lute, cittern, and virginals, wherewith customers might amuse themselves while waiting their turns. To read music at sight was an essential in a gentlewoman's education, and lute-strings were common New-Year's gifts to ladies. "Some idea of the number of ballads that were printed in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, may be formed from the fact that seven hundred and ninety-six ballads, left for entry at Stationers' Hall, remained in the cupboard of the council-chamber of the company at the end of the year 1560, to be transferred to the new wardens, and only forty-four books."

A characteristic and admirable little melody is one referred to by Shakespeare in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act IV, Scene 1:

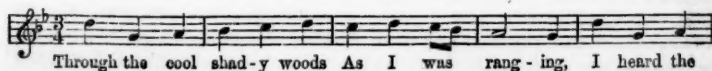
Rosalind.—Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the *hit it*?

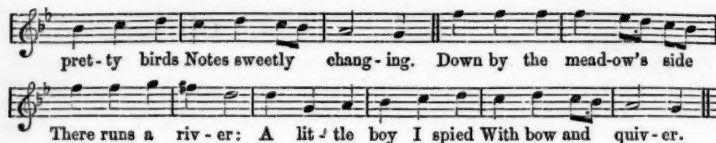
Boyet.—So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the *hit it*.



We will give one more specimen for its great beauty—a charming minor melody. Payne Collier professes to have seen it in a manuscript dated 1595. The title of the ballad, of which

we give only one stanza, is "*Cupid's Courtship*, or, The Young Gallant Foiled at His Own Weapon. To a most pleasant *Northern tune*." The following is the melody:





But however pleasing many of the old English songs may be, however original also, we must recur to our previous statement that, of all countries, Scotland and Germany stand preëminent for folk-music; and if we consider not only the number, richness, and beauty of these songs, but their present vitality in their fatherlands, and indeed all over the earth where men are sensible to refined music, Germany and Scotland appear so to surpass all other countries in this respect, that, in comparison, hardly any other can be said to have any people's-music at all. The superiority of these two exists, however, with this striking difference between them, that the Scottish people's-songs appear like a case of arrested development, since they exist unaccompanied by any high art. Notwithstanding the beauty, the witchery, the originality and undeniable genius of the Scotch people's-music, Scotland never produced a great composer or exhibited any scientific musical activity or power; while above the people's-songs of Germany towers that wonderful and sublime art with which all the world is familiar as the grandest musical expression of the human soul. Between the charms of the Scottish and German people's-songs we shall not venture to decide authoritatively or dogmatically. But, for ourselves, we must own that we find the shadow or the light of every mood of mind and soul reflected in the German music as we find it nowhere else. It plays upon the pulses to quicken or subdue like a beloved face, so complete is the human nature and human life on all its sides, that floats on this wonderful Amazon of melody and harmony. German life, in its habits, manners, tastes, and feelings, is a deep calm, partly philosophic, partly patriarchal. Their most populous and most busy cities "are quiet haunts for medi-

tation" compared to American or even English activity. When an intelligent lady, of simple tastes and poetic culture, returned recently from Germany and landed in New York, she remarked that she had not encountered any thing during her absence so fatiguing to her whole being, physical and spiritual, as the mere sight of Broadway; and she assured us that no words could do justice to the contrast between that whirling, dizzy torrent and the limpid repose of Dresden. Goethe says of his grandfather: "In his room I never saw a novelty. I recollect no form of existence that ever gave me, to such a degree, the feeling of unbroken calm and perpetuity." Therefore German music has a serenity and placid depth, a restfulness and repose, which come like a voice or memory recalling childhood's home, and fold the soul again upon the bosom of maternal peace. But German life, too, has been a tragedy, a battle for freedom; the Fatherland has been invaded by Frenchmen, and the young men went to war. Therefore German people's-music is on fire with fervent patriotism and martial sacrifice. The Fatherland! the Fatherland! rings like a clarion through it; it is tender and thrilling, too, with the rapture of passionate partings, devoted deaths or glad returns. And in the whole circle of its subjects and passions, from the quiet contemplation of nature to patriotic and martial pride, there is one thing that this music always is—it is always *believing* in tone; there is not a skeptical song, not a faithless refrain, not a melody or note of moral indifference or hopelessness in these people's-songs, so far as we have become acquainted with them. "In his songs and in his lectures," it has been said, "the German dreams of making a heaven of earth." A kind of glow is cast over all common

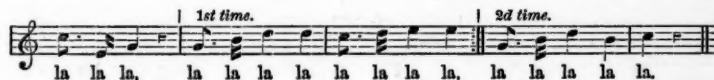
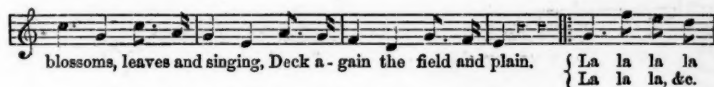
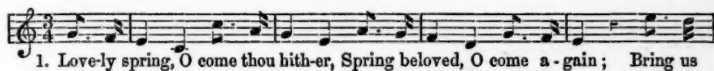
things and daily life; nature is beautiful in the common landscapes of the Fatherland. The hunter's life and the song of the shepherd-boy; the sleeping babe and the quiet of the night; friendship and companionship; domestic peace and modest content; the delights of social pleasure and the German beer-mug; the dance and common stories; all these are sung with a certain warm heartiness and cheer, a simple good faith and belief in human nature and pleasure in things as we find them; a sensitiveness to the lovely side of common things and the exalted side of lowly things, that comes like a benediction to the tired and disappointed, and sings the heart into "leisure from itself," to soothe and sympathize. "One of the most amiable characteristics of German poetry," says a writer, "is its celebration of the domestic affections. Goethe has given us a domestic epic in his 'Hermann and Dorothea,' and Voss, in his 'Luisè,' has produced a popular idyl

on the espousals of a country parson's daughter. Even Freiligrath softens the music of his verse when he sings of 'the old pictured Bible' in his father's house."

From collections comprising several thousands of the German folk-songs which we have pored over again and again in leisure hours with ever-new delight, we take a half dozen melodies, selecting specimens illustrating a few of the different kinds or classes which this music presents, and translating the songs which are sung to them in their Fatherland.

A trait of German song is its exuberance of love for the beautiful and joy in nature's perfections. There are countless songs which are only strains of joy "floating on in buoyancy of spirit and glowing with general delight in natural objects, in the bursting promise of spring, or the luxuriant profusion of summer." The following is such a song of joy:

SPRING-SONG.



2.

To the mountain would I fly,
Revel in the valley's green,
On the grass and blossoms lie,
And enjoy the sunlit scene.

3.

I would hear the shepherd piping,
I would hear the sheep-bell ring,
And, rejoicing on the meadow,
I would hear the birdies sing.

Of a similar nature is the following beautiful song in praise of the shepherd's life. There is a certain earnest air about this melody and its fitly-wedded words, as if it might be sung by a good and true-souled man weary and worn with the world's cares, beholding

the secluded freedom of pastoral life with admiration and with something of the shepherd's own free elasticity, yet with a quiet and half-sad undertone of feeling, showing that the heavy responsibilities cannot be readily shaken off.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

1. O shep-herd-boy, O shep-herd-boy, Thou sing'st so fresh and free, Down
from thy ver-dant mountain side Thy cheer-ful mel-o-dy. O

{ joy-ful is the mountain love, And sweet the song to me. O,
{ were I now a shep-herd-lad, Thou hap-py boy, like [OMIT...] thee!

1st time. *2d time.*

2. Then I would sing till echoes sweet
From rock and valley glanced,
And till the world's rejoicing heart
Unto my singing danced :

As fragrant breath of Alpine rose
Flows down the hills along,
O mountain love, so fresh and free,
Do thou inspire my song.

A marked feature, which may almost be said to be peculiar to German song, so lovingly is it treated, is the "Slumber-song," or "Cradle-song," the very

melody of sleep's deep breath. Here is one of the sweetest that has fallen under our notice, and truly an exquisite melody :

SLUMBER-SONG.

1. Dar-ling, let me kiss thee ; Dar-ling dear, good night ; Now to
sleep I hush.... thee, Thou a-wak'st with light. Now shut thy lit-tle
eyes ; To sleep, my child, to sleep ; To sleep, my child, to sleep.

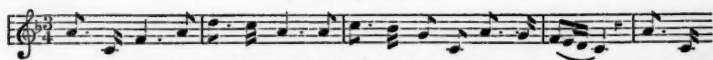
2.
Dreams and visions fearful
From my darling flee,
God's good angel watches,
Darling, over thee.
Now close, ye little eyes,
And sleep, my child, O sleep.

3.
Thy sweet dimples ever
Laugh, are laughing yet :
Sleep, my darling, sleep, 'tis
Time to rest, my pet.
Now close, ye little eyes ;
Sleep, darling, sleep, O sleep.

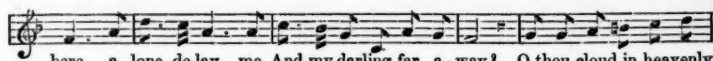
The songs of love among the German folk-songs have a serene and steady temperance about both words and music which is very attractive. It has been remarked that there is a great difference to be observed between the German love-songs and those of the Provençal poets or Troubadours. Their adoration of woman was comparatively an innovation, a reaction from the dishonor in which she had previously been held. It

was hence extreme—a rage, a fashion, which like other fashions was servile. But Tacitus had mentioned the honor paid to woman by the Germans ; and the spirit of chivalry "only mellowed ancient sympathies and aroused affections of a purer and more social description." It was not so much an innovation as a development. The following is a tender love-song, with the title,

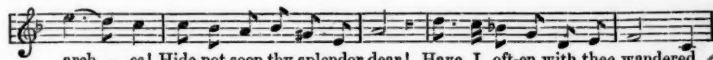
THE CLOUDS.



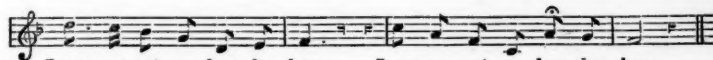
1. See'st thou the clouds so fleet-ing? O, with them I hold my way. Shall I



here a-lone de-lay me, And my darling far a-way! O thou cloud in heavenly



arch-es! Hide not soon thy splendor dear! Have I oft-en with thee wandered,



Leave me not so lone-ly here, Leave me not so lone-ly here.

2.

Whither goest, whither comest,
Take, O take me on thy way;
Ah! they vanish, me deserting,
In the distance float away.
Lonely roam I, sad and distant,
My fond longing in my heart;
Ah! by thee was joy persistent,
All my bliss and joy thou art.

3.

Listen ye my bitter pleading,
Joyous clouds on breezes fair;
As ye will not, will not take me
Through the blue mist of the air,
On your waving wings else-whither
Take with you my sorrow-song;
Let my music with you linger,
Take the voice that grieves so long.

Some of the finest of the German songs are sung in praise of the Fatherland; the following, which is one of the very best and noblest, is charged with a fervent, indignant, menacing, sad, but finally triumphant patriotism, and belongs, certainly in its words and possibly in its music, to an order of song which sprung from the German struggles against French invasion.

The words of this song are by Theodore Körner, a German poet who gave his life for the Fatherland. On the uprising of the Germans for the brief contest which ended at Waterloo, Körner hastened to join the army. He devoted his moments of leisure to the composition of war-songs; and many of his songs took their form from the simple melodies of his country. He also exerted himself to find melodies suited to the stirring and patriotic songs of others. He joined the famous Lützow's Free-corps, and took with them in a village church the oath to spare neither wealth nor life for the cause of mankind, their country, and religion. "By

heaven!" says Körner in a letter, "it was a moment in which this consecration to death impelled every breast and when every heart beat heroically." The poet-soldier was killed in a charge of the Lützow Cavalry, August 20, 1813, just before which, while they were resting in a wood, he wrote his last poem, the famous "Sword-song," and "was actually engaged in reading it to a friend when the signal for the attack was made."

He was buried underneath a noble oak—a tree much loved by him and celebrated in his verse:

"Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem, too, of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth."

It is said that he had frequently deposited verses in this same oak, composed by him while campaigning in the vicinity. The oak and the grave underneath it are walled in, and a cast-iron monument celebrates the illustrious dead. The inclosure also contains another grave, that of Körner's sister, who

died of grief for her brother's loss, surviving him just long enough to paint his portrait and make a drawing of his last resting-place. Mrs. Hemans has a poem commemorating the noble brother and sister, containing a beautiful stanza addressed to Körner:

"Fame was thy gift from others; but for her,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee! Lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy. What hath she?
Her own blest place by thee!"

Here is the song referred to above, entitled,

THE RISING OF GERMANY.

1. How true are we to - geth - er bound With un - de - ceit - ful heart; And
sad the ho - ly fes - tal woes My youth - ful va - lor start. It drives me
ar - dent in - to song, To harp of storm - y note; And in my heart a
dar - ing word—I'll speak it bold - ly out, I'll speak it bold - ly out. The
time is ill, the world is vile; The no - blest men, a - far; The earth be -
comes a yawn - ing grave For strength and freedom's star. Yet cour - age! when foul
ty - ran - ny Doth Ger - man ground de - spoil, In ma - ny hearts high
va - lor springs, A seed from Ger - man soil, A seed from Ger - man soil.

2. And still the soul of Fatherland
Soars, like an eagle's flight,
And still all cruel chains to rend
Survives the will and might,
And as we here together stand,
In love's rejoicing came,
So shall we meet, breast close to breast,
[When hills break into flame:]

Then courage, comrades, dare be strong!
See vengeance close at hand!
When we with our own red heart's blood,
Shall wash them from the land!
And Thou who call'st the red dawn forth,
This song flies unto thee;
O lead us, Lord, e'en though to death,
[The Land to victory:]

Want of space has compelled the omission of many details and examples, so that we have said nothing about the comic and convivial folk-songs, or the student and *Burschenschaft* songs, and other kinds. We cannot omit, however, to give a sample of the sacred songs of this people's-music. Luther was the first to introduce metrical psalmody into the church service, and his Fatherland sup-

plies some very beautiful sacred songs from its folk-melodies. Here is one most happily wedded to the words, which we have translated without rhyme, in order to preserve as literally as possible the strength and beauty of the original. For a similar reason, we give the beautiful harmony, somewhat reduced, which accompanies it in the "Deutsches Liedlexicon" of August Härtel:

SUNDAY.

Moderato.

1. The Sun-day is here! It cometh, sent to us from heav-en! It still-eth the
tur-moil of all earth-ly care; It stands by the way-side, It
preach-es the bless-ings Which God us doth give, Which God us doth give.

2.

The Sunday is here!
The chain of the plough is not clanging,
The whip is not swinging, the wheel doth
not turn;
How glows in the stillness
The plenty and fullness,
[:The beautiful grain.:]

3.

The Sunday is here!
We scattered the seed and were hopeful!
Amen! said the Father; it grew strong
We rest, while we listen [and tall!
To rustle of sweet corn
[:In ripe waving field.:]

German song has not been silent since the breaking out of the present war. It has poured forth much stirring devotion to the Fatherland, and many lyrics which are said to have won great admiration. The following lines refer to Körner triumphantly. They are from a song entitled 1813-1870, published in the *Main Zeitung*, as translated for *N. Y. Evening Post*:

"Rouse up, my son! the reddening fires are flaring!"
High beats the heart; the hand the sword swung high;
From every glance flashed anger deep, and daring.

VOL. VI.—29

4.

The Sunday is here!
Come, let us sing praise to our Father!
He waters from heaven the weak, thirsty
germ,
Soon clinging and clanging,
The sickles are reaping
[:The plentiful sheaves.:]

5.

The Sunday is here!
What, hoping and loving, we scatter,
Will one day appear in a beautiful guise;
We sow in the dark earth;
Then faith showeth to us
[:The unfading crown.:]

And from the hearth went many a prayerful sigh.

As brothers to the sacred war we sped us,
We were then *one* from th' Belt to the Inn,
And Körner's songs to victory onward led us;
Long sleeps the singer now near Wübbelin!

The lyre which Körner's hand once bore is resting;
The sword remains the nation's pride to trace;

And Körner's songs with victory still reward us;

Still know we well the way in the hostile land.

Germania, true, stood at our birth to guard us;

Deutsch we are yet, in truth, with heart and hand.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF THE FRENCH-PRUSSIAN WAR.

THE cause commonly assigned for the present war is the Hohenzollern candidature, but there are few Frenchmen and Germans who regard it as the real one. It has become quite apparent that this candidacy served only as a pretext, and that the real motive which prompted Napoleon III to declare war against Prussia was his and the French people's jealousy of Prussia.

Ever since Sadowa, and more or less before that memorable event, the French press has been busy fostering in the French people feelings of aversion and enmity to Prussia. Writers of first-class ability did not disdain to represent Prussia as the enemy of liberal progress in Europe, and as the especial antagonist of French civilization. Writers of less ability and coarser tastes excited the populace by recalling to their minds the wars of 1813-'15, in which Prussia played such a conspicuous part. Prussia, it was said, is the most aggressive power in Europe. Her ambition is boundless, and her conscience wide. She established her power on gold and cannon; she grew by treachery, war, and conquest, and holds her ill-gotten possessions by sheer force. Silesia and Poland, in the eighteenth century, Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse, &c., in the present, were alleged in evidence of the charges made, while a mere reference to the left bank of the Rhine, part of which belongs to Prussia, sufficed to remove all doubts from the French mind as to the validity of these charges.

These views of the French press and people have been adopted to some extent by American writers, and many are trying their best to make Americans look at the matter as Frenchmen do.

Thus far the sympathies of the American people have been so largely with Prussia, that there seems to be little reason to suppose that the French view

of the question will ever be popular with the majority of our people. But the opinion of the majority is not necessarily always a just opinion, and it behooves us to study carefully both sides of the question before deciding on its merits.

There can be no doubt that the war is—or must we say *has been*?—popular in both France and Germany. Correspondents from both countries agreed in stating that the spectacle presented by the people of both countries could only be compared to the uprising of our own people at the fall of Sumter in 1861. It is further certain that the German people have not the slightest doubt as to France being responsible for the war. They felt intensely indignant, and their patriotic efforts were all the more energetic for being strengthened by the consciousness of acting in self-defence only. So great was the indignation in Germany at the conduct of France, that all internal strifes were set aside for the time being, and all energies turned to the war. The declaration of war by France has thus resulted in gaining for Germany that unity which France has been so very anxious to prevent.

As regards the French, it seems at first sight strange that they should have become so excited at the prospect of war, which certainly must be accompanied with heavy sacrifices for them. Did they really believe themselves threatened by Prussia, and therefore justified in precipitating a war that would have come sooner or later in any case? This is, indeed, the view entertained by the leaders of the French people; and if it was a correct one, our sympathies should, perhaps, not be given to Prussia, but to France. Let us see what reasons France had for accusing Prussia of hostile intentions against her.

In order to become thoroughly sat-

isfied that the Hohenzollern candidacy served only as a pretext, but was by no means the real cause of the war, one should carefully study the tone of the French press ever since Sadowa in reference to the German question. In 1866 Thiers declared in the French Chamber that the success of Prussia was the disgrace of France. To prevent the union of North and South Germany at all hazards has since been the avowed object of French diplomacy. The victory of Sadowa the French regarded as a national disaster, and some, for instance the "Gaulois," went so far as to call it an insult to France. The military treaties between Prussia and the South German states were regarded as another insult. The firmness of Prussia in opposing the proposed acquisition of Luxembourg by France was a third. In order to understand why this latter affair was considered as equally threatening and insulting to France as the first two, it must be borne in mind that it is generally understood in France that Belgium must eventually become a part of France. But if Prussia would not let even Luxembourg go to France, and was ready to risk a war on that account, how much less could France expect her rival to be a silent spectator when the time for annexing Belgium should come?

The French people cite Strabo in proof that the Rhine is the natural western frontier of Gaul. They all have read enough of their own history to know that under the first Napoleon the left bank of the Rhine had been conquered and annexed by France. The idea that the countries lying west of the Rhine belong by right to France is no less firmly rooted in the convictions of the French people than the belief that it is Prussia alone which stands in the way of France getting back what she considers her rightful property.

Unfortunately for France, not only Prussia, but England, Russia, and certainly Belgium and Holland, utterly deny that the French nation has a right to claim the Rhenish province of Prus-

sia, Belgium, Holland, or the Bavarian Palatinate, any more than to claim any territory on the right bank of the Rhine. Surely, it is not fair that the French should hold Prussia alone responsible for thwarting what France believes to be her legitimate aspirations and designs; but there is, manifestly, a very strong reason for them so to do. If Prussia would yield, either from complacency or from weakness, France would not have much to fear from the other powers. But Prussia would not yield, and she was constantly increasing her strength. This explains why the French so obstinately opposed the union of Germany under the auspices of Prussia. With Germany united under so energetic and active a government as that of Prussia, France would stand but a very poor chance for the realization of her dreams of annexation,—ground enough to make Prussia unpopular in France and to attract on her all the indignation of a people thwarted in its traditional hopes and aspirations. We believe that the foregoing is an exact statement of the case as far as France is concerned; and if any one should doubt the correctness of what we have said, let him study the writings of all the prominent Frenchmen who have ever touched on this subject. If he reads carefully and critically, he will become satisfied as to the entire correctness of our view of the matter.

Knowing the feelings of the French in reference to Prussia, we need not wonder to see Frenchmen accuse her of many things that apparently concern Prussia and Germany alone, and not at all France. Let us examine the French charges against Prussia. In the first place, the case of Schleswig-Holstein is pointed out. That Prussia deprived Denmark of this province and finally annexed it, may or may not have been an act of arbitrary power; but how it could be considered a threat against France does not appear. All Germany had decided that Schleswig-Holstein, having been German territory from time immemorial, should be reunited with

Germany, because the people of Schleswig-Holstein desired it. It is a fact, not known to many, that in 1848 the people of Schleswig-Holstein rose in arms against Denmark, that they had received promises of help from Prussia, and that Prussia, after helping them to beat the Danes, finally, owing to English interference, had given them up to Denmark, thereby loading herself with the execration of the whole of Germany and, of course, that of the people of Schleswig-Holstein more especially. In consequence of the failure of the rebellion, many eminent citizens of Schleswig-Holstein had to leave their country. They came to the United States, and have ever since lived among us. Danes and Scandinavians generally claim that Schleswig belongs to Denmark by right; Germans deny it. That Holstein is entirely German is not disputed even by the Danes. Considering Schleswig and Holstein as one country, as we probably ought to do, there can be no doubt that the *majority* of its people desired annexation to Germany. The north of Schleswig has been largely settled by Danes, and it may readily be granted that it would be better for Prussia to let them join Denmark. The greater portion of the country was joined to Prussia as a necessary consequence of the war with Austria. If France saw any cause for interference in this affair, she surely ought to have interfered when Austria and Prussia were getting ready to go to war. Having neglected to interfere then, she had clearly no right to recur to the matter again; and the truth is, the French government has never done so. Nevertheless, this subject is almost constantly agitated by the French press, and this agitation has a great deal to do with the feeling in France against Prussia.

Sadowa was the second "insult" of which France complains; but Sadowa was only an act of self-defence on the part of Prussia.

In 1866 Prussia had to draw the sword for her very existence. The impotent federal Diet had at last allowed itself to be forced by Austria into a hos-

tile attitude against Prussia. Technically, Prussia may have been in the wrong; but for her to yield would have been to yield to Austria, and to perpetuate the existing condition of things. Austria's interests were very much more in Hungary and other non-German countries belonging to her, than in Germany. Her influence in Germany was calculated to keep the confederation in a state of perfect impotency, and to prevent the realization of the fondest dream of the German people—national unity.

Federal execution, i. e., *war*, having been declared against Prussia, every thing depended on rapidity of action, courage, and ability. Prussia had men who knew what was to be done, and how it had to be done. Sadowa crowned her efforts, and the Prussian Parliament declared that the King of Hanover and several other rulers had, by their hostile and treacherous action against Prussia, forfeited their rights as sovereigns, and that their respective countries should be annexed to Prussia. Was this an act of aggression, of which France had a reason to complain? It might certainly go by the name of "self-defence." At any rate, there never could have been a doubt in the minds of Hanoverian, Hessian, and Austrian statesmen, that if they should not succeed in absorbing Prussia, Prussia would have a right to absorb them; for in war every party must be satisfied with accepting by the chance of war what it intended, by war, to inflict on the other.

The treaty of Prague has been referred to by almost every French writer, who has written on the subject at all, as a worthless document, a piece of paper fit only to be torn up and scattered to the four winds, *because*, according to these writers, Prussia would never be governed by it. If this was so, the question might still be asked, in how far this treaty, whether kept or broken, could have any effect on the attitude of France? But the fact is, that with a single exception this treaty has been scrupulously observed by Prussia. Owing to French influence, Prussia had to

consent to a virtual separation of the North and South of Germany. Unnatural as this separation was, Prussia made no use of her chances to induce Bavaria, &c., to join her in a single confederacy. Prussia occupied Man-yence, which is south of the Main, but in so doing she did not violate the treaty. She never made any open attempt at crossing the Main for the purpose of admitting Baden, which was willing to join the confederacy. Had Prussia really entered into a close union with the southern states, France would still have had no right to interfere, but she would at least have had an excuse. As it is, Prussia did not even make the attempt, and, therefore, left France without any excuse whatever.

In one particular, it is true, Prussia did not observe the treaty of Prague. I refer to the case of North Schleswig. The treaty provides that the inhabitants of North Schleswig should be allowed to join Denmark, if they declared so by a general vote, and that they should be allowed to vote on the question. Prussia has thus far refused to observe this point of the treaty, evidently from fear of losing the good-will of Germany. The German people, and the majority of the people of Schleswig-Holstein, claim Schleswig as German territory, and would brand as an act of infamy the giving up to Denmark of any part of German soil. We need not discuss here the point whether their claim to Schleswig is just or not; suffice it to say that no German, and no inhabitant of Holstein more especially, has ever doubted its entire justice and correctness, and that the whole people are extremely sensitive on this point.

It is all very well to say that what is written is written, and that a treaty should not be made to be violated. Prussia can hardly care enough for the little strip of territory involved, to go to war on account of it, and nothing shows more clearly that neither France nor Prussia considers this matter as of any importance, than the fact that it has not even been mentioned during the entire course of diplomatic contro-

versy which preceded the breaking out of hostilities. Napoleon knew that, if he had made North Schleswig a *casus belli*, Prussia, by yielding, would have left him no excuse for a war; and here, I think, we find the true reason why he never did refer to it. What he wanted was the Rhine for France, not Schleswig for Denmark.

Writers favoring the French side of the present war assert, that the danger for France lay not so much in the existing condition of things, as rather in the probable future of Germany. They predicted that Prussia, not satisfied with North Germany, would sooner or later take Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, then pounce on German Austria, and wind up with Holland. These fears were entertained by the French, and seem to have been suggested by a guilty conscience; for has not France been always intent on abusing her power? Has she not always made war on foreign nations whenever she felt strong enough? Does she not at the present time hold two provinces which she wrested from Germany under circumstances not by any means creditable to France? Is not Nice, the birthplace of the great Italian patriot, Garibaldi, a part of France now? Have not French troops again and again invaded and devastated Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Holland? How natural, then, to suppose that Germany, if once united like France, would follow the example of France! It was this fear which, according to the best of French writers, forms the true and only reason France has had for going to war with Prussia.

The gross injustice towards Germany which lurks in this fear, is not at first sight apparent. While Germany claims to be entirely able to defend herself against Prussia, if this power should abuse her position, France takes it for granted that the intelligence and strength of the German people can be made subject to the will of a single ruler as completely as the intelligence and strength of the French people have been brought under the power of Na-

pooleon III. France judges Germany by herself; and she wrongs her not only in this particular, but also by supposing that the German people and the Prussian King are of the same disposition as the French and their Emperor. It may be safely asserted that there is not now a country in Europe in which freedom is growing as rapidly as in Germany. And along with freedom, culture and all the blessings of civilization are rapidly extending their benign influence among all classes of the people. How much of this progress Germany owes to Prussia, it is not easy to tell; but it is certain that without Prussia Germany would not now be what she is. The success of Prussia insures the unity of Germany, which after Sadowa was threatened by no power except France. France once humiliated, German unity is no longer a dream, but a solid reality. While France was getting ready to make war on Germany, the Germans wondered why the French could be so eager to shed blood. When war was finally declared by France, the French were wild with joy, while the Germans sent forth a shout of indignation and defiance.

War for a reason so flimsy and imaginary as that alleged by France, made Germany feel that there could never be peace in Europe until the foolish ideas of French superiority over every other nation were completely dispelled.

The indignation of Germany was natural and legitimate, the war-fury of France savage and artificial. The Germans felt their blood boil at the thought that a neighboring nation should feel itself called upon to interfere with the affairs of another nation, and that death, wounds, and misery should be dealt out to hundreds of thousands of innocent and peaceful citizens, merely because the French were jealous of the Germans! What had Prussia or Germany done to deserve such a fearful calamity? *Nothing but what Sardinia and Italy, aided by France, had done before!* If the union of Germany was a menace to France, why was not that of Italy a menace to Germany? If the prospective

unity of the one can be assumed to be an excuse for war, what reason is there to believe that the unity of the other might not likewise be made such an excuse? And, if Spain and Portugal should succeed in uniting, would there not be a third case for war? And again, if Ireland should declare herself perfectly satisfied with remaining in the British confederation, would not there be a fourth case? And, if Sweden, Norway, and Denmark should unite, would not that constitute the fifth?

It must be remembered that, thanks to Prussia and the enlightened policy of Bismarck, there is at present in Germany scarcely any difference in opinion as regards the future of the land.

In 1866 Prussia had urged the stupid federal Diet to adopt a new federal constitution, based upon universal suffrage, and calculated to make the federal union a serious reality, and not a mere farce. Her proposals were rejected by the majority, and she herself put under the ban. Had she not been strong enough to smite her enemies, who in point of territory and population were far superior to her, Germany would not be able, to-day, to repel a French invasion and uphold the honor of Germany; the old, impotent federal union would have dragged on its miserable existence, too stupid even to furnish food for laughter, a standing reproach to all Germany, and a source of shame and anger to every German.

After Prussia's success in Bohemia and Germany, Austria was no more to be thought of in the regulation of the affairs of Germany, and hence it became apparent to all that Prussia would have to do for Germany what Sardinia had done for Italy. If Prussia had not proved herself liberal and disposed to favor progress, the people of Germany would not to-day follow her so enthusiastically and devotedly in her great struggle with France.

As it is, she has gained the sympathies of united Germany! To-day, Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse, and the city of Frankfort, together with Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria,

vie with Prussia proper in deeds and professions of loyalty to the great cause of German unity, which, henceforth, will forever be identified with the name of Prussia.

As republicans, we sympathize with the people everywhere. We have no reason to favor one nation more than another. A Bourbon king, from hatred of England, once did us a good service by sending us troops for the purpose of fighting England. A German prince once sold a portion of his subjects, some of them convicts, to that same England for the purpose of fighting us. In either case, the action was dictated by selfish motives. The soldiers of the king of France had no more choice in the matter than the wretched subjects of the sovereign of Hesse. They all acted under compulsion. We owe gratitude to the French people who sympathized with us, and shall never forget their brave and magnanimous Lafayette; but we owe both sympathy and gratitude to Prussia and Germany also. Prussia was the first state after France to recognize our independence. Frederick the Great expressed a high admiration for General Washington. An excellent Prussian officer, Baron Steuben, served in the American army. Steuben, De Kalb, and other Germans, fought for us as well as Lafayette, and our gratitude is due to all. We are under no obligation to a Bonaparte; while we should not forget that two hundred thousand Germans only lately fought on our side against an intestine foe who had the sympathy of Napoleon III. Ignorant or unscrupulous writers have adroitly coupled the case of the Hessians with the case of Prussia, as though Prussia could in any sense be made responsible for the action of Hesse. The truth is, that Hesse was as independent a state as Prussia, and the former has been the traditional enemy of the latter. In 1806 the Prince of Hesse was among the first to join Napoleon, and to send his troops against Prussia. Hessians fought Prussians in 1806 as they had fought Americans in 1776, and they were again found among Prussia's enemies in 1866.

It is precisely on account of the reproach brought on the German name by the selfish and perfidious policy of her petty princes, that all Germany is so intent on being united under a single ruler, be his title president, king, or emperor. But this single ruler should have no interests outside of Germany. As long as Austria had the imperial power, Germany was weak, because her emperors would forever drain her of her best blood in their attempts at subduing or keeping in subjection non-Germanic countries. For this reason Prussia wisely insisted that Austria should be entirely excluded from the German confederation. The Germans of Austria complain bitterly of this exclusion, but it was unavoidable. After the exclusion of Austria, no German power but Prussia could claim the leadership of Germany. Every one saw that, and, certainly, Napoleon III was among those who saw it the most distinctly.

It is certain that he was disappointed in the results of the Prussian-Austrian war. Seeing that Prussia was increasing her strength and territory, he thought the propitious moment had come for taking steps in reference to the acquisition of Belgium. The draft of a treaty was written by the French Ambassador Benedetti, and got into the possession of Bismarck. We do not know any thing about the game the latter played with his adversary in the Tuileries, but recent events have shown that Napoleon III, either by his own fault or that of his Minister, had been fairly entrapped by the astute Prussian. We do not know how often Napoleon III may have asked the Prussian government to return the draft of that treaty; but it is not difficult to imagine that the refusal on the part of Prussia to return the document had something to do with the sudden declaration of war on the part of France.

For Prussia, the possession of a document that furnished a tangible proof of the intentions of Napoleon III in regard to Belgium was of the greatest importance. If England, Belgium, Holland,

&c., could be made to see that France, while laying claim to the Rhine as her natural frontier, really threatened Belgium and Holland far more than Prussia, the chances would be that in case of a war these countries would side with Prussia against France, or at any rate preserve a strict neutrality.

A war with France, Prussia had no reason to dread, as her brilliant successes in the Austrian campaign had sufficiently proven the superiority of her army. The rest of Germany being united with her for the purposes of defence, she could afford to await the threatened French invasion. Two weeks were sufficient to place her admirably organized army on a war-footing, ready to march into France. Two weeks more of brilliant fighting satisfied the world that she would be as victorious in this struggle as she had been in that of 1866. Alsace and Lorraine, two ancient German provinces, will very likely be

the price of peace to be paid by France. Thus Prussia will have taken another step towards fulfilling the expectations of Germany, to see all German territory joined in one powerful union. France may complain of this, but America has no reason to deny the German people a boon which we prize so highly ourselves. Germans do not grudge Frenchmen their unity; why should Frenchmen be jealous of German unity? Yet this jealousy was the real cause why France went to war with Prussia, which, as France ought to have known, represented the interests of Germany, and was the only power able and willing to maintain intact the honor and safety of Germany. Thiers was indeed right when he pronounced that this war was due to a blunder worse than that of Mexico. It was a blunder as far as France was concerned, while Germany can justly regard it as the price of national unity and greatness.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY IN THE WAR.

WITH few and inconsiderable exceptions, the American people have sympathized entirely with the Germans, during their war against the French. Hardly a newspaper anywhere, not so much as an individual of any prominence, has expressed a wish that the French might be successful in their final appeal to arms. We have universally hailed with delight the successive advances of the Prussians, felt depressed when they were momentarily checked, and given our contributions, when we have given any, to their committees. What is the cause of this decided manifestation of feeling? We have as a nation assuredly no reason to regard the French with rancor or animosity. They were our allies in the most trying period of our struggle for national existence, and we have always cherished towards them a friendly and grateful disposition. On the other hand, we have never been very closely connect-

ed with the Prussians. The presence among us of large numbers of the German race inclines us naturally towards them; but we have French among us also, and multitudes of our citizens are in the habit every year of cultivating the most intimate intercourse of trade and friendship with them. Yet from the outbreak of the war to the present time we have desired the defeat of the French; and we have desired it, almost instinctively, for three reasons: first, because we think the war was precipitately declared by the French Government, without sufficient cause, with no further provocation, in fact, than the steady and continuous growth of Prussia in political power, which is not a legitimate ground for war; secondly, because, in our own late combat for union and liberty we had no more malignant or stealthy enemy than the ruler of the French, whose policy has been subsequently approved by the votes of the nation; and, thirdly, because every

sincere lover of liberty sees in the Emperor of the French the most deadly enemy that genuine freedom has on the continent. His whole career having been one of treacherous despotism, every honorable mind wishes it to terminate in humiliation and disgrace. For twenty years, nearly, he has played a desperate game of monstrous egotism and base personal ambition; he has introduced into politics the practices of the brigand and the burglar, has sat like an incubus upon the development of the free energies of a noble nation, has even bullied the whole of Europe in the furtherance of his detestable schemes; and now that he has cast himself headlong into a conflict with a nation whose leaders are his masters, no less in diplomacy than in arms, we desire to see him hurled from his bad eminence. Not a soul in the United States, we are certain, desires to see the French people humiliated; they are a brave, gallant, and generous people; they have long stood in the foremost ranks of civilization; but they have allowed themselves to be trampled and bamboozled by a wretched impostor, have tamely submitted to the ignominy of his tyrannical rule, and they must bear the consequence of their folly. They have abdicated their manhood in favor of what is termed personal government, and they cannot justly complain if they get enough of it before the end.

WILLIAM AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

What a striking contrast there has been in the various proclamations issued by the two leaders respectively of the nations now at war on the continent. An honest republican can have little regard for the personal aims of either of them; they are both dynasts, the one drawing his inspiration from the imperialism of Rome, and the other from the later Middle Ages—are both eager to maintain their mere family ascendancy, and caring little for the real emancipation and advancement of the people. But William has shown himself an honorable, high-minded, dignified leader, "every inch a king;" while the other

has proved himself, what he really is, a trickster and a gambler, intent on his own personal glory, and hoping to gain by deception and bombast what he cannot win by native worth. How paltry, imbecile, and repulsive his first despatch to the Empress, in which, describing "Louis and I" as receiving "a baptism of fire," he extolled a poor little boy of thirteen years of age, who would be better engaged with his tops and marbles, for a tranquillity that moved the veteran soldiers to tears! What estimate could a man, capable of such heartless claptrap, have formed of the good sense of his countrymen and the world? Take again his address to the inhabitants of Metz, whom he abandons in the midst of a siege, while he exhorts them to courage and perseverance, and goes himself "to meet the invaders" in a direction where they were not! On the other hand, how moderate, measured, cautious, self-respecting, and truthful the despatches of King William, who tells what has occurred, without boasting and without concealments. "We have the victory," he says once, "but of our losses I dare not think!" How manly, too, direct, and honest, his reply to the Pope, frankly recognizing the good-will and Christian charity of the Head of Catholic Christendom, reciprocating his wishes for peace, but referring him, with an admirable directness, to him who had declared the war, and who was alone responsible for its continuance. All his utterances, indeed, thus far, have been those of a conscientious ruler, who felt that he was acting not in his own interests, or for his own personal glory, but as the representative of a great nation.

THE SOURCE OF NATIONAL STRENGTH.

One of the lessons of the war has been drawn so ably by a journal of this city, the *Evening Post*, that we think we cannot better express our own sentiments than transfer a part of its remarks to these columns. The argument is, that a government, to obtain great strength, even by the standard of war, should direct its efforts to the building up, not of a great army, but of a great nation.

"France is somewhat superior to the German states now at war in population, and greatly so in the numbers and cost of her standing army; she is and has long been thoroughly centralized in government, while they have been divided into many states, which, within four years, have been at war among themselves. There must, therefore, be some sources of national strength, not contained in statistical tables, in which Germany is vastly superior to France.

"Doubtless these are chiefly the superior honesty of the civil and military service, and the superior education of the people. When the Emperor Napoleon seized the throne, he was surrounded by a body of adventurers, whom he was compelled to use and to reward, but whose corrupt practices gave character to every branch of his government. From that day to this complaints have been loud and bitter of the stock-jobbing plots of his ministers, and the selfish and plundering schemes of their subordinates. A military government is always wasteful in the extreme; but add to this wastefulness general corruption, and it is easy to see how the immense sums which have been added to the French national debt have been squandered, without securing efficiency even in the army. A throne founded in dishonor and perjury and cemented by murder could not expect to be served in any other than its own pirate spirit; and the unquestionable disorder, bad discipline, and constant failures in supplies which marked the first movements of the Emperor's army to the frontier, are the necessary results of the general corruption of his service.

"On the other hand, Prussia is not a military despotism, but a constitutional monarchy, with a nation organized on a military basis. Her citizens are all soldiers, but they are citizens still. They identify themselves at all points with the interests of the nation, in peace as in war; and while their resources are not wasted in maintaining a million of men under arms through a long peace, they learn the military discipline, and always hold themselves ready to prac-

tise it when needed. The German army is thus as truly a citizen army as our own. The government is stable; it is not afraid of individual freedom; its civil service and military staff are filled for competency, and not as the rewards of treason or of cruelty; and thus its administration is pure, patriotic, and vigorous.

"Again, in education the French people are behind those of many nations; the Germans are in advance of the world. In several large districts in France a majority of the adults are entirely illiterate; in Prussia a man who cannot write is rarer than in Massachusetts. Where Napoleon has wasted millions on his favorites and his army, the Prussian government has spent a fraction of the amount in securing the intelligence of its people. Man against man, a body of thinking, reading soldiers will always be more than a match for ignorant ones; and the unquestioned personal superiority of the German armies in this war must be ascribed more to their superior intelligence than to any other cause."

CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR.

Being without sufficient cause, will any good yet come of the war? Much suffering, much sorrow, much ruin will come of it; but can we hope for any real advantages to be derived from it, for the nations engaged or for the world? Can the overruling Providence permit so enormous a waste of life and treasure, without directing it to some adequate and beneficent end? For our part, we cannot believe it; not only our hopes but our convictions are, that it must terminate in some result greater than the mere political or territorial aggrandizement of either of the immediate parties to it. One thing is certain: in France there is an end to personal government. The imperial system, which is despotism with the forms of liberty, has forever gone down in contempt and disgrace, along with its principal exponent, Louis Napoleon. Never again can the French nation become so besotted as to trust its destinies to a single mind,

and that one of the basest and meanest that ever achieved high station. But having vomited the Bonapartes, will it go back to the Bourbons, older or younger? That too, we should say, is impossible. But for the miserable example of imbecility and self-stultification which Spain exhibits in sending round her government to various families, crying, Come and govern us, oh! superior mortal, we should say that this notion of blue-blooded families was exploded in Europe. France, assuredly, after the education of a hundred years of political change, is not so stupid and silly as to believe that any family has a right to govern it, or that any family has superior capacities for rulership. She, indeed, by the immortal utterances of '89, would appear more than all other nations essentially republican. Will she have the manliness, the good sense, the self-respect, to proclaim the republic? How can we doubt of it? Bonapartist and Bourbon will protest against it; the whole priestly party and the party of sycophants and swindlers, who believe in ranks, with many of the timid, money-making shopkeepers, to whom Republicanism is always presented as a red spectre, will intrigue against it; but the literary men, the artists, the workmen, the men of insight and honesty, will demand it as the only rational solution of the problem.

But France a republic, as she must be inevitably, what is to hinder Spain from recovering her sanity, and instead of beseeching for a crowned head, trust to the sagacity and probity of her own people? Or, can Italy, when the once priest-ridden Spain is free, endure any longer the ascendancy of her crapulous monarch, or Rome the senility of a Pope ruled by a conclave of cardinals? France, Spain, and Italy emancipated, will intellectual Germany remain in the background? No doubt the moderation of the present royal family, with the brilliant fame of the Crown-Prince as a soldier, will prolong its hold of power. To have conducted and terminated with success a great war against the first military nation of the conti-

nent, will be a ground of gratitude and attachment to it far better than any of its hereditary and dynastic claims. Enthusiastic royalists indeed already begin to talk of reviving the Empire in the person of King William. But will the German mind, already so far advanced speculatively in political science, consent to such a recurrence to mediæval folly? Now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, when science has demonstrated the equal rights of men, the title of every human being to absolute justice, which is the recognition of his manhood; when the people have come to know that they, and not families or dynasties, are the only sources of power, and alone have the right to rule, will so enlightened a race as the Germans tolerate any government but self-government, any method of political organization but the republican? The outlook, we confess, on all sides is favorable to the republic; but so it was in 1848, so it was in 1830, so it was in 1813, and so in 1789; and yet the republic is a bugbear to large classes of the populations; while statesmen still see in it anarchy, and the priesthood the downfall of their order.

BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE.

Since the above notes were put in type, the imperial bubble has burst. Napoleon is no more; Caesarism has played its last card; and the Prussian bayonets have let the wind and bravo out of the inflated posthume. A campaign of a single month has sufficed to expose the hollowness, the rottenness, the utterly base and corrupt condition of an adventurer, who for so many years has deluded France and bullied Europe. His armies, it appears, have been armies of pasteboard; his invincible military power scarcely more than empty brag; and his empire, which held the world in awe, a mere league of brigands and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who having seized by fraud and perjury upon the resources of a mighty, confident, generous, and gallant nation, having squandered them in ways best

known to themselves, are at length arrested and proclaimed to the world. Within the short time that it takes to get up a single number of a magazine, the whole stupendous fabric of false-

hood and imposture has been exploded; the conspirators are driven to the four winds; and the great people they had throttled is once more free. *Te deum laudamus!*

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

THE truth of the axiom that there is nothing so successful as success, is more conclusively proved by the *Coup d'Etat* of Louis Napoleon than by any other event of the period. Execrated at the time by every right-thinking man in the world, the Empire which followed it not only became stable enough to command respect, and powerful enough to cause fear, but so apparently necessary as to bewilder the judgment into forgetfulness of the means by which it was brought about. It seemed as if the world had absolved Louis Napoleon—to use his own phrase—of his violated oaths, and the blood of his slaughtered countrymen. That his countrymen themselves had absolved him was taken for granted; so much so, that the few who continued to attack him by their tongues and pens found it unsafe to do so except on foreign soil, where most of them came in time to be regarded as little less than madmen. The curses of Victor Hugo, for example, may have been admired as poetry, but they were certainly laughed at as politics. Louis Napoleon himself came to care so little for them that it was not his fault that Hugo remained a vociferous exile in England. Histories of the *Coup d'Etat* were published. Most of them, it is true, were written from the Bonapartist point of view, but not all; for so secure did Louis Napoleon consider himself at last, that he allowed what may be called a Republican History to appear. It is the work of Eugene Ténot, an editor of the *Sidèle*, and is entitled *Paris in December, 1851; or, the Coup d'Etat of Napoleon III.* Such, at least, is the title of a translation of M. Ténot's volume, made by S. W. Adams and A. H. Brandon, and published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton.

That the original should have been permitted to be published in Paris two years ago strikes us as a singular circumstance, or rather would so strike us if events had not taught us that no circumstance connected with Louis Napoleon can be considered at all singular. In any other country than France, such a history of such an event as the *Coup d'Etat* would be the greatest of blunders, as the crime was the greatest of crimes; but in France, it seems, they do these things differently; as, indeed, what things do they not do differently from the rest of the world? We have read M. Ténot's book with great interest, and with much more confidence than we usually give to writers confessedly adverse to Louis Napoleon. That it is impartial, we shall not undertake to say, but it certainly reads as if it were. At any rate, M. Ténot substantiates his facts from imperialist authorities, who were bound to make out as good a case as possible for themselves; and he wisely refrains from commenting upon them. We say wisely, not merely because his book might not have seen the light at this time had a contrary course been pursued, but because the facts that he narrates are sufficient for his purpose, which is not to denounce Louis Napoleon for the *Coup d'Etat*, but to show what Louis Napoleon is, by showing what the *Coup d'Etat* was. The indictment against him is terrible—terrible enough to justify the retribution which has now overtaken him, and which no one would regret were it he alone who has suffered. It is the fashion to abuse him now, even among those who were his warmest admirers and apologists; but we decline to follow it here, for, guilty as he is, the people over whom he ruled

are far from guiltless. The situation which rendered the *Coup d'Etat* a possibility was not made by Louis Napoleon, though he seized upon it; it was made by the incredible blindness and violence of French politicians. And it was French generals that made it successful; such men as Fleury and Canrobert and Saint-Arnaud, who was sent to his long account in the Crimea, it has since been suspected, by poison. The head of Louis Napoleon could have accomplished nothing without the help of these willing hands. "It seems," says Kinglake, "that the man who was most able to make the President act, to drive him deep into his own plot, and fiercely carry him through it, was Major Fleury." "The one was skilful in preparing the mine and laying the train; the other was the man standing by with a lighted match, and determined to touch the fuse. It would seem, from the moment when Fleury became a partaker of momentous secrets, the President ceased to be free." Let us give the devil his due, by all means; but let us not forget to give his imps their due likewise. M. Ténot does not, nor do we think that France will, should they be so unfortunate as to survive the Empire which they helped to raise, and which is now rocking to its ruin. If they have lived conspirators, they can at least die soldiers. Will they? It is somewhat doubtful.

—It is refreshing to turn from the highly-wrought fictions of the day, which deal for the most part with the class of passions and circumstances heretofore confined to the Newgate Calendar, to a natural and simple story like Hans Christian Andersen's *Only a Fiddler*, which has lately been added by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton to their uniform series of "Andersen's Writings." It is not much of a novel, as novels go now, for neither its plot nor its characters are in any sense remarkable; it is devoid of startling incidents, and it lacks profundity of analysis; it has, in short, so little in common with the novels of Miss Braddon, or Mr. Charles Reade, or Mr. Wilkie Collins,

that the merest novice among the story-tellers of the time would hardly put his name to it. It is charming for all that, however, as is every thing written by Andersen, who more than makes up for his deficiencies as a story-teller by his inimitable sweetness and freshness, and his perpetual tenderness of spirit. There is something child-like in most of the writers of Northern Europe, and Andersen is the most child-like of all of them, the epithet "Immortal Boy," applying to him with quite as much fitness as to Leigh Hunt. We have no such writers in England and America, for our writers are what they are by culture, and not by nature; or, more exactly, are writers because they have taught themselves to be such, not because there is that within them which must and will find utterance. There may be Art in writers of the stamp of Andersen and Björnson, but it is so little like any Art with which we are familiar, that it has the effect of Nature alone. Writing appears as natural with them as conversation with us, and, like good conversation, it has a spontaneity and a variety not often found in writing, least of all in any English writing of the period. Of "Only a Fiddler," which, we believe, is one of Andersen's early stories, we will merely say that it is characterized by the most loveable qualities of his genius—a genius which knows how to make the simplest incidents interesting, and the simplest people dearer to us than all the kings and queens that ever lived.

—There are, we conceive, but two motives which impel towards authorship—a desire to make reputation, and a desire to make money. Each is laudable, and each has led to the production of great works. Shakespeare, we suppose, wrote for money rather than reputation. Milton, we know, wrote for reputation rather than money. Of the two incentives, we honor the last most, and nowhere so much as among ourselves, upon whom it has never exercised a very powerful influence. We have authors and authors, but for one who does his best without thinking how much he will make by it, there are

twenty who will do their worst if they can make any thing at all by it. We fancy in most cases that we can detect in the work the spirit which actuated the workman, but occasionally we confess to being puzzled. We are puzzled, for instance, by *The New Timothy*, a novel, for such, we suppose, we must call it, written by Mr. William M. Baker, and published by the Harpers. What impelled Mr. Baker to write "*The New Timothy*?" If it was to make reputation, we do not think he will succeed; nor do we think he will succeed, if it was to make money. For while it is possible that he may do both (as what is not possible among a people who have run "*St. Elmo*" and "*Vash-ti*" into, say, fifty or sixty editions each?), it is not probable that he will do either. Not that "*The New Timothy*" does not possess merit, for it does, but that its merit is not of a kind that draws attention, or satisfies attention when drawn. Its fault is that it is not interesting. It might have been made

so, we think, if Mr. Baker had written for the special instead of the general reader—for those who are interested in knowing something about the trials of a young minister, rather than for those who are interested in the fortunes of the laity. It is possible to interest novel-readers with a political or religious novel ("*Lothair*" is an example to the point), but to do this demands genius. This Mr. Baker does not possess. Nor does he possess the talent which enables such writers as Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge to attract readers of an evangelical turn of mind. Mr. Baker misses these, as he misses the frivolous and worldly-minded. The best portions of his book are those in which General Likens and Mrs. General Likens figure. The character of the latter is well conceived, and Mr. Merkes is not bad, as a sketch of a peevish, discontented minister. What little there is of the Peculiar Institution makes us think well of both races in their old relation of master and slave.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

THE march of civilization is stopped, to determine who shall lead it hereafter. The two foremost nations of Europe, in science, literature and art, lay aside these, their true glories, and join in a death-grapple, to decide which of them possesses the greatest power for destruction. To look for marks of progress and the works that honor peace at such a time, is to sweep the sky for new planets while it is thick with clouds, or to watch for faint stars amid dazzling lightnings. It is not strange if we find but few.

—The assertion that Mr. Tennyson is preparing a new poem for the press is denied on authority. He has many short poems which have never been published, but perhaps they never will be; for the present, at least, he enjoys his laurels at rest.

—The plays of Beaumarchais have been carefully revised and corrected according to the author's editions, but

with all the readings added, in the edition of Messrs. d'Heylli and de Markscott, of which the third volume appeared just before war was declared.

—The enthusiasm for architecture in England does not abate; but it is still scholarly rather than productive, and spends its strength in restorations. Fifty thousand pounds sterling have lately been spent upon Worcester Cathedral, and the sixteen thousand now needed to complete it have just been collected, almost without an effort. A subscription is now circulating for the completion of St. Paul's, in London, after the original plans of Sir Christopher Wren, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand pounds will be enough, or nearly so, for the work. More than one fourth of the sum is already obtained. Many other cathedrals are now undergoing restoration, among which those of Chester, Canterbury, Salisbury, and Exeter

are the best known to American travelers.

—M. Guizot has begun to publish in weekly numbers his "History of France" for the rising generation; and although the work will doubtless be interrupted for a time by the war, it is earnestly to be hoped that it may be carried on to completion before long. A translation of it by Robert Black is announced by Sampson Low & Co, London, in monthly numbers, beginning in October.

—The liberal Catholics of Europe are disposed to meet the proclamation of papal infallibility, by a rigorous campaign against ultramontane ideas in every form. In Munich, a series of essays have been prepared, in which the whole policy of the Pope is attacked, and an ecclesiastical system outlined which may be "Catholic," but is as far from being that of Pius IX as Luther's own. ("Stimmen aus der Katholischen Kirche über die Kirchen Fragen der Gegenwart," vol. i. Oldenberg, München.") Only the first volume has been published, and although the editors are thoroughly in earnest, they can scarcely hope to retain public attention while war and revolution rage around them.

—The largest Bible in the world, that of Mr. J. G. Bell, a Manchester collector, has been sold in a London auction for £165. It was a fine copy of Macklin's beautiful folio, with eleven thousand engravings and cuts, illustrative of the text, and gathered from every possible source, the whole handsomely bound in sixty-three thick volumes.

—In his "History and System of the Jesuits (Geschichte und System des Jesuitenordens. Mannheim, Schneider)" Herr Hoffman has drawn a just distinction between that ambitious and troublesome order and the Church they profess to serve, pointing out how their plots and principles have always been, and more than ever in this age are, a kind of war against honest Protestants and Catholics alike.

—A strange auction sale was recently made at Saragossa, in Spain. The

archbishop, in order to replenish the treasury of the diocese, exhausted by completing the ugliest cathedral in existence, offered for sale the whole of the offerings of the pious accumulated at the rich shrine of the Virgin; whose statue, it will be remembered, was brought by angels from Jerusalem to the site of the building, and set up by them under her own protection and guidance. There was every variety of offering, from a cross containing fifteen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and the crowns of queens, to the commonest rings and wreaths, the gifts of the poorest peasants. Most of the objects sold for ludicrously low prices, although a fine enamelled watch of Henry IV brought nearly seven hundred dollars, and jewels of Marie de Bourbon and of court ladies of Charles IV's time were in demand.

—The veteran historian, Wolfgang Menzel, was just publishing his work on "Prussia's Services to Germany" ("Was hat Preussen für Deutschland Geleistet," Stuttgart, Krüner) when the war broke out. Herr Menzel earnestly advocates the union of all Germany under the primacy of the House of Hohenzollern, as her only safety against aggression from France on one side, and from Russia on the other. But what seemed to him a month ago an immense work for the statesmen of years to come, has been practically accomplished, almost in a day, by the attempt of a meddler to prevent it.

—The famous painting of Bathsheba in the Bath, by Paris Bordone, formerly a chief ornament of the Fesch gallery in Rome, has been bought for the museum in Cologne.

—Trossin's copperplate of Guido Reni's "Mater Dolorosa" is praised as one of the greatest achievements the art of engraving has produced, and the King of Italy has presented to the engraver the cross of the Order of the Golden Crown in recognition of his merits.

—The proposed international conference, to settle forever the precise

length of the meter, as the basis of the metrical system, has been postponed on account of the war. For the same reason the publication of some of the leading scientific periodicals of Europe has been suspended, and science, as well as literature and the arts, may be said to be at a stand-still in the warring nations.

—Vienna has just had a census, showing the population within the city limits to be 632,038, and, including the suburbs, 556,204. In 1864, the city itself had 578,525, so that the increase in six years has been 53,513, or little more than

nine per cent. New York grows at the rate of nearly sixty per cent. in the same time, and is now larger than Vienna, although in 1820 it was less than half as large.

—For some weeks past Mount Vucache in Savoy has appeared to be on fire, and has poured out such volumes of smoke as to terrify the people of Savigny and the neighboring valleys. It is believed that there are volcanic fires in the mountain, but the matter has not yet been scientifically explored. There is no volcano near in any direction.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW MAGAZINE.

Consolidation of

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

WITH

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE PEOPLE.

We have the satisfaction of announcing the above union, to take place on the completion of the present volume of Putnam's Magazine.

The new Magazine will be edited by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND (Timothy Titecomb); will be HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED, and will bear the name of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, and be issued about the 15th of October for the month of November.

* * See separate Prospectus.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS.
SCRIBNER & CO.

To the friends of Putnam's Magazine:

The November number of Putnam's Magazine will complete the sixth volume of the second series, with title and index. The remainder of MRS. AMES' excellent story, "EIRENE; A WOMAN'S RIGHT," will be sent free to all subscribers who have paid for 1870. It is expected to be completed in November.

The first number of the NEW Magazine (for November), to be issued about 15th October, will be sent by us to all our subscribers, in place of the December number of Putnam's, and to all subscribers who have paid for any numbers of 1871 we shall send the new Magazine for the same time.

We do this believing that it will be welcomed as an *entirely satisfactory continuation of the present work*—presenting additional attractions at large expense, and yet furnished at a low price. With a high literary character, it will contain *more matter*, very handsomely printed, and *profusely illustrated*.

We shall send also a bill for subscription to the new Magazine for one year, beginning with December. Our personal friends, and those of Putnam's Magazine, will do us an important service, first, by a prompt remittance of the amount of the subscription (\$3) for the new work; and, second, by taking a little pains to send us additional subscribers.

There is only one subscription price for the new work, viz.: (\$3.00) Three Dollars, the price per single number being 30 cents each. The publishers give no *clubbing discounts*, or other modifications. But the present subscribers to "Putnam," who remit to us *promptly* for the new year, will receive (free) a cloth cover (price 50 cents) for the Sixth Volume of G. P. PUTNAM & SONS,

ASSOCIATION BUILDING, COR. OF 23D ST. AND FOURTH AVE.